3

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY 30 • 1964 25c

REPUBLICAN SHOWDOWN

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the crucial California primary

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Balladeer Carolyn Hester

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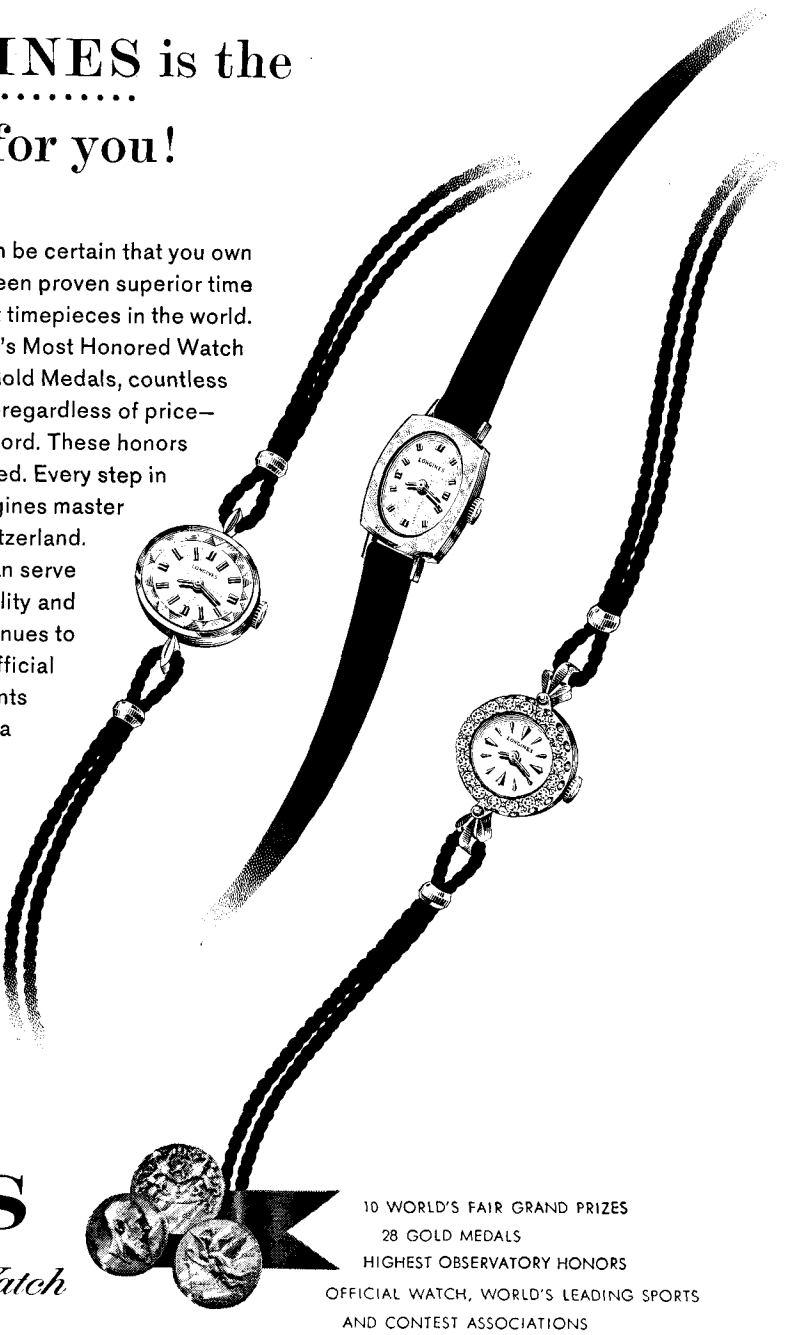

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POST

MAY 30, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 21

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Showdown in California

Next Tuesday the political eye of the nation focuses on the dramatic California primary. Liberal Republicans have suddenly realized that if Barry Goldwater wins the G. O. P. presidential primary, it may be impossible to stop him from getting the nomination. If Pierre Salinger becomes the Democratic senatorial nominee, he almost certainly will knock Governor Pat Brown out of his party's leadership—and out of a chance to be Vice President. And if ex-actor George Murphy receives the Republican senatorial nod, his party could be set back 50 years. A *Post* team of reporters examines this political climax in three articles.

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The authors. To cover the California primary from all angles, *The Post* assigned syndicated Washington columnists **Rowland Evans** and **Robert Novak** to follow Goldwater and Rockefeller, while contributing writers **James Phelan** and **William Trombley,** who live in the Los Angeles area, used their wide Golden State experience to cover the senatorial hopefuls. . . . After attending Peter, Paul and Mary's Cleveland concert, **Alfred G. Aronowitz** and **Marshall Blonsky** were offered a lift to the airport by a hospitable fan—who ended up getting them lost on the wrong expressway. . . . New Yorker **William K. Zinsser,** who last February nervously observed women's plunging necklines for *The Post,* this month worries about how to light a lady's pipe. . . . **Max Gunther,** who writes about the ham radio network that is helping to save eyesight, is the author of several sociological studies, among them *The Weekenders,* released last week by J. B. Lippincott Co. . . . Few writers can equal **Ken W. Purdy** in describing auto racing; he is the author of *Kings of the Road* and *Wonderful World of the Automobile,* and he helped former race driver Stirling Moss write *All But My Life.* . . . World traveler **James Morris,** a correspondent for the Manchester *Guardian,* stayed on home territory to get the story of King John's lost treasure. . . . While spying on the Mafia in the Motor City, contributing writer **James Atwater** and a Detroit policeman were watching a numbers joint from the back of a truck when the policy boys got wise and stampeded past them like a herd of frightened cattle.

The cover photograph of Texas-bred folk singer Carolyn Hester was taken by contributing photographer **John Launois,** who, with associate editor Andrée L. Abecassis, traveled more than 8,000 miles to get the picture story on folk singing.

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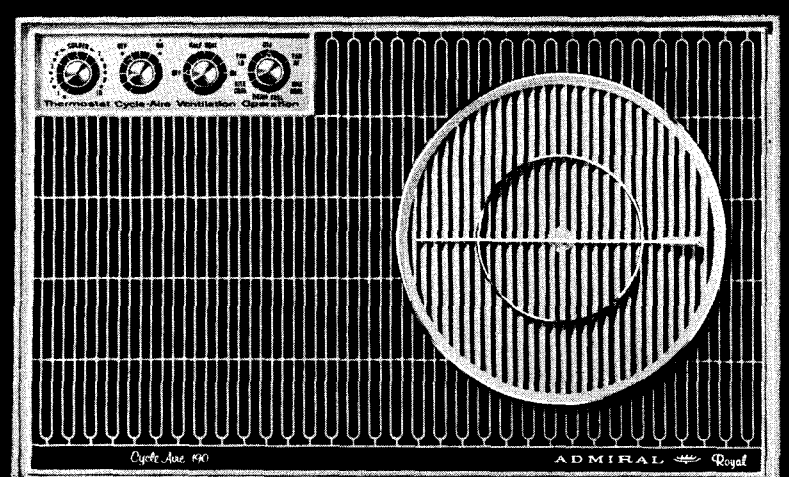

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LETTERS

Battle over Wallace

I have just read Harold H. Martin's GEORGE WALLACE SHAKES UP THE POLITICAL SCENE [May 9] and feel that he has done Wallace an injustice. Mr. Martin's views are prejudiced, biased and detrimental. It seems as if he takes every opportunity to "knock" Governor Wallace.

LOGAN WIDDOWSON
Princess Anne, Md.

• I still have faith that the American people will one day accept the scientific fact that the white race is, on the whole, superior to the Negro race. The recent Wallace victories are only a small portion of events warranting this faith.

ROBERT LYNN JOHNSON
Salt Lake City, Utah

• One sure thing about the Civil Rights Bill—nobody knows what it is. Ask any citizen, they'll either give an opinion or an interpretation. The only interpretation I understand so far is Governor Wallace's.

MRS. PEGGI MACUSKI
Hazlet, N.J.

• It should be easy enough for anyone with doubts about whether the Civil Rights Bill will destroy his freedom of choice to settle his mind. Let him write to his congressman for a copy of it. I did and, if anything, I think the bill will keep that freedom from being destroyed by demagogues.

WILLIAM T. ATWATER
Providence, R.I.

• Concerning Mr. Martin's statement that at St. Norbert College the audience reaction to Governor Wallace's speech "was openly hostile," several friends and I feel that the reaction was more one of dignified disdain than of open hostility.

MARY ALICE LEY
St. Norbert College
West De Pere, Wis.

• Mr. Martin has the audacity to characterize the Negro by quoting very ungrammatical, colloquial, ostensibly ignorant Negroes. I think this is unfair. At least one of his quotes should have been in good English. Not all Negroes are ignorant.

WILLIAM G. RAVE
Jersey City, N.J.

• I wonder whether the northern whites who vote for archsegregationist Wallace realize that in so doing they are aiding the Communists. The Communists have long said that Americans do not practice the freedom they preach. Let's answer that charge with a strong Civil Rights Bill.

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Glendale, Calif.

• As I see it, Governor Wallace is a brave American fighting against desegregation, dictatorship and court rule. Civil rights are fully guaranteed in the Constitution, if properly enforced.

WALTER B. SMITH
Cambridge, Ohio

Who cares?

Words almost fail me after reading your editorial, AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER? [May 9]. I had no idea that the people of this country were that callous and gutless. People who will behave in such a manner need more help than the victims.

BILL WILLIAMS
Glendale, Calif.

• Sometimes I wonder whether *Homo sapiens* is really the highest order of animal.

LARRY L. METCALFE
Carrington, N. Dak.

• I don't agree with anyone who says it's offensive or inhuman to shout "Jump!" to a person out on the ledge of a building. I have always felt that anyone really wishing to commit suicide in that manner could go to a rear window of any tall building and jump. It's as simple as that! People who crawl out on the front of buildings are just looking for publicity and sympathy. Ninety-nine percent of them allow themselves to be pulled in after enjoying their moment (or one or two hours) in the sun.

B. P. SPONG
Chicago, Ill.

• Your editorial makes one wonder about the current fashion to eliminate religion from our daily lives.

C. A. LARSEN
Oakland, Calif.

• I can assure you that not all people are as thoughtless of others as those cited in your editorial. Just a few weeks ago in Foxboro, Mass., a policeman was attempting to arrest an armed man when three others saw his predicament. Their instantaneous decision was to stop to help him.

LOUIS ASPIN
Pawtucket, R.I.

Sheridan's horse

I would like to inform you that General Sheridan's horse was fondly referred to as Rienzi, not as Winchester, as Anne Chamberlin reported in her enjoyable piece, WHAT ARE THEY DOING WITH GEN. SHERIDAN'S HORSE? [May 9]. I have lived in a house that was Sheridan's home in Somerset, Ohio, all my life. Just a few steps from the back door stands the old red barn where Rienzi snatched 39 winks between rides.

What *are* they doing with Rienzi, by the way? If they can't find a suitable place for him, I hereby offer my own room, which, incidentally, was once Sheridan's.

LYNNE UNDERWOOD
Alliance, Ohio

(*Winchester was sometimes known as "Rienzi," after the town of Rienzi, Miss., where General Sheridan received the horse as a gift from officers of the Second Michigan Cavalry. He will soon go on exhibition in the Armed Forces Hall of the new Museum of History and Technology.—Ed.*)

Crime in Moscow

Having worked for years in law courts as a shorthand reporter, I found reading about procedures in the courts of another country in George Feifer's CRIME IN MOSCOW [May 9] fascinating—one of several good articles in an absorbing issue.

A. J. BLENCOE
Geneva, Ill.

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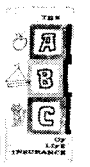

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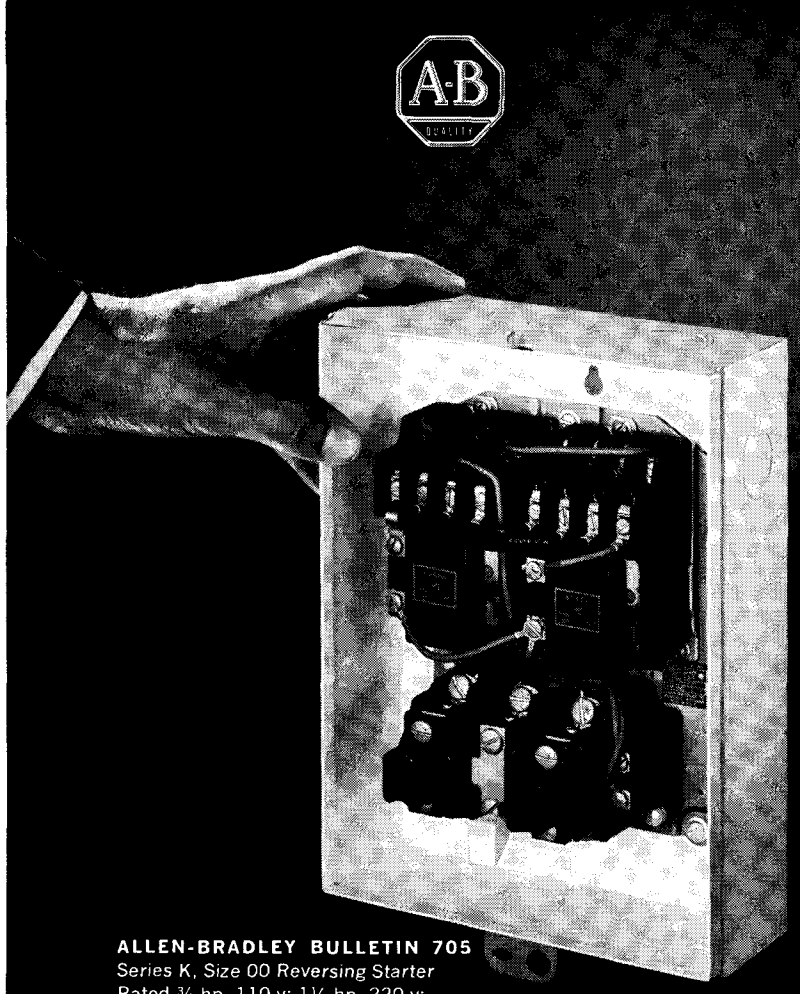

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LETTERS

After the fair

We in Seattle, the Queen City, feel put upon. I refer to a statement in Joseph N. Bell's MONORAIL: A ONE-TRACK CONTROVERSY [May 9]. He maintains that the Space Needle and restaurant are the only attractions left at the site of the fabulous 1962 Seattle World's Fair. He is in error. Still operating are the nationally recognized Pacific Science Center, the great sport coliseum, a massive cultural and art center, and a modern entertainment area for young and old. And don't forget the famed Food Circus, with delicacies from all over the world.

WILLIAM ADAMS II, *Exec. Vice Pres.*
Seattle Chamber of Commerce
Seattle, Wash.

Deception?

I think James Atwater's THE GREAT A-11 DECEPTION [May 2] was most ill-advised. Must the U.S., like a brash adolescent, always shout her supposed secrets from the housetops? Can we never keep our mouths shut?

MRS. NELL E. VON DER HELLEN
Eagle Point, Oreg.

• With reference to the interceptor that isn't an interceptor, I remember my experience years ago on a wintry day near Union Station in Washington, D.C. I had responded to a huckster's tempting call of "Hot ham sandwiches." When he handed mine over to me, I said, "Hey! This thing's practically frozen. What do you mean, 'hot ham sandwiches'?" "Oh, that's just the name of them, mister—that's just the *name* of them," was his reply.

LEON ROBERSON
Sanitarium, Calif.

• I say let's stop bugging the people who are trying to protect our way of life.

BENNETTE D. BELCHER
Roswell, N. Mex.

Boring Republicans

Although I do not always agree with Stewart Alsop's written opinions, I do think that his recent column entitled THE BORING REPUBLICANS [Apr. 25] hit the nail on the head. It is high time that someone of his prominence stated the situation succinctly. If enough Republicans take this to heart (and my observations to date indicate that a great many are) his piece may have done more good for the Republican Party than anything since the Gettysburg Address.

RICHARD W. GARBETT
Florham Park, N. J.

Suicide

My congratulations to Evan S. Connell Jr. [THE SUICIDE, May 2]. He has produced a literary masterpiece of tongue-in-cheek understatement. My qualm: that the smug and spiritually unaware will not stay with it long enough to discover its Brother's-Keeper implications or to recognize that they are the characters in the story.

ANNE BRISCOE
Philadelphia, Pa.

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SPEAKING OUT*

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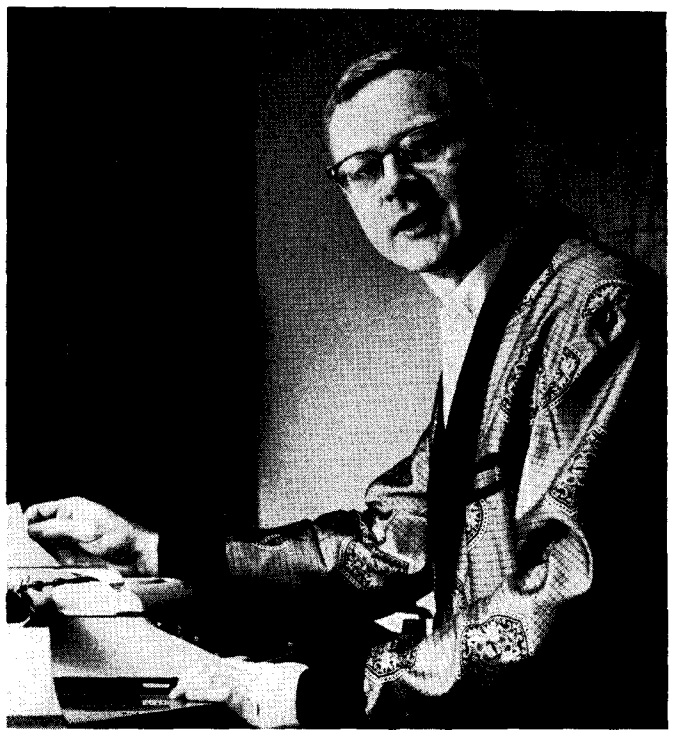

BUSINESSMEN ARE WRECKING BASEBALL

Kicked out of baseball for speaking his mind, a famous pitcher blasts club owners for forcing conformity on their players.

By Jim Brosnan

BASEBALL is being ruined by the unimaginative, narrow-minded organization men who now run the professional ball clubs. These men demand conformity. To them the ideal player is one who hits home runs on the field and spends the rest of his time drinking milk and reading the sports pages. A player who shows signs of individuality is suppressed, traded, sent to the minors or kicked out of baseball entirely.

Because of this short-sighted approach, the sport is losing the colorful characters, the unique personalities, the attention-getting ballplayers who used to make the game interesting. The maverick simply doesn't fit baseball's new "image." What the owners don't realize is that if organized baseball becomes just another highly organized business the game will be dead.

For me, the trend is of more than academic interest. Last February I was released by the Chicago White Sox. Their objection was not to my pitching but to my typewriter. I'd developed a part-time, off-season career as an author, and from time to time I'd written irreverently of The National Pastime. I had, in fact, suggested in print that baseball is something less than a religious ceremony enacted by pure, selfless heroes dedicated solely to good sportsmanship; I had even gone so far as to call it a rough, tough, man-to-man competition. For this heretical attitude, I was canned. If I wanted to write, said the White Sox general manager, Ed Short, then I couldn't pitch.

The decision reinforced the dictum of Judge Robert C. Cannon, legal adviser to the Major League Players' Association. Judge Cannon, who is a potential candidate for commissioner of baseball, has advised players: "If you have anything to say about baseball, don't be critical. Say nice things. If you do, there will always be a place for you in the game."

The judge's implication is that controversial characters and needlers hurt baseball. The judge, it seems, like all good organization men, feels that individuality is bad for team morale, that controversy ruffles team spirit. The judge is wrong. The maverick—providing that he plays a good game of baseball—does the team good. He acts as a goad and a tension-breaker and a butt for jokes. The realistic club official is glad to have a maverick or two. As Fred Hutchinson, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, once said, "I don't care what my men do or say so long as they produce." But there aren't many like Hutch anymore.

The organization men treat the player as a unit of the organization, not as an individual. In recent years, major-league ball clubs have become reasonably good investments. Shrewd businessmen in the front offices have decided that conventional business practices can make a baseball team produce profits. To them, baseball is not a game, but a product to be manufactured and sold. They offer their customers a slick, polished production, well managed by an executive hierarchy, well produced by a skilled labor force. Statistics, management, the corporate image, the "team man"—these come first. Some fans say they don't recognize the game any longer.

What made professional baseball a success? Did the Yankees make Babe Ruth? Or is Yankee Stadium truly "the house that Ruth built"? Did baseball fans idolize Ted Williams because he was a member of the Boston Red Sox? Or was it because Williams was an irascible egocentric who couldn't care less what the fans thought so long as he got to swing his bat? Were the Dodgers responsible for integration in baseball? Or was it Jackie Robinson who made it acceptable because he was a tough-minded, rebellious human being, typical of the successful player?

The antics of Jimmy Piersall, the magnificent nonchalance of Dick Stuart, the surly moods of Roger Maris, the temper tantrums of Don Drysdale haven't detracted from their professional competence. Not only is the fan not disturbed, he is delighted to hear that Babe Ruth drank booze for breakfast, that Dizzy Dean played wild practical jokes when he wasn't pitching, that Mickey Mantle likes nightclubs as much as hitting home runs. Escapades humanize ballplayers and make them better attractions.

In *The Long Season*, a book I wrote in 1959 about life on a second-division ball club, I described as accurately as possible the joys and trials of some average ballplayers. That was the way it was for some major-leaguers in 1959, and I reported it as I saw it. Baseball fans liked the book. Life in the big leagues sounded real, ballplayers turned out to be human. Adult fans who find cardboard heroes unbelievable were given a different slant on baseball.

Inside baseball, however, the reaction was not so rational. One syndicated sportswriter who reprints ball-club press releases said that I was a traitor to the game. He didn't deny the accuracy of my book, but insisted that this kind of truth was out of bounds.

Ken Boyer, the St. Louis third baseman, said I shouldn't have written what I did because I hadn't pitched well enough to deserve the right to say it. Just what effective pitching had to do with observant reporting was not made clear.

Cot Deal, a pitching coach and an otherwise shrewd counselor, said that I shouldn't have put so many Martinis in the book. Over a couple of dry ones we discussed it. Deal suggested that readers might think all ballplayers drink gin when they're not working. Some do, some don't. Who cares, so long as they can play good ball?

Baseball management deplored *The Long Season*. Even the name sounded negative to them. It had a ring of disenchantment, which conflicted with the clubs' propaganda about life in the big leagues. A ballplayer's days in uniform, say the clubs, should be represented as the happiest moments of his life. He may be traded like a cow, reviled in public as a clumsy clod, and released on a moment's notice, but his days (or day) of glory are supposed to make up for it all.

Then, in 1961, I wrote a magazine article titled NOBODY LIKES THE DODGERS. It appeared in mid-August, on the eve of a three-game series between the second-place Cincinnati Reds (my team) and the first-place Los Angeles Dodgers. The article was deliberately agitating, a published example of the needling common among pros. Sarcasm is the mode of speech in a major-league clubhouse.

"Broz, you shouldn't have written that," the Reds' player representative said solemnly.

"Why not?" asked I, brash Broz, blushing in my bright Red uniform.

"You might get those bums stirred up."

"Stirred up! They're fighting for the pennant! For 10,000 bucks! How much more can a pro get stirred up?"

"Yeah, but it just doesn't sound good," said the player representative.

As it turned out, the article failed to stir up the Dodgers. They lost all three games, and the Reds went on to win the pennant. But it *did* stir up the Los Angeles press, television and radio broadcasters, and Dodger fans. The Dodgers had expected 35,000 customers for the first game of the series, and nearly 50,000 showed up.

The Reds' management, which received 27½ cents for every fan in the stands that night, was nevertheless horrified. "If you ever publish anything else while you're on this club," the Reds' general manager, Bill DeWitt, told me, "you'll have to clear it with me. Don't you know how much that article could have hurt this team?"

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors of The Post often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

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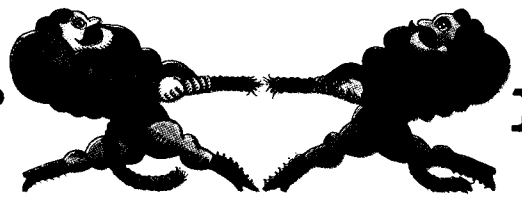
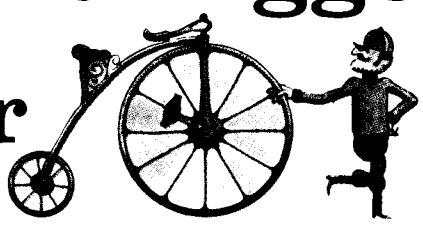
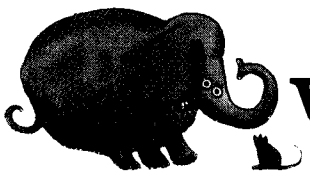
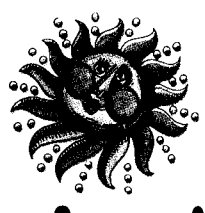
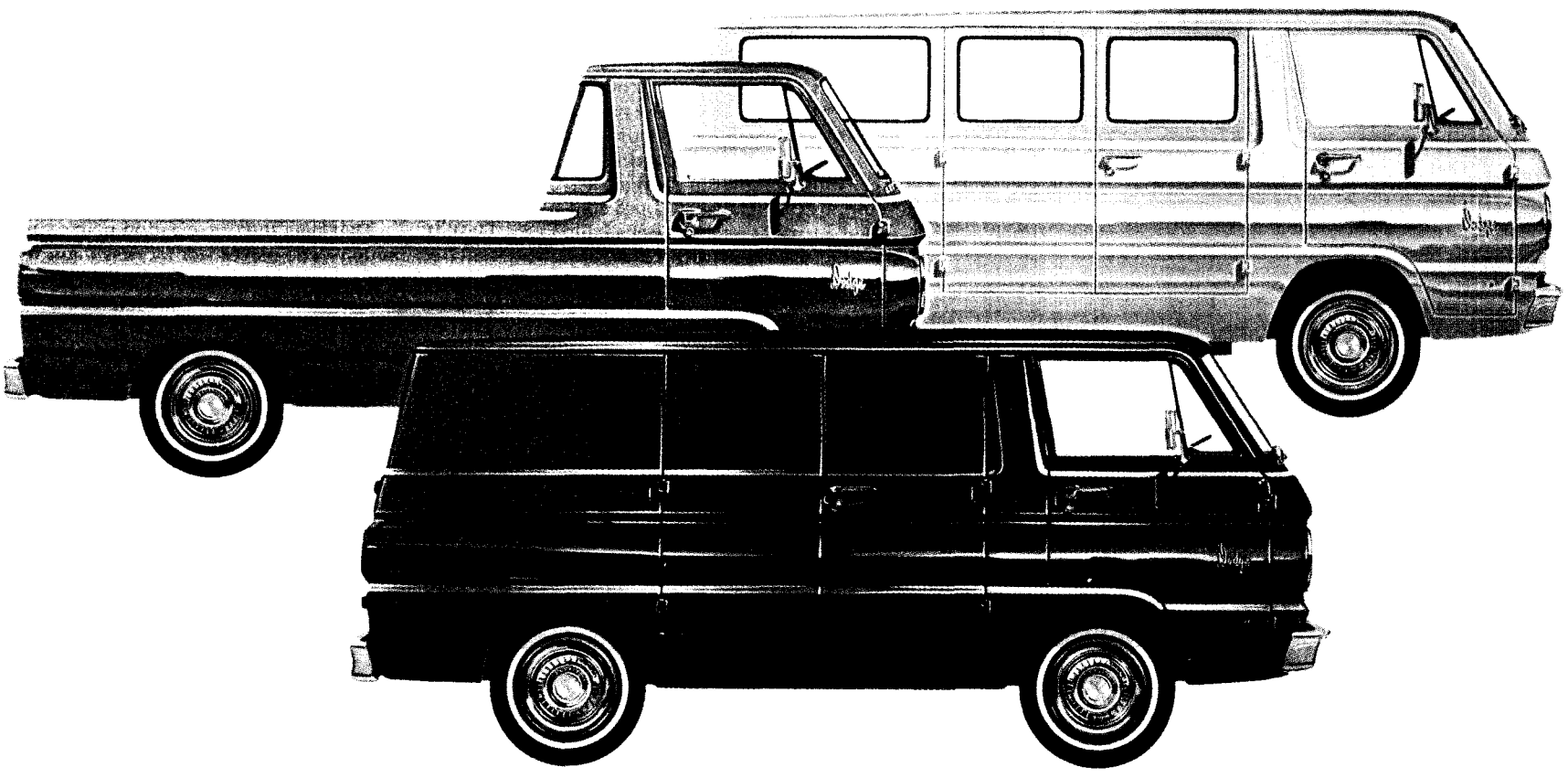
1964–THE YEAR DODGE MADE COMPACTS TOUGH!

With more power  more load space and bigger payload capacity, bigger  wheels, bigger brakes  wider doors bucket seats and a heater that works 

...all at a very [redacted] competitive price!



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Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itching—Relieves Pain

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Now Makes it Possible to Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery.

A world-famous research institute has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. It relieves itching and pain *in minutes* and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissues.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations. And most amazing of all – this improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough, that sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." And among these sufferers, were a wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids without surgery, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

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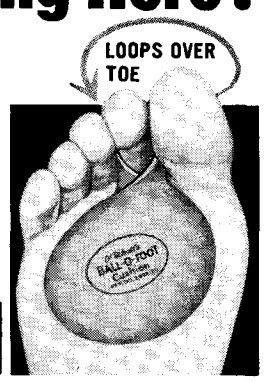
Stops High Heel Soreness at Sole of Foot



Dr Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion

Speaking Out

DeWitt then pointed out a clause in our contract that gave him the right to be a censor. I found his qualifications as an editor suspect and his reasoning specious. The publicity had helped, not hurt, the Reds. Any publicity helps baseball so long as the integrity of the game isn't questioned. Unfortunately for the interested fan, baseball's image-makers allow only "good" publicity. A player can confess to love of mother, flag, and the uniform of his team. Any other attitudes must be cleared by management.

The life of a big-league ballplayer is better than hell on earth but somewhat less than paradise. His business relationship is rigidly controlled. His club may release him or assign him to another club at any time. In most cases it happens without any notice, give or take a few hours for packing.

The player also has to content himself each spring with the Uniform Player's Contract. In it, his club offers him as little as it thinks it can get away with. Occasionally some noisy argument and raucous rhetoric may get him a raise, but generally he has to take what he's offered. General managers are offended when their generosity is questioned. The player is supposed to be so overjoyed at the opportunity to play ball that he will accept any restrictions. He is perfectly entitled to think what he wants—as long as he doesn't say it aloud. In a clause in his contract called paragraph 3-c, management reserves the right to prohibit the player from making public appearances off the field—on radio, TV, or in print. The assumption is that the fans will appreciate only the player image that the club would like to sell: noble, self-sacrificing boys, pure of heart and mind, batting balls for joy and applause.

In January of 1963 the National Broadcasting Company decided to make a television program called *A View From the Bullpen*. The producer, Gerald Green, asked me to help prepare the script and to narrate it. At the time, I was playing for the Cincinnati Reds, generally managed by Bill DeWitt, a typical organization man who once sold peanuts in ball parks and now sells ballplayers. DeWitt, reluctant to take $75,000 worth of free publicity, asked NBC for the right to censor the script. NBC protested that it never permitted censorship, not even by heads of state.

DeWitt accused us of planning a critical show that would knock baseball and the Reds. His suspicion was unfounded. Green commented afterward: "Who would decide what was derogatory? How can anyone tell the difference between sarcasm and fair comment?"

In useless protest I appealed for an opinion from Commissioner Ford Frick, Judge Cannon, and Warren Giles, president of the National League. They refused to answer, thus burying the issue.

Paragraph 3-c, the "verbal opinion," or "outside interest," clause, has been often cited in player-management contract disputes. In Pittsburgh, in 1962, the Pirates told Dick Groat and Don Hoak that they couldn't have either a radio or TV show because as an "outside interest" it interfered with their play. Fatuous reasoning, but in line with the traditional suggestion that ballplayers should sit in hotel lobbies, smoking cigars, when they're not working. Hoak's forthright manner and intemperate tongue made him a fascinating personality—and a good gate attraction. The Pirates, a well-managed organization, saw it only their own way. Eventually they sold Hoak and Groat for other players, slipped to eighth place, and lost fans both ways.

Under his contract the ballplayer can be penalized for transgressions against good citizenship and sportsmanship, or for just plain living it up. In Los Angeles the Angels have a pitcher named Bo Belinsky. Bo has Ruthian zest for life, if not the Babe's talent, but he irritates some baseball people because he has a penchant for pool halls, glamour girls and the Hollywood night life. He says that curfews are a nuisance, coaches hound him to distraction, and sportswriters are overly critical of his character. Bo did pitch a no-hitter in his first season, and his off-the-field antics dazzled the fans—who flocked to ball parks to see him. But those sportswriters who reflect the "proper" line claimed Bo was a bad boy, unfit to wear an Angel uniform. The team has been talking openly about trading him—but no-hitter or not, no other club seems willing to take a chance.

Not brave and true

In Cleveland, Early Wynn once wrote a newspaper column that suggested the Indian front office wasn't all brave and true. Since Wynn was a 20-game winner, the management gnashed its teeth—for a while. When Wynn slipped, they traded him to the Chicago White Sox. Sometime earlier, the Sox had banned Nellie Fox's ghost-written column—even though it had never even hinted at human fallibilities in the home office. Wynn, of course, was similarly gagged, and any other player with a desire to appear in print was forthwith commanded to cease and desist.

In January of this year I argued with the White Sox general manager that, as an aspiring writer, I was entitled to try to publish my off-season writings wherever and whenever I could, even during the season. The White Sox released me, and all the other clubs obediently accepted the Sox' judgment and passed me by. "If the White Sox say he can't pitch," said Casey Stengel, manager of the woeful New York Mets, "he can't pitch."

That puts the organization man's case simply. The player is a faceless digit, his fate resting entirely in the hands of the owner. To the organization man the player is certainly irresponsible, delinquent in public relations, morally juvenile, and necessarily a subject for strict discipline.

The description may more aptly fit the organization men themselves. On February 29, Ford Frick, the commissioner of baseball, disastrously revealed the shabby cynicism of the organization-man attitude. Frick, discussing the idea of baseball on pay TV, said one reason he opposed it was because he feared players might be tempted by pay TV's big money.

"Let us say," said Frick, "that the World Series were put on pay TV and the players were to be cut in, which they would have every right to be, of course.... Suddenly the value [of participation in the Series] would be all out of proportion to the value of the regular season's work. If this came to pass there would always be the suspicion that a player on a second division team, who had a friend or brother on a team fighting for the pennant, might help him get into the Series."

No mere ballplayer could say so much to condemn baseball or to hurt its reputation for integrity. THE END

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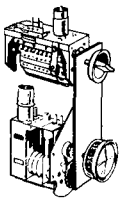

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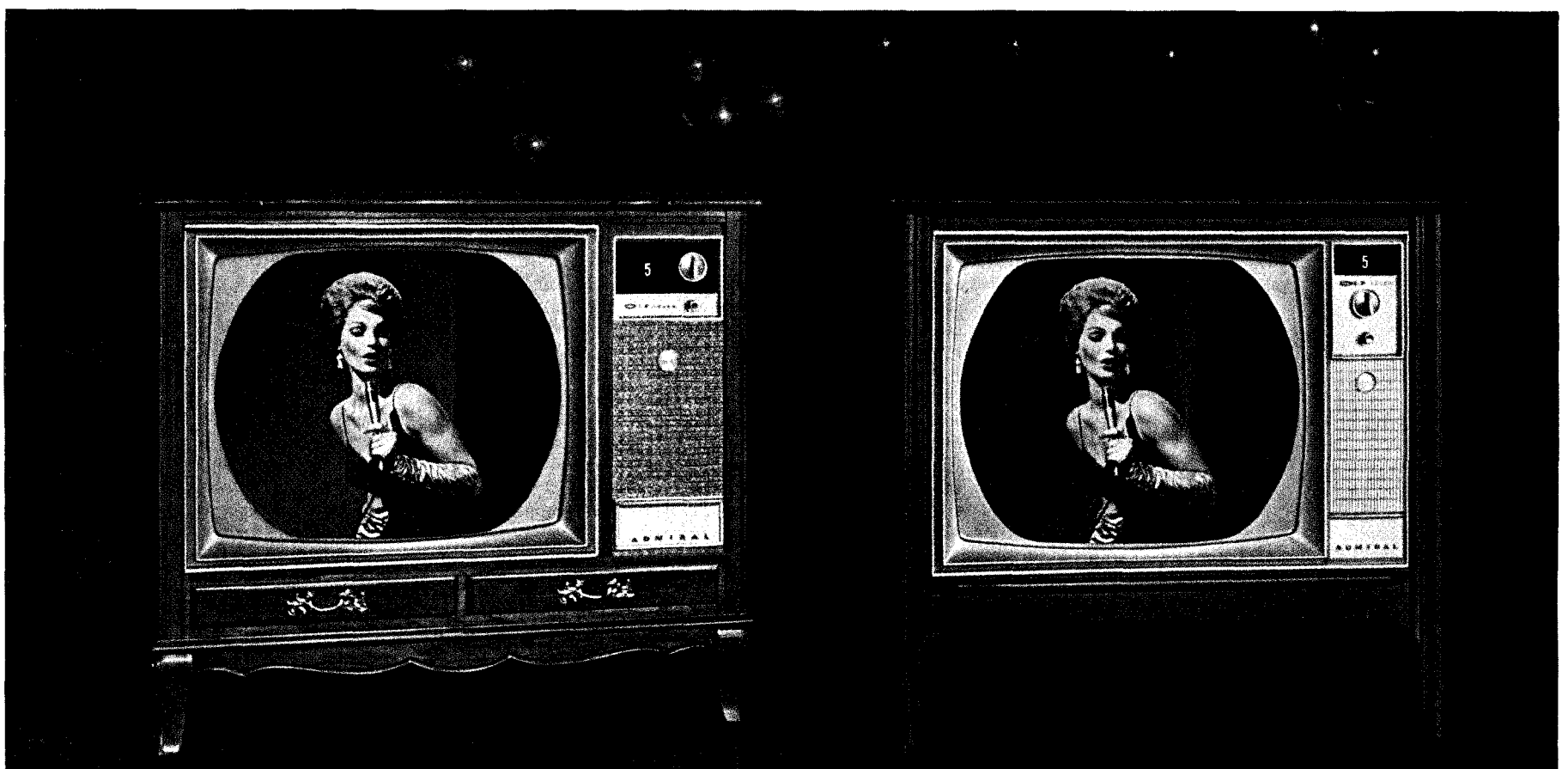

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Shown above (left) The Chanceford, Model L1629, (right) The Courtney, Model L1311.*5 micro-inches applied by electro-deposition. †UHF-Sonar, optional extras. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ont.

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Terror's stable balance

WASHINGTON: The revolution in weaponry, which started in the Manhattan Project during the last war, and which changed the very nature of warfare, is now about complete. And because this is so, the "balance of terror" seems unlikely to be upset by technological means within the foreseeable future.

The evidence supporting these conclusions is simple. In recent years both the United States and the Soviet Union have spent colossal sums of money on research and development of weapons. But during those years the scientists have been unable to come up with new, genuinely revolutionary weapons to compare with the atomic bomb, the hydrogen bomb and the intercontinental ballistic missile.

Moreover, according to such an expert witness as Dr. Harold Brown, young and brilliant chief scientist of the Defense Department, the scientists are unlikely to come up with revolutionary new weapons in the years to come. Here is Doctor Brown on the subject:

"No scientist is going to say flatly that there is nothing on the horizon that could alter the nature of warfare the way the nuclear weapons and the intercontinental ballistic missile did, and thus upset the power balance. But we just don't believe that either side is going to come up suddenly and unexpectedly with something that will radically alter the balance. And that goes for lasers, antisubmarine warfare, antimissile missiles, the gigaton bombs, man in space, biochemical warfare or whatever you want to name."

This amounts to saying that the scientists do not foresee a fourth and final stage in the revolution in warfare. The first stage was, of course, the Hiroshima-type atomic bomb, which changed the nature of warfare by making it possible to destroy most of a big city with a single bomb. The second stage was the hydrogen bomb, which enormously multiplied the power of the atomic bomb. The third stage was the marriage of a hydrogen warhead and the ICBM, which made any nation subject to almost instant devastation.

The result has been the "balance of terror." Especially since the Cuban crisis of October, 1962—which in retrospect looks more and more like one of history's great watersheds and John F. Kennedy's most lasting memorial—both sides have tacitly acknowledged an overriding mutual interest in avoiding thermonuclear war. Despite small wars and big crises, the balance of terror has grown increasingly stable.

But the balance could be upset if one side, by moving on to a fourth stage in the revolution in warfare, achieved a decisive advantage over the other side. If one side, for example, achieved a near-total defense against the missiles, the terror in Winston Churchill's "peace of mutual terror" would cease to be truly mutual. Or the balance would be upset if one side achieved some way of neutralizing in advance, by pre-emptive attack or other means, the other side's retaliatory capacity.

Most scientists nowadays would agree with Doctor Brown when he says that the balance is not going to be upset in this way. To be sure, the best scientists can be wrong. Dr. Albert Einstein warned President Franklin Roosevelt that the atomic bomb would almost certainly be too heavy to carry in a plane. A majority of President Truman's scientific advisers voted against the hydrogen-bomb project partly on the grounds that it was not technically feasible. In the early 1950's, the ICBM effort was all but abandoned, on the grounds that the long-range missiles could never be efficient military instruments.

But there is a difference now. In the case of the A-bomb, the H-bomb, and the ICBM, at least some of the scientists (Dr. Edward Teller is the best example) knew in advance the kind of weapon they wanted to make and how to go about making it. That is not true today.

Take, for example, the lasers. A laser beam is light concentrated in a narrow, "coherent" band, capable of amplifying energy. In 1960, when the first lasers were built, they created much excitement. For might they not be used, in the words of Gen. Curtis LeMay, "for the intervention of ICBM warheads and their decoys?" Might they not thus be the instrument of a near-total defense against missiles? The answer today is that they cannot be so used. Or if they can, the scientists, after spending very large sums of money to find out, do not know how.

Or take the space vehicles. After the Sputniks, there was much talk about the coming "war in space." One strategically vital use for the space vehicles has indeed been found—reconnaissance. But the reconnaissance satellites have strengthened the balance of terror by narrowing the strategic advantage enjoyed by the closed Soviet society over the open American society. As for other military uses of space, a specialist reports, "The more we've looked into it, the more clear it has become that a space vehicle just isn't a very good platform for launching either defensive or offensive weapons."

Or take the antimissile missiles. A missile which can, to use Khrushchev's phrase, "hit a fly in the sky," can be built—indeed, has been built, in the American Nike-X and its Soviet equivalent. But partly because of the enormous expense involved, partly because there are ways of "spoofing" any antimissile missile, and partly because a partial defense against a thermonuclear missile attack is hardly any defense at all, neither side has embarked on a serious attempt to achieve a fully operational antimissile defense.

Dr. James Killian, President of M.I.T., has warned against the notion that "we have reached some kind of plateau in our invention and development of weapons," and Doctor Brown agrees. Nevertheless, if Doctor Brown and other scientists are right, the genuinely revolutionary phase in weapons development is over. What the scientists call a "quantum jump," like the invention of the nuclear weapons or the ICBM's, is just not in the cards.

This is, oddly enough, very good news. The balance of terror is the essential basis of the peace we now know, which is at least a lot better than nuclear war. The balance could be upset by the achievement of a real nuclear capability by the Chinese Communists or a mad dictator; or by some sort of "Seven Days in May" in Moscow or in Washington. But at least it is good to know that the balance is unlikely to be upset by some sudden revolutionary technological breakthrough, of the sort that lit up the skies over Hiroshima almost two decades ago.

Stewart Alsop

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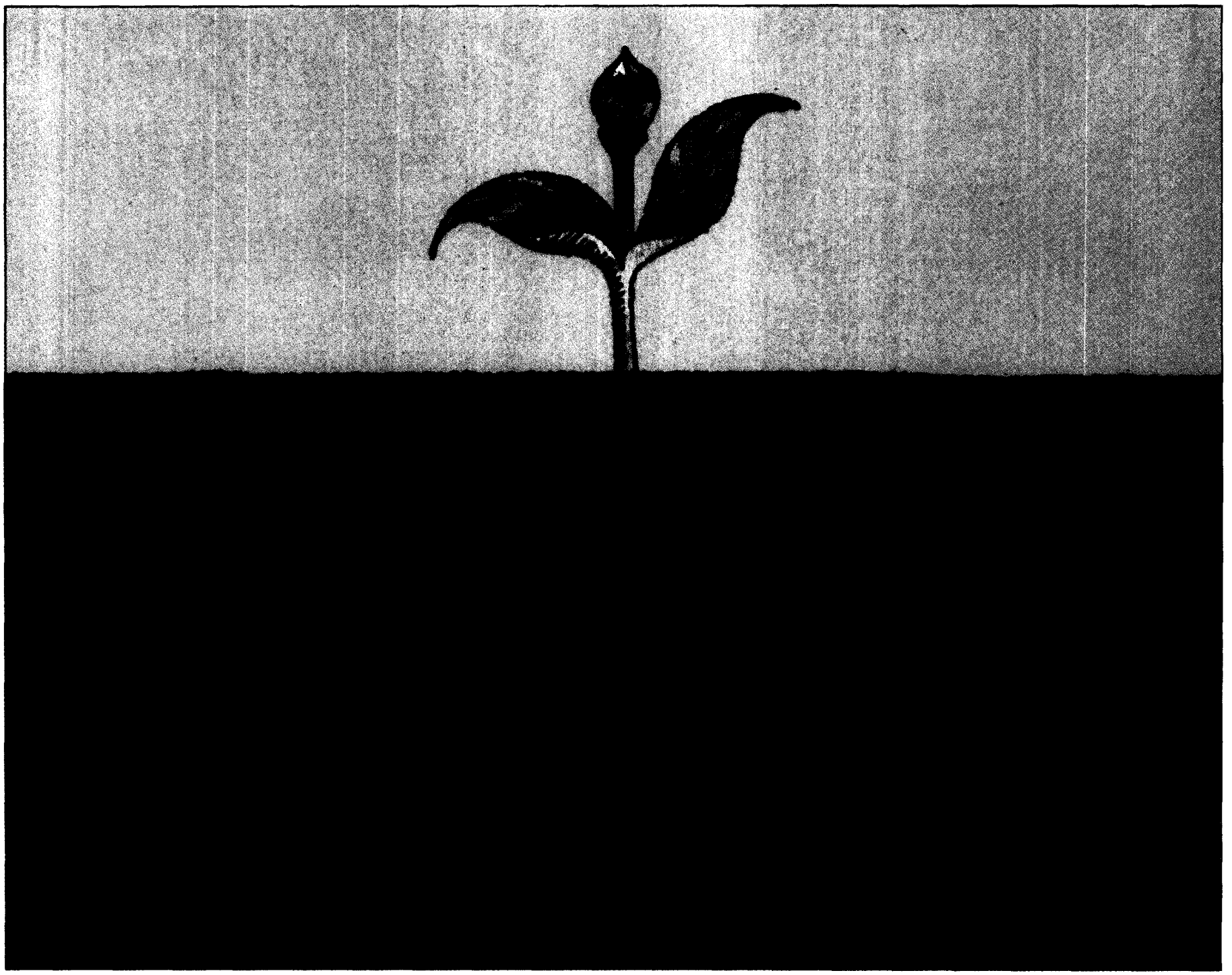
YOUTH



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New "Mini-Freezer" Refrigerator. It's all refrigerator, except for that handy freezer just big enough for its Flip-Quick Ice Ejector or a few juice cans. For freezer owners, this family Frigidaire refrigerator eliminates duplicated freezer space—gives you more refrigerator space, more conveniences, like its Flowing Cold Meat Tender! Model FCDM-14-64.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

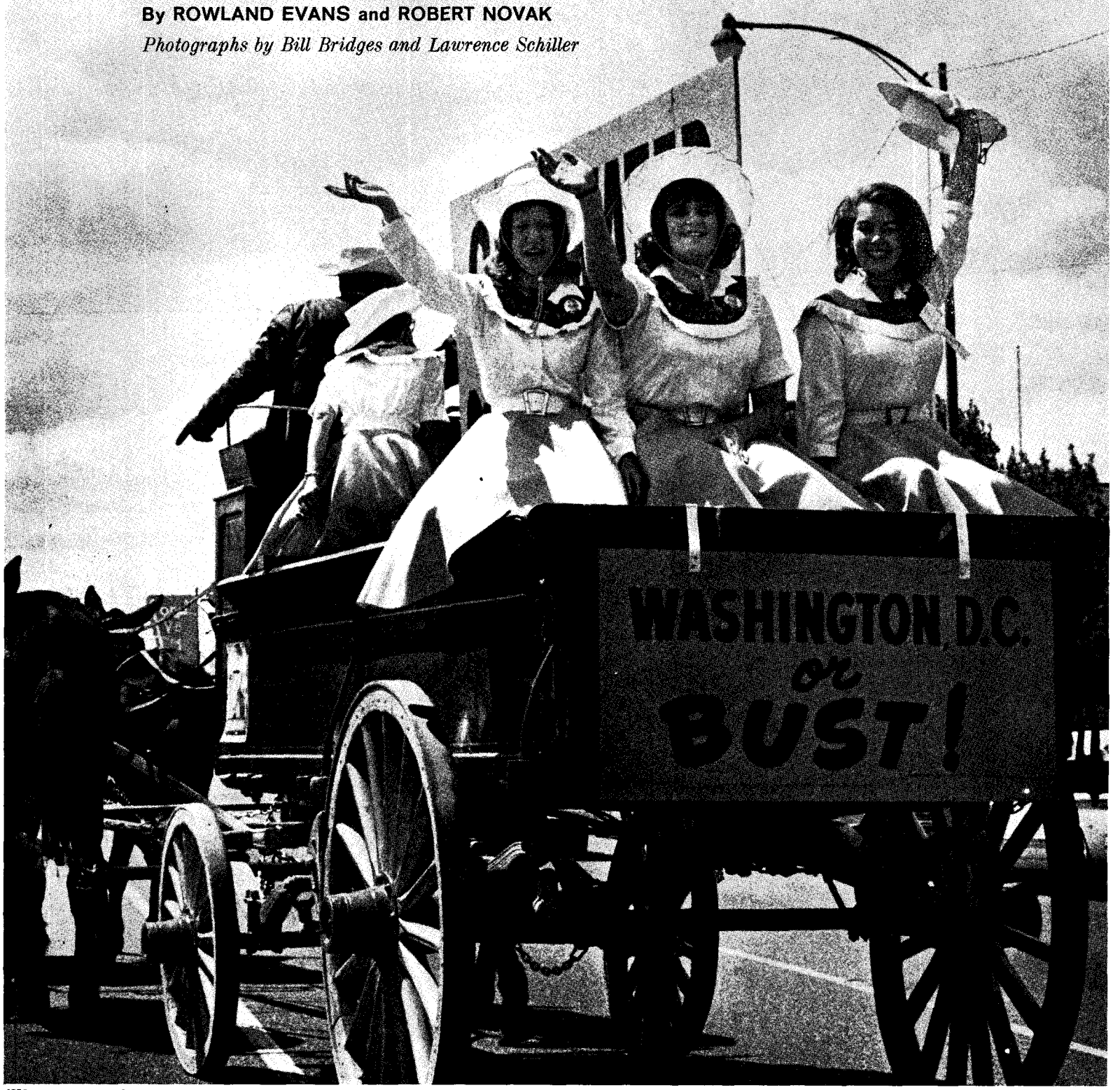
SHOWDOWN IN CALIFORNIA

THE BIG CRISIS FOR GOLDWATER

If he wins the California primary next week, he may very well capture the G.O.P. nomination, changing the Republican Party for years to come.

By ROWLAND EVANS and ROBERT NOVAK

Photographs by Bill Bridges and Lawrence Schiller



Whooping it up for the senator from Arizona, a bevy of girls for Goldwater rolls through Bakersfield, Calif., in a conservative four-mule-power cart.

Up and down California young Rockefeller backers picket Goldwater appearances with swastika-decorated placards reading GOLDWATER: THE FASCIST GUN IN THE WEST. Belligerent Goldwater supporters station themselves outside Rockefeller rallies to pass out pamphlets entitled *The Socialist Views of Nelson Rockefeller*. And Rockefeller headquarters in the Los Angeles area have been plagued with telephone calls in which the caller screams, "Nigger lover!" and hangs up.

The primary contest has become so bitter, that early this month 11 of the 15 California Republicans in the House of Representatives drafted an appeal for harmony, warning that the campaign had crossed "the narrow line between healthy controversy and destructive charges." Such strong feeling might seem out of place in a primary campaign which, until recently, evoked more boredom than anything else. The two candidates struck most people as the least likely choices among the crop of G.O.P. hopefuls, and all eyes were focused on New Hampshire and Oregon.

But now everything has changed: California has become the most dramatic presidential primary in recent history. Although only Rockefeller and Goldwater are on the ballot—no write-ins, paste-ins or "noncandidates"—each represents far more than his own personality and aspirations.

Goldwater, despite his sincere efforts to repudiate them, is the candidate of the John Birch Society and its fellow travelers of the Far Right. Rockefeller, although he insists he is still in the race to win, has become a proxy candidate for G.O.P. moderates and liberals—for Richard Nixon, Henry Cabot Lodge, Gov. William Scranton of Pennsylvania, *et al.*

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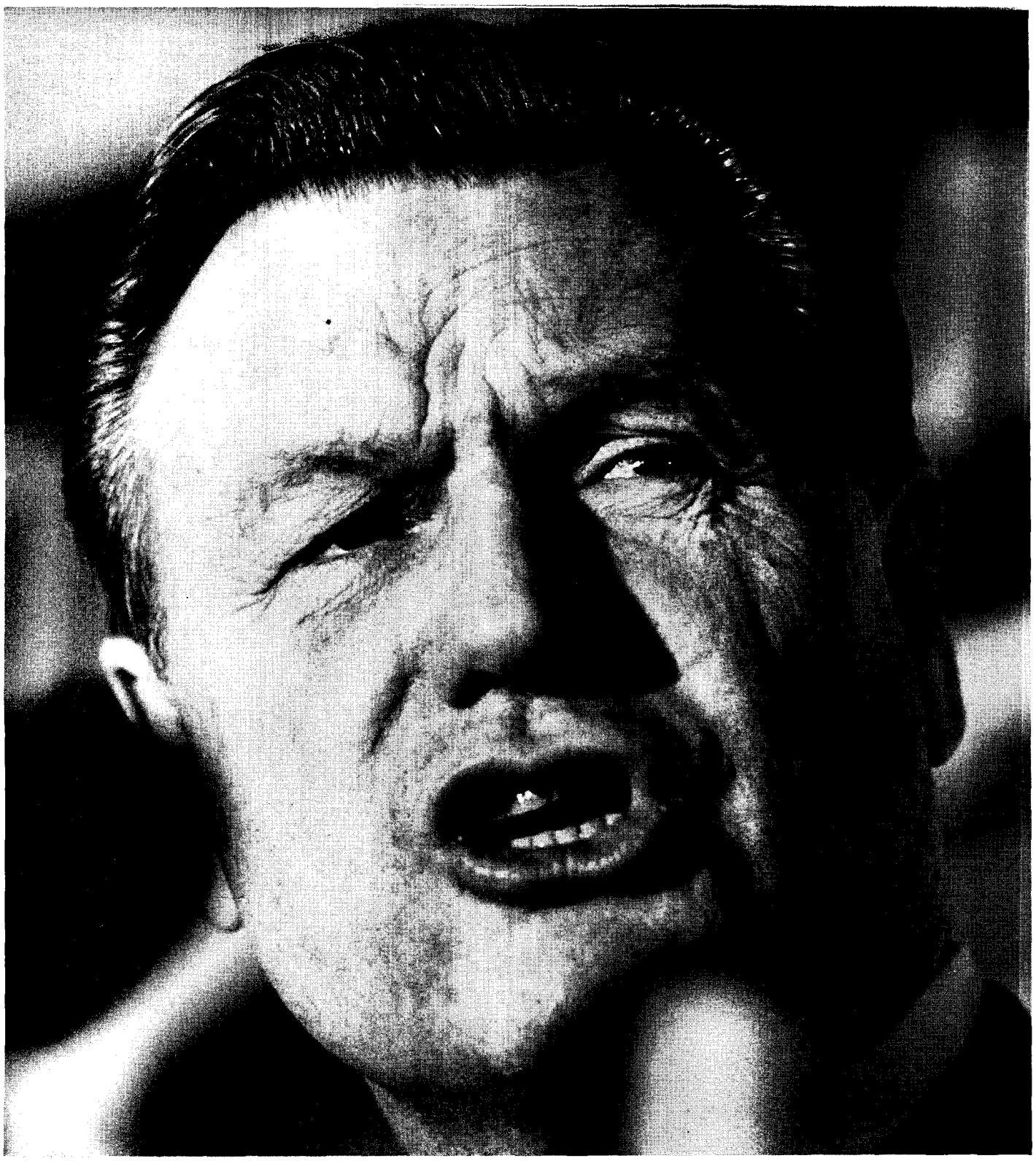

New York's Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller: Liberal Republicans are counting on him to stop Goldwater in California next Tuesday.

"Goldwater does not understand the people behind him."

Crisis for Goldwater

Until about a month ago there was a good deal of mock-sympathetic talk about California's being the Last Chance for Goldwater—and not much of a chance at that. Lately, however, Republican leaders throughout the country have been doing a little arithmetic and, in accents of panic, started calling it the Last Chance to Stop Goldwater.

The reason for this switch is a belated discovery that even a conservative projection of Goldwater's delegate strength gives him nearly 550 votes (of 655 needed to nominate), far more than any other candidate, declared or otherwise. California's 86 votes would bring him so close that a win here—particularly a really big one—might start a landslide which would sweep him into a first-ballot nomination before his opponents knew what hit them. But this is not all that is at stake next Tuesday. The vote will also climax the bloodiest battle in years of guerrilla action between the Left and Right for control of the California Republican Party. The outcome may well decide whether leadership goes to Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel, disciple and protégé of liberal Earl Warren, or to the party's conservative wing, now heavily infiltrated by Birchers. This question of party control, rather than loyalty to Goldwater or Rockefeller, has made neutrality in the California G.O.P. primary very nearly impossible.

Last fall, for example, Joseph Martin, then state Republican National Committeeman, foresaw the bloodbath his party is now undergoing in California and begged both Rockefeller and Goldwater to stay out of the state. When he failed in this, Martin resigned from the National Committee and set out to promote Rockefeller's candidacy. It is no secret that he was motivated less by attachment to Rockefeller than by fear of a rightist coup if Senator Goldwater wins.

"Goldwater is no extremist," Martin explains. "I respect him. But he simply doesn't understand the people who are behind him. They'll ruin the party."

Those who feel that Goldwater must be stopped have been fighting an uphill battle. A poll ordered by Rockefeller's campaign managers last fall showed him trailing Goldwater by 31 percentage points. Since then Rockefeller backers report that their man's strength has been building steadily, although polls taken this month indicate that Goldwater is still ahead by a sizable margin.

Paradoxically, the average California Republican doesn't want either of them. A congressman who polled his own rock-ribbed conservative district in late April found that 70 percent of the voters interviewed preferred Lodge or Nixon.

In the view of most party leaders, this means Rockefeller can only be a spoiler. Even if he makes a comeback by beating Goldwater in California, few politicians see how he can possibly be the nominee. They believe the prize will go to someone not listed on the ballot at all. For a man of Rockefeller's surpassing ego, this is a hard truth to face. Yet he has shown no frustration, and his campaign style has remained as frenetic as ever. While Goldwater prefers relaxing over a highball with friends in the evening, Rockefeller goes about pumping hands madly and giving lusty chirps of "Hi ya, fella!" with his face fixed in a wide grin.

California is a hard state for a man with Rockefeller's penchant for personal campaigning. Here is no tight little New Hampshire, where the hand of every registered Republican can be grasped. With an area of nearly 160,000 square miles and a population of 18 million, California is less like a state than a self-contained nation. It embraces an almost infinite variety of culture, national background and geography, ranging from cosmopolitan San Francisco to sprawling, subtropical Los Angeles. In the north are sparsely settled "cow counties"; in the south, golden deserts splashed with swimming pools. Irrigated cotton country and suburban housing tracts lie side by side.

For the politician trying to build the kind of stable precinct organizations that exist elsewhere in the country, California's size and diversity are complicated by two other factors. One is a series of state laws specifically aimed at preventing the accumulation of political power in quantities large enough to be used effectively. The other is the average Californian's compulsive mobility. One out of every four residents of Los Angeles County, which contains 40 percent of the state's population, has moved from somewhere else during the last year.

Thus, neither Rockefeller nor Goldwater was able to line up Republican "bosses" and intact organizations, because they simply did not exist. Instead, both candidates have relied heavily on television—paid television spots, interview shows, televised rallies. "It's really a matter of simple arithmetic," explains one of Rockefeller's managers. "Democrats outnumber Republicans three to two in this state. If Rocky goes wandering through a shopping center, he's bound to shake more Democratic hands than Republican. So we've got to use TV."

Except for their resort to television, however, the two men's campaigns have been marked by sharp contrasts. The Rockefeller organization is neat, tight and professional; Goldwater's is chaotic. Rockefeller men plead in vain for volunteers, while Goldwater has too many.

Rockefeller's campaign is run by a unique Los Angeles firm called Spencer-Roberts & Associates. Formed four years ago by two young professional Republican Party workers, William Roberts and Stuart Spencer, it makes a business of managing political campaigns. Animated by no confusing personal or ideological loyalties, Spencer-Roberts asks only for a candidate and enough money to run the show.

Following a string of successful campaigns—including one for Senator Kuchel in 1962—the firm scored its greatest coup in May of 1963, by electing a Republican to Congress from a heavily Democratic district of Los Angeles. Mainly responsible were the election-day "victor squads" organized by Spencer-Roberts to ferret out every registered Republican who had not voted by midafternoon. While complacent Democrats took victory for granted, Republicans simply went to the polls in larger numbers.

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It was on the strength of this victory that George Hinman, New York Republican National Committeeman and Rockefeller's faithful missionary, began the negotiations that ended with Rockefeller's retaining the firm.

Since there was no reservoir of volunteers to work for their candidate, Spencer-Roberts started hiring. From half a dozen Spencer-Roberts staffers, the Rockefeller campaign organization quickly swelled to become the biggest professional campaign team in the state's history, with more than 70 paid workers. These were broken down into cadres of specialists to work with the great minority voting blocs.

For example, they hired two Los Angeles Negro politicians and an expert on the city's big Mexican community. They signed subcontracts with a firm specializing in marketing studies in San Francisco's Negro community and with a company handling agricultural public relations in the San Joaquin Valley. And they got scores of professional politicians to open field offices throughout the state.

"There's never been anything like it," enthused one party pro in California. "These boys are running a dream campaign with all the money they need."

Converting Democrats

Apart from building the organization, Stu Spencer, a jaunty and exuberant little man of 37, started a campaign to switch tens of thousands of Negroes, Mexicans and labor-union members from Democratic to Republican registration, so that they could vote for Rockefeller in the primary. Portly Bill Roberts, suave and solemn at 39, worked at trying to lasso the Californian equivalent of the Republican Establishment. He succeeded. Rockefeller's 86-member delegation—painstakingly selected by Roberts, George Hinman and Senator Kuchel—reads like a blue book of respectable Republicanism. It includes former Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco, industrialist Leonard K. Firestone, Justin Dart (president of Rexall Drug & Chemical Co.) and movie mogul Jack Warner.

This kind of attention to detail has saved Rockefeller from complete calamity in California, though at times disaster has seemed imminent—as it did on the occasion of his first campaign visit to San Diego on April 20. San Diego is solid Goldwater country, and when Rockefeller's F-27 turboprop landed at the airport, a less determined candidate might have ordered the pilot to take off and try somewhere else. The turnout wasn't big enough to field a football team. A half hour later only 35 campaign workers showed up for breakfast with the New York governor. At a Kiwanis Club luncheon his address was received in funereal silence. Next was an evening reception for the public in the El Cortez Hotel ballroom, and Rockefeller men feared a dismal climax to a dismal day.

Thanks to fastidious planning by Spencer-Roberts, however, upwards of 7,000 San Diegans patiently waited in line to shake Rockefeller's hand. Using precious lists of registered Republican voters, Stu Spencer had mailed more than 10,000 invitations (with instructions to bring along friends) to a carefully selected cross-section of San Diego Republicans. It was a tactic Spencer-Roberts has repeated all over California, each time drawing long lines of Republicans who, if not precisely adoring, have at least been present. "I don't know who I'm going to vote for right now," said one young lawyer in such a group, "but I didn't want to miss the chance to shake hands with a Rockefeller."

While Spencer-Roberts delivers the bodies, however, it is up to the candidate to turn them into supporters. But Nelson Rockefeller has never developed the ability to command fanatical support. Although he comes out strongly on the major issues—he insists, for example, that "the Federal Government has a deep moral and Constitutional responsibility" to pass a strong-civil-rights law, while Goldwater says, "My feeling is that you can't legislate civil rights"—his oratory is often flat, repetitious and banal. Some years ago newspaper reporters coined the term BOMFOG as shorthand for "Brotherhood of Man and Fatherhood of God," a favorite Rockefeller phrase at the time. These days BOMFOG has come to mean any kind of foggy bombast, and Rockefeller—who tends to slip into platitudes about "concern for human dignity" and "the aspirations of mankind"—still commits BOMFOG regularly.

Whether this or the lingering stigma of his divorce and remarriage is responsible, Rockefeller's personality simply has not enraptured the voters of California. By the end of March, it had become obvious to his managers that he would lose a straight-out popularity contest with Goldwater. Their decision, anticipating the more recent stampede of liberal Republican leaders throughout the country, was to run Rockefeller against Goldwater as a proxy—a stand-in for the other leading contenders.

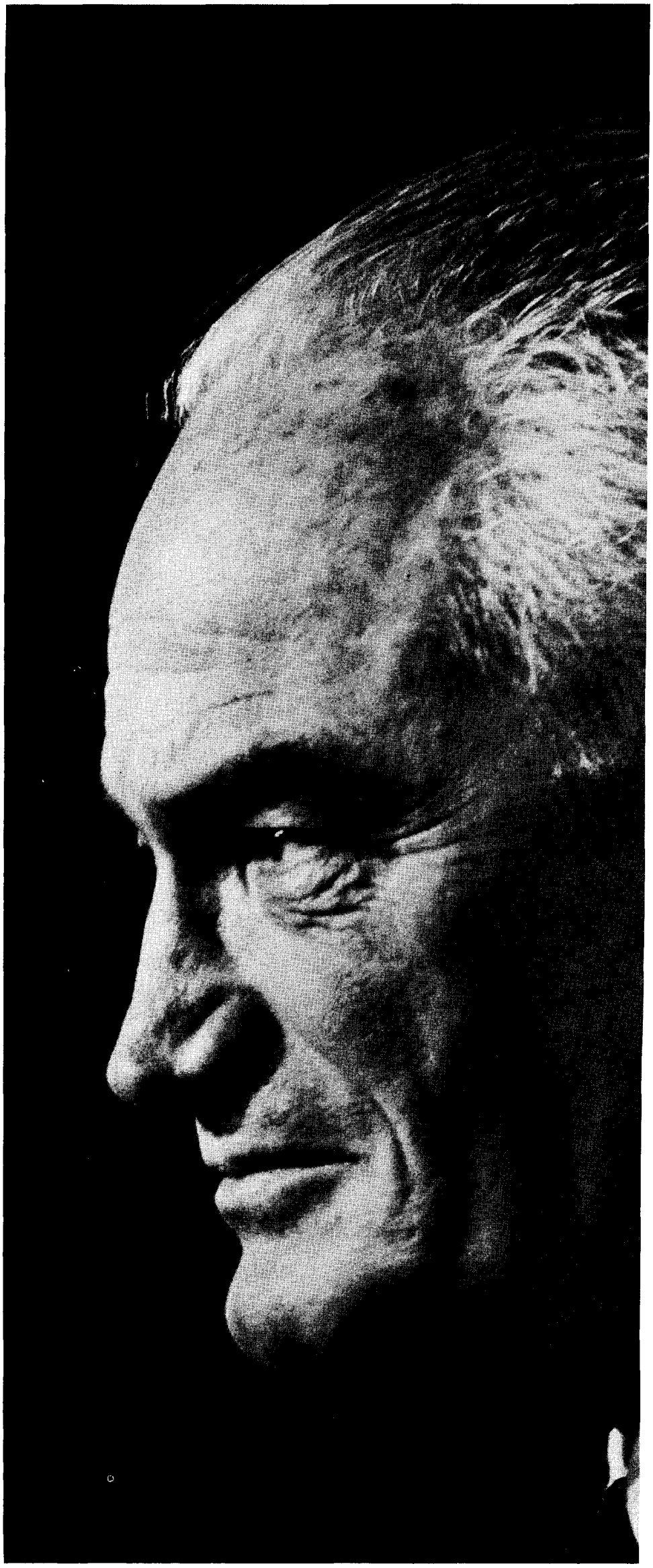
But the proxy-candidate tactic is a bit too sophisticated for the casual voter, and besides, Rockefeller is not a man to swallow his pride and serve as a humble front man, and he angrily denies that he is doing anything of the kind.

In view of their man's hostility to the idea, Rockefeller's managers abandoned the proxy tactic and turned instead to claiming that a Goldwater victory would deliver the Republican Party into the hands of the John Birch Society.

This alternate tactic was worked out early last month at a secret meeting attended by Senator Kuchel, George Hinman, Roberts, Spencer and seven state legislators on Rockefeller's delegation. Tommy Kuchel did most of the talking. The Rockefeller campaign had gone flat, he said, mainly because legislative crises in Albany had been keeping the candidate out of California recently. To get things moving again, they must hang the John Birch Society around Barry Goldwater's neck like an albatross. For a start, the seven state legislators would form a flying "truth squad" to alert the populace.

State assemblymen William Bagley and Milton Marks put the Barry-and-the-Birchers tactic into operation on April 13. "Certainly the choice in this Republican primary is clear," the assemblymen proclaimed. "It is not just between Governor Rockefeller and Senator Goldwater or their platforms. It is a choice between restoring the California Republican Party to strength and effectiveness or surrendering it to a rule-or-ruin right wing." Before the week ended, the seven legislators had spread this message from Sacramento to Encino.

Goldwater was furious. Although advised by his closest aides to keep his anger to himself, the irrepressible Goldwater was unable to hold back for long. In a luncheon speech to campaign workers at the Thunderbird Hotel in San Mateo he denounced the state legislators as "the seven Republicrats" and challenged



Arizona's Sen. Barry M. Goldwater: A win here could all but cinch the nomination.

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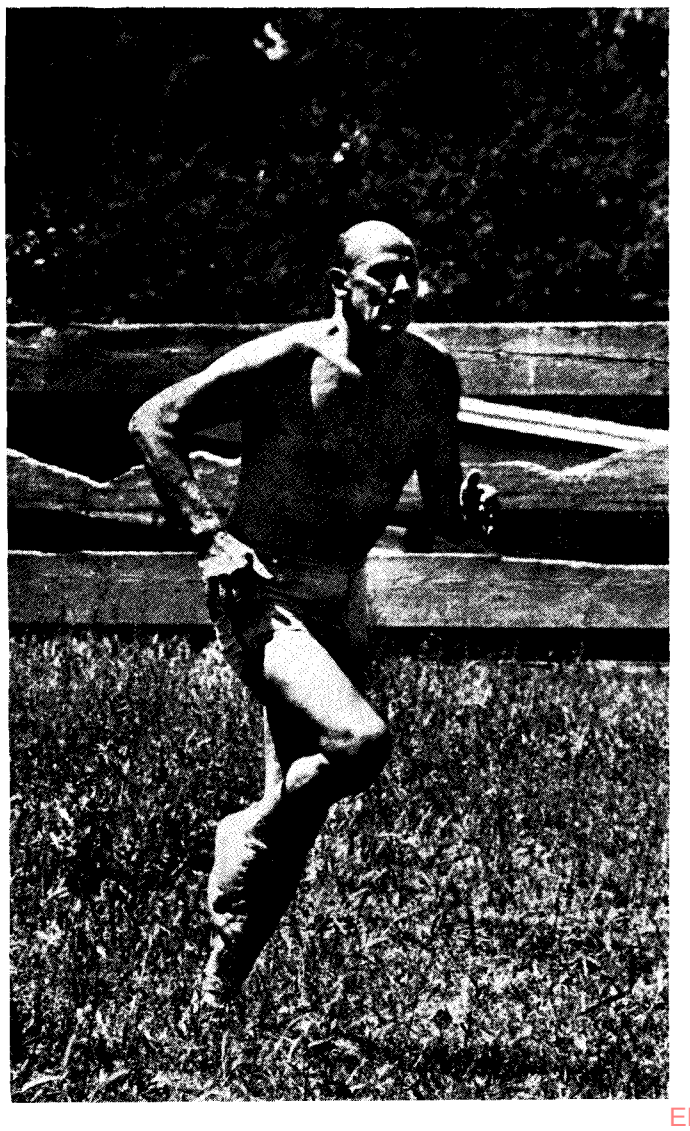
Pierre Salinger, running for the Democratic senatorial nomination, plays Bach on piano for admiring senior citizens at Seal Beach.

A pair of magnificently wacky Senate races give the primary some extremely welcome comic relief.

Salinger rival Alan Cranston jogs miles each morning.



Painter works on picture of G.O.P. Senate aspirant George Murphy.

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them to "call me a liar to my face, and they'll get the reaction of a Westerner."

Goldwater's response was natural—and entirely honest. He *has* tried to avoi the embrace of the right-wing extremist But the "truth squad" was being honest too: The extremists *have* succeeded in infiltrating his organization.

One reason they have been able to do so is that Goldwater has no real chief of staff. His full-time state campaign manager at Los Angeles headquarters is Bernard Brennan, a highly competent lawyer who ran Nixon's successful Southern California campaign against John F. Kennedy in 1960. Assisting him with public relations, advertising and headquarters organization is Herb Baus, partner in the Los Angeles political-public-relations firm of Baus and Ross.

So far, so good. But looming over the Los Angeles professionals is the pervasive influence of Goldwater's state chairman, former Sen. William F. Knowland. Attempting a political comeback for the first time since 1958, Knowland refuses to consider himself a figurehead and insists on taking charge as Goldwater's active campaign boss. But he is still the same plodding, inflexible and ponderous man who, as Senate Republican leader in the early 1950's, used to drive Dwight D. Eisenhower close to apoplexy, and he does the same for Goldwater aides now.

"It's impossible," says one Los Angeles professional. "Everything has to go through Bill. You can't make the smallest decision without Knowland's butting in."

Adding to these complications of leadership, Goldwater himself has been exercising far more personal control over the campaign in California than he did elsewhere. Early in April, after surviving a day on which Knowland had scheduled 26 separate appearances for him, he decreed a new kind of campaign: no more than four appearances in a single day, fewer trips to California, a drastic reduction in the number of press conferences, and, most important, far more reliance on television. He has also been paying close attention to the kind of details he used to leave to underlings. Not long ago, for instance, he flicked on the television set in his Los Angeles hotel to watch a video tape he had made earlier and found that his managers had preempted the Steve Allen show to run his speech. "We'll have all the Steve Allen fans on our neck," he snapped to an aide. "Let's not do that again. Make a note of it."

He has still, however, found no effective way to control his Coxey's Army of volunteers and semiautonomous local leaders, and he often has no idea of what program has been planned for him before he reaches the scene. For example, when he arrived in Long Beach to give one major address, he found that his local managers had selected Hollywood actor Efrem Zimbalist Jr. to introduce him. Zimbalist, an ultraconservative with a strange sense of political humor, had offended Goldwater's sensibilities at an earlier rally by attempting to find some comedy in the plethora of John F. Kennedy memorials around the country.

It was too late to take Zimbalist off the Long Beach program, and he ran true to form, with a leaden satirical attack or "my socialist masters" in the form of a gift list. (Sample: "For those who engage in sit-ins, a set of thumb tacks.")

But even before Zimbalist got to the podium, the 7,000 Goldwater fans were groggy. Preliminary ceremonies featured

George Todt, a right-wing Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* columnist, who insisted on reciting the entire Gettysburg Address and a long-winded eulogy of General MacArthur, followed by Taps.

"Taps at a political rally!" Goldwater ecalled later. "I couldn't believe my ears when I heard it backstage."

But lack of central control can have far more serious results than taps at a rally. Birchites and fellow travelers of the far right have used Goldwater volunteer organizations and other conservative groups as fronts for penetrating the Republican Party in California. One such group is U.R.O.C. (United Republicans of California), formed last year by far-right forces as a precinct-level counterforce against the California Republican Assembly, an organization conceived by Earl Warren as a haven for liberal Republicans—although lately even the assembly has moved well to the right. The California Young Republicans organization is owned lock, stock and button-down shirt by Birchite forces. And Birchites control the Los Angeles County Republican Central Committee and are now just short of a majority on the State Central Committee.

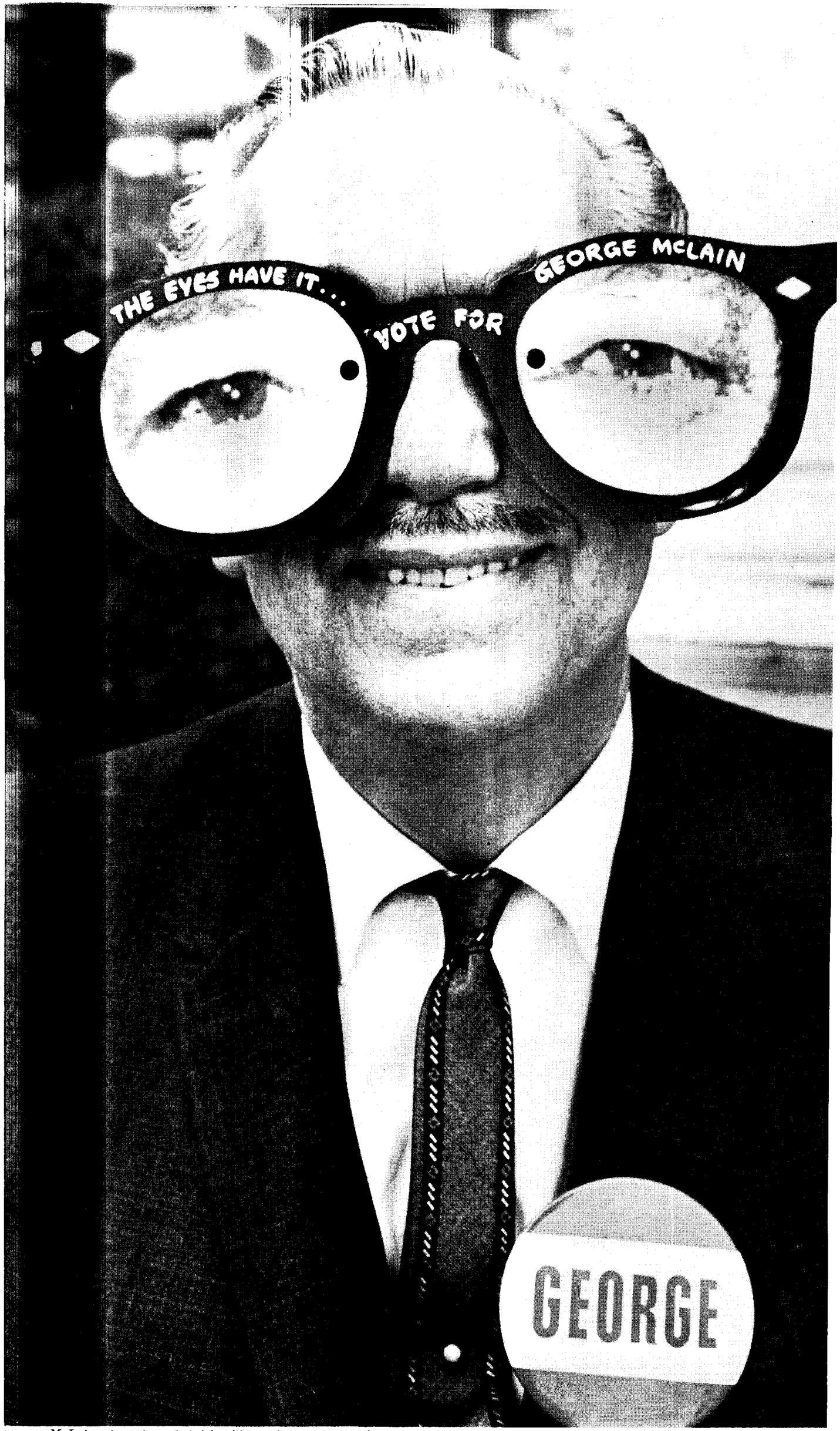
Mastermind behind the growing power and solidarity of the Birch forces is John Rousselot, 36, the well-paid western organizer for the society. A one-term congressman (whose successful 1960 campaign was also managed, ironically enough, by Spencer-Roberts), he was beaten in 1962 after his membership in the Birch Society was revealed. Since then he has become the unifier of the far right in California. "He has brought order out of chaos," sadly admits a moderate Republican.

The fear that Rousselot and his followers will succeed in taking over the party in California is the main reason why many Republicans—including those who have no particular love for Rockefeller and no great animosity toward Goldwater—are fighting their hearts out for the governor of New York. Consider State Assemblyman Houston Flournoy, one of the seven legislators on the Rockefeller "truth squad." His commitment to Rockefeller is precisely measured by his desire for the kind of Republican Party that will enable him to advance politically.

Articulate and attractive at 34, Flournoy fears that if his party goes the way of John Rousselot—or even, for that matter, of Old Guard conservative Bill Knowland—two things will happen: His own career in the party will end abruptly, and the party itself will never regain its old dominance in the Golden State. "I didn't want to get involved in this primary," says Flournoy, "but in a way, I knew I would from the start. It's a matter of deciding whether there's going to be an active place in the Republican Party for me in the future."

If Goldwater wins, there probably won't be. But a triumph for Rockefeller in California will mean to Flournoy—and others like him—that the threat from the Right may yet be contained.

In short, if Rockefeller does upset Goldwater here, the deciding factor won't be Rockefeller himself or Kuchel's popularity or the Spencer-Roberts organization's efficiency. It will be the attitude and influence of men like Houston Flournoy. These are men who are convinced that a Goldwater victory would wreck the Republican Party as it exists today—both in the state and nationally. And they know that a Goldwater victory is now quite possible. THE END



George McLain, champion of state's old people, wears gag glasses promoting his race for the Democratic senatorial nomination.

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SHOWDOWN IN CALIFORNIA

PLUCKY PIERRE CRASHES THE PARTY

A last-minute entry from the East has put pressure on the governor's man and split California Democrats into brawling camps.

The stubby little candidate with the outsized cigar bounded down the steps of his chartered plane, waved cheerily to the waiting crowd, and was greeted by a shrill serenade. From the cluster of well-wishers, the official San Diego Beatles Club stepped forward and, only a bit off-key, burst into girlish song.

"We love you Sal-in-ger," they sang. "Oh yes we do-hoo! If we were twenty-one, we'd vote for you-hoo!"

Like a wrong-way Lochinvar, former White House Press Secretary Pierre Salinger had ridden out of the East and brought romance, color, fun and enthusiasm into a listless California Democratic senatorial primary. He also trailed clouds of a potent political asset, the mystique of the late President John Kennedy, with whom Salinger is associated in the minds of millions of voters. The ardor of the San Diego Beatle-lovers followed him everywhere, and it was not confined to teen-agers. At Castlewood Country Club near San Francisco several hundred socially prominent women pinned him to the wall and pleaded for his autograph on their menus. At the academy awards chunky Pierre was *the* celebrity of the evening. During another handshaking tour, a matron had him autograph her five-year-old daughter.

Normally, a candidate who generates such warmth is treasured by his party. But beneath the "ooohs" and "aaahs" that follow Pierre Salinger through the Happyland hustings sounds the steady grinding of some important Democratic teeth. California's Democratic Party has split down the middle, and half of it wishes that Pierre Salinger would choke on one of his big Dunhill cigars. When Salinger dropped in at Sacramento at the start of his campaign to see his old friend, Democratic Gov. Edmund G. Brown, the normally genial governor greeted native son Salinger with a highly frosty line. "I am always glad to see *visitors* to California," he declared, crunching down hard on the object of the verb.

Working hard to warm up his cool image, Alan Cranston greets a Los Angeles fan.

Behind such verbal judo chops there is, of course, nothing personal. But there will be a great deal at stake next Tuesday when Salinger bids for the senatorial nomination against Brown's friend and choice, State Controller Alan Cranston. According to current polls, the Democratic nominee will be almost a shoo-in for election. Furthermore, what happens in the primary can decisively affect the political future of Brown, a potential vice-presidential candidate, and alter the course of the party in California for years to come.

Politics in California is as unpredictable as a fast ride in the dark through a fun house. This year, however, it has outdone itself with sudden lurches, phosphorescent goblins, and things that go bump in the dark. Only four months ago the Democrats seemed in superb shape for political combat, set for a walk-through against a shattered, leaderless G.O.P. opposition. They heavily outnumbered the Republicans in the legislature and the Congressional delegation. They held every elective statewide office in Sacramento except the relatively minor post of secretary of state. With their lopsided majorities, they could readily command money, support, and workers.

They had only one major problem—the tragic, vexing question of the Senate seat held by ailing Clair Engle. Yet out of this solitary issue the party leaders have drawn a large and roiling bloodbath. It took some doing.

Engle, an able and widely beloved Northern Californian, underwent brain surgery last August. Since he had been expected to breeze through in 1964, his illness touched off alarm in the party—and loosed some unseemly ambitions.

As weeks went by, a cloud of mystery fell around the patient. His office issued a series of optimistic bulletins curiously lacking in medical specifics. There ensued a parade of California visitors to Engle's Washington home, motivated by what Engle's wife, Lucretia, saw as macabre motives. "They all want to give him the saliva test," she was quoted as bitterly complaining. To suggestions that he retire, she responded with an indignant, "Certainly not." Close friends believe that Mrs. Engle felt her husband might suffer a fatal blow to his will to recover if she broached the idea of his leaving the Senate. Early this year Engle announced he would seek reelection. But the announcement was made by a prefilmed tape that only deepened suspicions that he would be unable to campaign.

Convinced—correctly, as it turned out—that Engle could not run, Governor Brown gave his blessing to Alan Cranston to run for Engle's seat. In February, California's network of Democratic volunteers, the California Democratic Council, met to endorse Cranston despite a halting, piped-in telephone appeal from Engle that left many delegates weeping.

The C.D.C.'s rejection of Engle opened the first visible cracks in the ranks, which already had a deep-lying split. The Golden State Democrats are a big, brawling family in which individual ambitions constantly collide, and unity is reserved for the biennial jousts with the Republicans. Since 1960 it has been a family with two father figures. One is Brown and the other is Jesse Unruh, powerful Speaker of the Assembly, widely known as "Big Daddy" until he lost 100 pounds on a recent diet. In the 1960 convention that nominated John Kennedy, Brown's shaky control of the California delegation had dismayed the efficient Kennedys, and in the ensuing campaign they leaned heavily on Unruh, not Brown. With Kennedy in the White House, Unruh became "the man to see in California" to get things done. Brown, on the other hand, acquired the title—from a newsmagazine flippancy that still burns within him—of California's "tower of jelly."

But Brown's prestige rebounded in 1962 with his decisive defeat of Nixon's bid for the governorship, and he currently calls himself "the most underrated politician in the country." Determined to wipe out the "jelly" epithet once and for all, Brown last February made a bold decision. He decided to clear the track to the Senate for Alan Cranston.

In attempting this, Brown began a game that the Republicans had tried and certified as a formula for political disaster. The game is known locally as "musical chairs" and consists of shoving a fellow politician out of his chosen spot in a pending election. In 1958 G.O.P. Sen. William Knowland came home, bumped Gov. Goodwin Knight out of the race for reelection and over into the senatorial candidacy. The ticket, bruised and disunited, crashed to defeat and ended a Republican reign in California that had been breached only once in the 20th century.

With Engle nudged toward the exit, there remained only one major obstacle to Brown's choice—California's popular Attorney General Stanley Mosk, who was poised to jump into the senatorial contest but was still unannounced. Mosk is a handsome, able campaigner with a host of wealthy supporters, and polls showed that he would easily beat Cranston in a head-to-head contest. According to one of his aides, Mosk was only 48 hours from announcing his entry when Brown bumped him. Brown has conceded publicly that he "asked" Mosk not to run. "That is an odd word for what actually happened," says Mosk's aide bitterly. "In two days Stanley's major supporters had their arms twisted almost out of their sockets." Mosk grimly left the race, and has since kept largely silent because of a desire to ascend some day to the California Supreme Court—an appointment that is made by the governor.

The trouble with musical chairs is that once started, it is hard to stop, Shunted out of play, Mosk had the consolation of helping thrust a totally unexpected player into the game. Shortly after losing his chair, while on a trip to Washington, he found himself at a dinner table with Pierre Salinger. "Pierre mentioned idly that he had thought of running for Congress from San Francisco," says Mosk, "but he had been told that he could not meet the legal requirements. I told him I was pretty certain that he was wrong." Mosk checked the laws, and on the day before the deadline for filing, he telephoned Salinger that he was legally eligible. He also promised his help—if Salinger would run for the Senate.

Instant candidate

Thus the "instant candidacy" of Pierre Salinger came into being. Salinger met with President Johnson and told his employer he was going home to run for the U.S. Senate. "The President told me that he had done that himself once," Salinger says, "and that he'd wound up with the best job he'd ever had." Skipping supper, Salinger packed his bags, scooped up Assistant Press Secretary Andrew Hatcher, and hopped a night jet to California. At four P.M. the next day, just 60 minutes before the starting gate slammed shut, he entered the race for the Senate.

The ensuing campaign has been enlivened by Salinger's entry, but the contest has been mainly one of personalities. Ideologically there is little to choose between Cranston and Salinger; supporters of both concede that the candidates would probably vote identically in the Senate 99 percent of the time. After a month of campaigning, neither had found a major issue on which to disagree.

But in personalities there is a sharp difference. "Alan is sort of cold, despite his liberal views," says Governor Brown, "while Pierre is quite a warmhearted guy." The state controller—tall, lanky, bald—conveys the impression of an egghead. He has an innate shyness and an aversion to small talk that plagues his campaign managers. He is effective in a set speech, but tends to edge his way around chance crowds; Salinger plunges happily into them, grabbing hands.

Cranston hammers at Salinger's long residence in Virginia while serving the Federal Government, implying that Salinger is a carpetbagger. "My opponent is seeking to reapportion the Senate," he quips, "with three votes for Virginia and one for California." Salinger has seized on this as a slur against all non-nativ Californians, who make up 65 percent o. Golden State voters. He calls for a show of hands of "immigrants" when addressing a crowd, and assures them that "unlike my opponent," he doesn't consider them second-class citizens.

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By James Phelan

As the campaign has worn on, both candidates have betrayed anxiety by subtly shifting images. Salinger has toned down the quips and become more the earnest "statesman"; Cranston has stepped up the wisecracks and become more folksy. Both have hit hard on the issue of experience. Cranston stresses his intimate knowledge of California's problems, and implies that Salinger scarcely knows an orange from an avocado. Salinger points to his vast acquaintance in Washington, and hints that Cranston would have trouble locating Capitol Hill.

But these light thrusts will scarcely send throngs storming to the polls. What will determine the outcome are some forces that defy assessment. Foremost on Salinger's side is his identification with President Kennedy. He has evoked it often; the phrase "I recall when President Kennedy . . ." has become almost the theme of his campaign. Abetting this is the potent support Salinger is getting from Mosk's friends and Unruh's followers (although Unruh himself has remained publicly uncommitted).

On Cranston's side is the Brown wing of the fractured party, the C.D.C., organized labor and the majority of California's Democratic members of Congress. Early in May the latter had gone 14 for Cranston to one for Salinger.

Another imponderable is what will happen to the hundreds of thousands of devoted Engle supporters. On April 28, when he finally withdrew his candidacy, Engle endorsed no one. Polls showed, however, that Cranston would pick up the majority of his support.

Of nine other Democratic candidates for senator, only one is known to the state at large. He is George McLain, veteran champion for the aged, whose pension schemes have won him an unshakable bloc vote among what California insists on calling "the senior citizens."

Early this month the polls had Salinger and Cranston running in a dead heat, with about a quarter of the voters still undecided. When California's feuding family of Democrats settles down to watch the returns, not even the candidates will be more anxious than the two fathers—Pat Brown and Jesse Unruh. If Salinger prevails, Brown's hope for a greater glory than governor will almost certainly glimmer away. With it will go the C.D.C. and its concept of the amateur-volunteer in politics. And the voice of Unruh will sound loud again. A Cranston victory will strengthen the C.D.C. and give Brown a luster that not even his victory over Nixon accorded him. It will show that he can transfer his popularity in California to another candidate. And when Lyndon Johnson picks a running mate, this could be precisely the quality the tall Texan seeks.

Since this is California, it is conceivable that the victor just *might* be pension-champion McLain. In that remote event, California's two father figures would probably link arms and wade west into the moonlit Pacific—leaving the grandfather figures in charge. THE END

With a chair for a platform, Pierre Salinger speaks at his Santa Ana headquarters. His identification with J.F.K. is a big asset.

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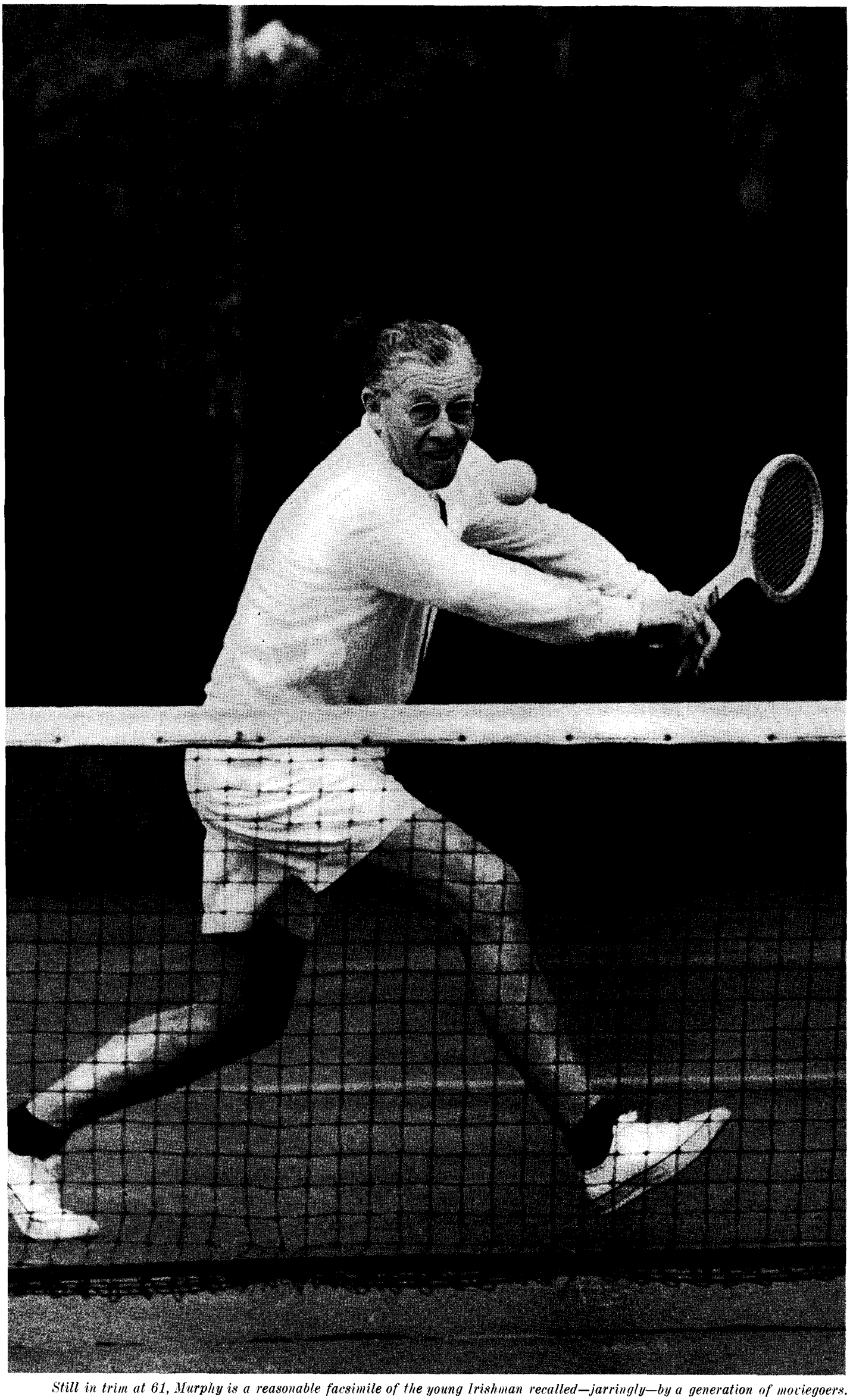

Still in trim at 61, Murphy is a reasonable facsimile of the young Irishman recalled—jarringly—by a generation of moviegoers.

Ex-actor George Murphy has th

Sportswriter Warren Brown once surveyed the human debris that comprised two wartime major-league pennant winners and concluded that neither team could win the World Series. The same comment could be made about the Republican senatorial primary in California. The contestants are ex-actor George Murphy, financier Leland Kaiser and a man named Fred Hall, who was once governor of Kansas. It is a measure of the impact they have made that a recent Field poll reported 35 percent of Republican pollees "undecided" about the best man. "I'm surprised," commented a top Republican. "I figured ninety-five percent would be undecided."

Under psychiatric analysis the California Republican Party might be diagnosed as downright suicidal. In 1958 it had a good chance of reelecting William Knowland to the Senate and Goodwin (Goodie) Knight to the governor's office until it switched the candidates around. The result was a trouncing for both. In 1962 the Republican candidate for governor was Richard Nixon, who had never lost an election in California. But conservatives decided that eight years as Vice President had exposed Nixon to funny ideas, so they trotted out a right-winger named Joe Shell to oppose him in the primary. Nixon won, but so much blood was spilled that the party could not recover in time for the general election, and Pat Brown beat Nixon easily.

In 1964 it is the Democrats who are fighting among themselves. But the Republicans are exploiting the opportunity by presenting three candidates whose combined appeal approximates that of Jimmy Hoffa. "Thank God they're giving us a breather," says one of Pat Brown's political lieutenants, "when we're having so much trouble of our own."

Characteristically, the Republican with the best chance of winning, former San Francisco Mayor George Christopher, decided not to run. Christopher says he is "tired of the gilded cage of public life," and would rather run for governor in 1966. He also feels he was double-crossed when he ran for lieutenant governor in 1962. "Nixon's people promised me everything under the sun," he says, but late in the campaign they withdrew funds from Christopher and gave them to Nixon.

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SHOWDOWN IN CALIFORNIA

NEW ROLE FOR LEGENDARY GEORGE

lead in the G.O.P. primary, with bit parts for two fellows named Kaiser and Hall.

At fund-raising dinner, Murphy chats with an old ally in anti-Red causes, Ronald Reagan.

By William Trombley

Christopher ran better than Nixon and believes he would have won with the money he was promised. When these same people asked Christopher to run for the Senate this year, he said no.

Of the three men who are running, Leland Kaiser is the most forlorn. By primary day, he will have spent more than $300,000 on his campaign, yet most voters have no idea who he is. Many mistakenly think he is related to industrialist Henry J. Kaiser. In fact, Leland Kaiser is a handsome, 58-year-old businessman who has made a fortune in mutual funds and has been donating large sums to G.O.P. candidates for years. This year he decided to donate to himself.

Most professionals regard Kaiser's campaign as a joke. Turning down invitations to speak in northern and central California, he tells local Republicans, "The votes are in Southern California," thereby earning their undying apathy.

Early in April Kaiser spoke to several hundred people at a luncheon in Long Beach. A man named James L. Cole said Kaiser combined the humility of a Lincoln with the vigor of a Theodore Roosevelt, and a man named Gene Bishop called Kaiser "one of the great Californians of our time." Only when one learned that the lunch was free, that Cole was Kaiser's campaign manager and that Bishop ran the Long Beach branch of Kaiser's company did the pathos of the Kaiser candidacy become fully apparent.

Fred Hall, a slightly more professional candidate, was governor of Kansas from 1955 to 1957. In 1958 he moved to California. Since then he has been, in rapid succession, an executive of the Aerojet-General Corp., a member of two different law firms and finally, executive director of the proposed 1968 Long Beach World's Fair. Now, at 47, he is a candidate for senator. A small business card Scotch-taped to the window of his Los Angeles office reads HALL FOR U.S. SENATOR. This is the headquarters of something called "Gardens of the World," which Hall identifies as "one of my enterprises" and which an associate called "a shopping center with a gimmick."

From this unlikely headquarters, Fred Hall conducts an even more unlikely campaign. With little money and virtually no staff, he has to rely on his own legwork. "I haven't heard from Hall since he announced his candidacy," says one Los Angeles reporter. "Sometimes I wonder if there really *is* a Fred Hall."

Hall says he decided to run because "There was no moderate in the race. The whole issue in this campaign is the takeover of the party by extremists. . . . I refuse to believe that the kooks really have the majority of the party."

This argument has appeal for many Republicans. Birchers and other far-right extremists have taken over the California Young Republicans and the volunteer California Republican Assembly, and are trying for control of the State Central Committee. But the people who agree that there should be a moderate candidate don't think that it ought to be Hall. As one points out, "He has no political base, no important financial support, and most people can't figure out what the governor of Kansas is doing out here anyhow."

Waiting to be invited

But Hall is pinning his candidacy to Nelson Rockefeller, and he is hoping for the best. Seated in his lonely headquarters, nervously drumming his fingers on the desk as he waits for the phone to ring with an invitation to speak somewhere, Hall sums up his chances: "This race is so crazy we just might be able to win it."

That honor seems more likely to go to George Murphy, actor, dancer and political propagandist. Murphy is 61, a fact which jars middle-aging moviegoers who remember that nice Irish boy who rarely got the girl but was always so pleasant. His brown hair is mostly gray now, his face slightly wrinkled under its tan. But Murphy's blue eyes still twinkle, his figure is trim at 195 pounds, and his Irish blarney is just the thing for luncheons of Republican ladies. They titter when Murphy says, "I have ten or eleven movies on the *Late Late Show*, and since most people watch in bed, I claim to have the most intimate association with my constituents of any candidate." They guffaw when he remarks, "A wonderful little old lady came up to me and said, 'Say, didn't you used to be George Murphy?'"

Murphy says he was a "dormant Democrat" until 1939, when he came to believe that "sinister influences" were taking over that party and switched to the G.O.P. His principal political experience has been as an organizer of rallies, beginning with "We the People for Willkie" in 1940 and continuing through the 1952 and 1956 Eisenhower campaigns.

"I'm a very unusual candidate," says Murphy. "I've been in entertainment, in business and in politics. I've been earning my own living since I was thirteen. I've worked in the auto plants of Detroit and in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. As a nightclub entertainer, I've had a better chance to study human beings than anybody I know. I'm an expert human engineer." On another occasion Murphy characterized himself as "something of an American legend."

After moving from Broadway to Hollywood in 1936, Murphy became deeply involved in filmland politics. In a time when Communist activists were trying to take over the Screen Actors' Guild, Murphy vigorously opposed them. Together with Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold, Adolphe Menjou and Ronald Reagan, he worked to keep the union free of Communist influence. After World War II, Murphy, now joined by Ward Bond, John Wayne and others, was active in an organization called the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals. Murphy describes their work: "Many Hollywood people had gotten themselves involved in Communist activities without really knowing what they were doing. . . . Our little group got a lot of them out of it gracefully."

Put less euphemistically, Murphy's "little group" provided an escape from the blacklist. People considered unemployable by the studios because of Red-tainted pasts were able to get work after they confessed their error to the "Alliance" and received its approval.

Murphy claims his anti-Communist activity cost him his acting career. "I didn't retire," he contends, "I was forced out." He became an executive—at M-G-M, at Desilu, and most recently at Technicolor, where he works for Pat Frawley, a fervent backer of right-wing causes. In 1961 Murphy staged a Hollywood Bowl rally called "Hollywood's Answer to Communism," at which the main speaker was the Australian anti-Communist haranguer Dr. Fred Schwarz. Murphy regards Schwarz as a "great educator" . . . I've never heard Schwarz say anything I thought was extreme."

Years of chasing Communists through studio lots have left Murphy with a conspiratorial view of world affairs. Here is a sampling of his opinions: "Some shady characters in a dark nook of the State Department" were responsible for "pushing China behind the Iron Curtain, refusing to let us win the Korean War and handing Cuba over to Castro." The test-ban treaty was "pre-sold by the Administration—not by the Democratic leaders but by that same group in the State Department." If he were elected, Murphy would "root these people out and expose them for what they are—Communists and Socialists, or people who think like Communists and Socialists." To pin down such malefactors, Murphy believes all government-policy suggestions should be signed and that any official who makes three "wrong" suggestions should be fired: "One, two, three strikes, you're out—like the old ball game."

Murphy sees no split between G.O.P. conservatives and moderates. "It's something dreamed up by Eastern columnists," he contends, "most of whom aren't even Democrats—they're Socialists."

The standard Murphy speech opposes Medicare, the civil-rights bill "in its present form" (he does not say what form he would prefer) and favors "refinancing of the Social Security system." He tosses out rhetorical questions like, "Do you know—I ask you, do you really know—what happened at Yalta and Potsdam?" and builds to a boffo finish: "I want to put this country back on the track, back in the wonderful condition it was in when I began to enjoy its benefits fifty years ago. If we can do this, we will have saved the future of civilization."

Pollsters and pundits agree that Murphy will defeat Hall and Kaiser. But there is also general agreement that either of the Democrats—Alan Cranston or Pierre Salinger—can beat Murphy easily.

Asked why the Republicans are going into a Senate race with their main hopes on such an unpromising candidate, a California G.O.P. leader shrugged. "What the hell, George has been working hard for the party for twenty-five years. Why not let him run?" THE END

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The themes of Judy Collins run from the trials of love to the death of Medgar Evers. Judy says, 'The kids, they're really hungry for all of this.'

Visitors arrive at U.C.L.A. Easter folk festival.

Sonic Boom in U.S.A.

JUST PLAYIN' FOLKS

From college campus to coffeehouse, the youngsters of this nation are turning in increasing numbers to folk music, a do-it-yourself art that deals simply and honestly with such basics as love, hate, birth, death and work.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LAUNOIS

Why do you listen to folk music? "Because it is honest," answers a young devotee on the Harvard campus. "Because a folk song tells the truth, it tells real stories about real life and it doesn't mince words. Commercial songs, pop music can't be honest—they're censored by the people who control society and make the rules." Valid or not, this is as good an explanation as any why young people in increasing numbers are embracing folk music. The phenomenon is a strange one. It consists of a rediscovery by city youth of what is essentially a country idiom, an urban folk revival that feeds upon songs of love, hate, birth, death and work that were born in the fields and on the prairies.

As an urban art, folk music has had its influence—at one extreme—in the pop field, at first through the Kingston Trio and currently through Peter, Paul and Mary. At the other extreme, the revival has resulted in the rediscovery of such authentic folk artists as Doc Watson, Mississippi John Hurt, Lightnin' Hopkins and John Lee Hooker.

So diverse is folk music that there is constant quibbling among its devotees about musical purity. The classifications include Bluegrass, a complex form derived from old hillbilly music, with an intricate use of banjo, guitar and mandolin. Another is Jug Band, a recent city revival of Negro bands of the '20's and '30's that improvised on jugs, kazoos, harmonicas, washboards and combs. Still another is Old Country, or Negro blues, the granddaddy of the rhythm and blues of the pop field, although its revival has been brought about largely by young white singers such as Eric von Schmidt, Dave Van Ronk and John Hammond Jr. Another vague pocket is occupied by girl folk singers such as Judy Collins, Carolyn Hester and Joan Baez. The girl singers generally work in the ballad tradition, drawing on foreign as well as American sources, although they also sing protest songs. It is in this last area that folk music now finds its greatest excitement, especially in the songs written by Bob Dylan, who was influenced by the union-hall songs of Woody Guthrie and the radical tradition of Pete Seeger.

"People are demanding more of a folk singer," says Carolyn Hester, a 26-year-old native of Austin, Tex. "You must stand up and say what you believe, what you think. It's no longer enough to sing someone else's songs. Writers—that's what's new in folk singing today."

New Lost City Ramblers, city folk who play country music, entertain U.C.L.A. students.

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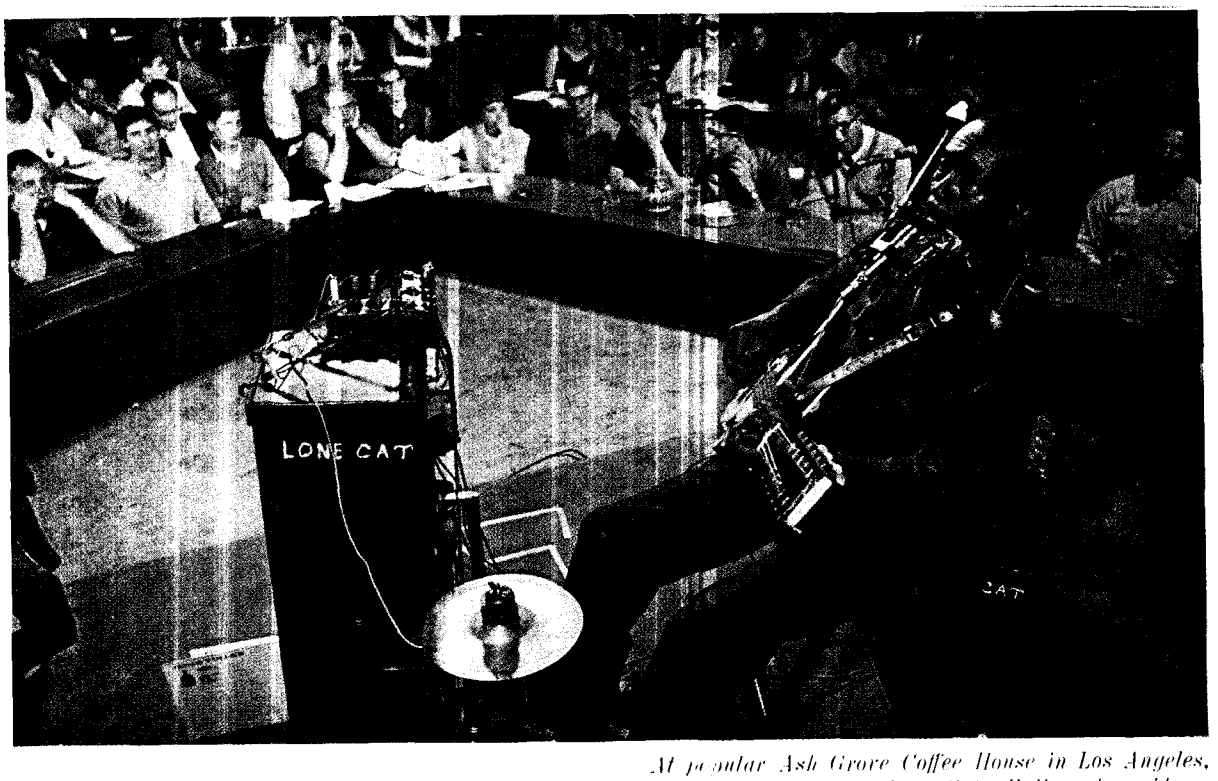


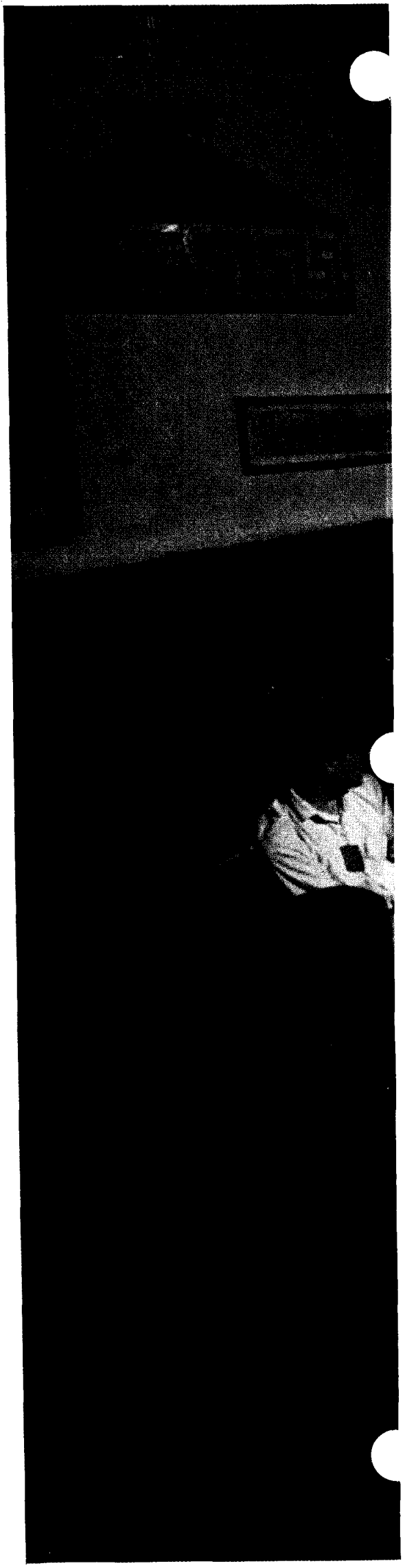
At popular Ash Grove Coffee House in Los Angeles, one-man band Jesse (Lone Cat) Fuller plays blues.

A NEW INTEREST IN NEGLECTED ARTISTS

Mississippi John Hurt, native of Avalon, Miss., dropped from sight for 35 years. Washington folk fan found Hurt doing farm work for $28 a month.

At U.C.L.A., Elizabeth Cotton demonstrates guitar style now known as "Cotton-pickin'." Sunglassed Rev. Gary Davis and Bukka White listen raptly.

At the Second Fret, Philadelphia coffeehouse, Ji



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Kweskin and Jug Band produce carefree musical cookery from compound of such miscellaneous instruments as kazoos, washtubs, hubcaps, washboards and jugs.

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When Bob Dylan, the most influential of the young folk singers and composers, appeared recently at Cambridge, Mass., he did encore number with reigning folk queen Joan Baez. Joan says of Bob, "He's a young neurotic, but he's a genius at writing songs."

THEY GIVE A HOOT AND HOLLER

In wee hours at Limelight Café in New York's Greenwich Village, Odetta serenades her folk-singing friends and delighted patrons. Clockwise around the table: Pat Clancy, Tom Clancy, Theo. Bikel (behind the Clancys), Peter La Farge, Billy Faier and Odetta.

Several thousand folk buffs journeyed to Huntington, W. Va., to lend ear to Paul Stookey, Mary Travers, Peter Yarrow, known as Peter, Paul and Mary "We spend a good deal of time teaching audiences not to clap along," says Mary

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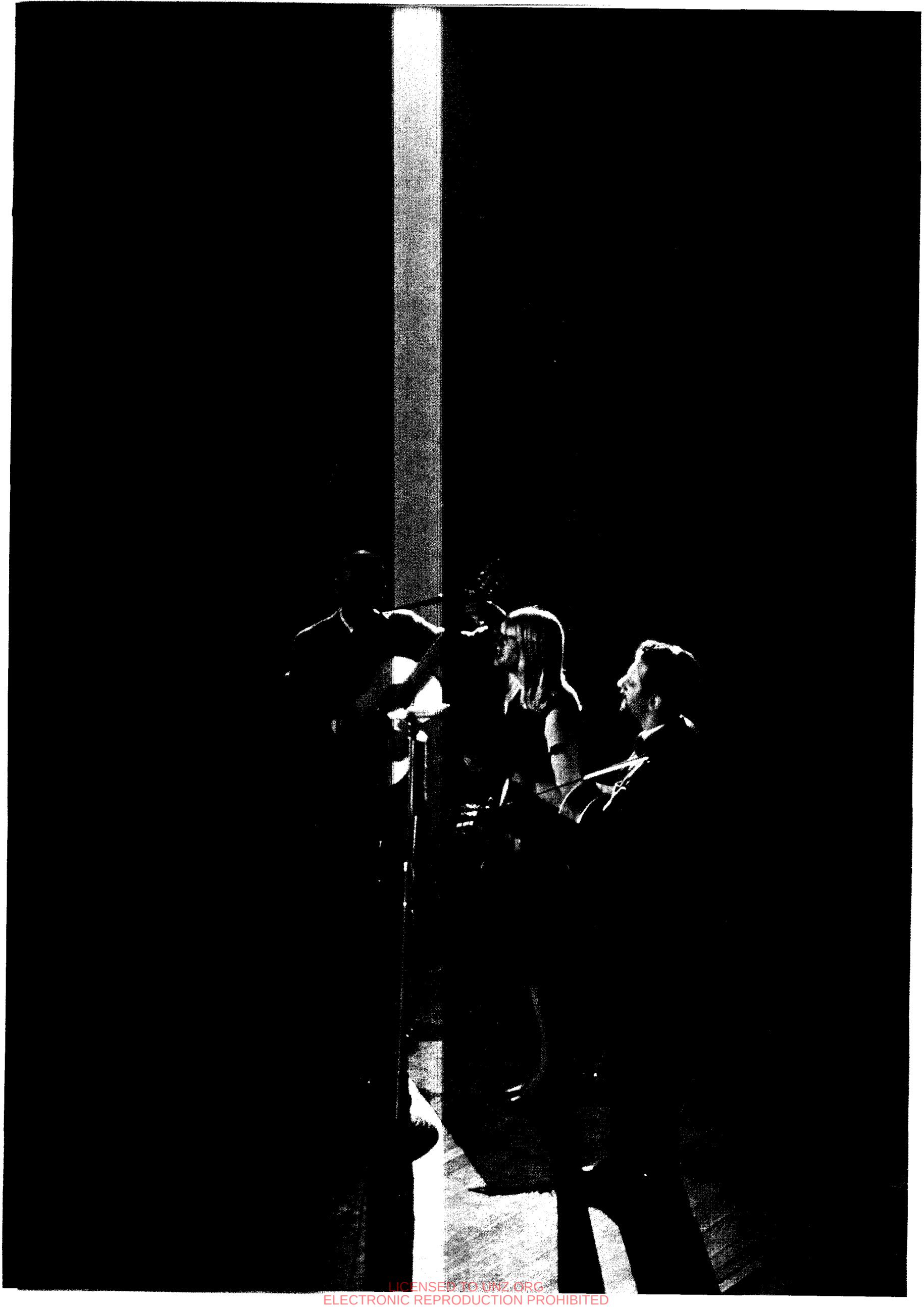

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By Alfred G. Aronowitz and Marshall Blonsky

Three's company: Peter, Paul and Mary

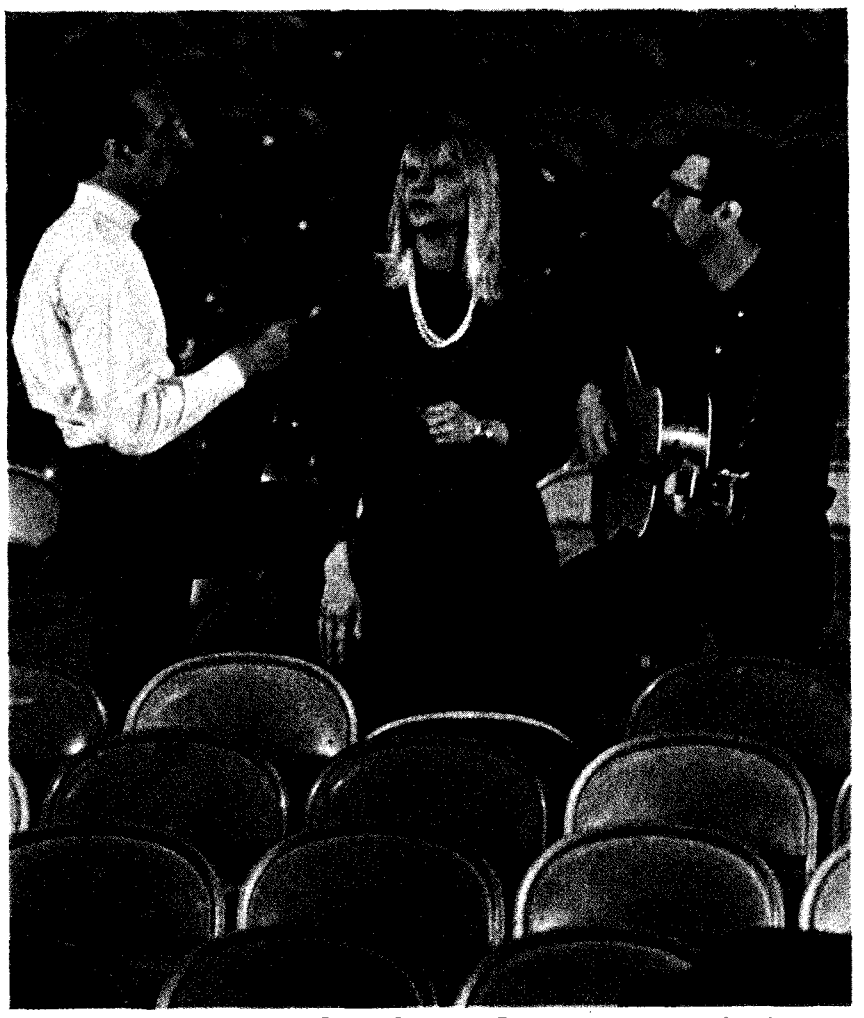
When two beards and a blonde met three years ago, no one imagined they would become the most popular folk group in history.

Paul owns a $100,000 New York town house, complete with a do-it-yourself recording studio, a $6,000 Jaguar in the garage and a wine cellar beneath a secret trap door in the living-room floor. Mary lives on Sutton Place, a section that people move to when they want New York millionaires and United Nations diplomats for neighbors. Peter rents an uptown apartment which he is decorating with Ming-green walls, a brass bed and furniture bought in Europe, so he can turn it into the swingingest bachelor pad in the city, after he moves out of his mother's Manhattan flat.

Peter, Paul and Mary are folk singers. Once upon a time they drank cheap wine in creaky-floored barrooms, carried their guitars like picket signs in New York's Washington Square Park, stayed up at all-night parties in cold-water walk-ups and traveled with a largely subterranean crowd of string pickers who played for pass-the-hat wages in Greenwich Village coffeehouses. But in the two-and-a-half years since Peter Yarrow, Paul Stookey and Mary Travers first put their heads together before a microphone, they have earned more than three million dollars.

They have two personal managers, a producer who devotes most of his time to promoting their road tours, a press agent, three full-time bookkeepers, a music director, a bass accompanist and a road manager. Of the eight single records they have produced in their career together, six—*If I Had a Hammer*, *Don't Think Twice*, *Blowin' in the Wind*, *Lemon Tree*, *500 Miles* and *Puff, The Magic Dragon*—have reached the top 10 on the pop-record charts. Their three albums have grossed more dollars than all the records produced by the Kingston Trio, the only other folk act to have such commercial success. Often Peter, Paul and Mary give six concerts a week at a price of no less than $6,000 a concert, and sometimes at a gross that approaches $30,000. In England recently, their concert at Royal Festival Hall was sold out three weeks before they arrived. In New Zealand, Hong Kong and Japan their advance sale for concerts in July already has produced a bankable profit.

It was in May of 1961 that they first gathered in Mary's Greenwich Village tenement flat and joined voices in *Mary Had a Little Lamb*. They had to find out if they could sing together, and that was the only song for which all knew the same tune and words. Now they are making so much money that they own three corporations to handle their various accounts. But as they zoom off into the show-business heavens, Peter, Paul and Mary are well aware that the other folk singers they've left behind don't consider them folk singers anymore. With the wages of success, they now have to pay the bitter levy of sour grapes.



Before appearing in concert, Paul, Mary and Peter test acoustics of auditorium.

"Sure, some critics call us commercial," says the 26-year-old Peter, who is the acknowledged leader of the group. "Listen, we're not *authentics*"—and he pronounces the word in a way that would make nobody want to be one—"we're not Negro, and we were not born in the Ozarks. It would be hypocritical for us to sing any other way than we do. We've got only three things to contribute: our musical taste, our regard for the folk tradition and our ability to communicate something in our singing. If they want to call us show biz, then let 'em call us show biz. But if we're show business, we're something different, we're show business with *morals*.

"We don't prostitute ourselves, we don't compromise. We say what we've got to say. We're not afraid to tell people the emperor isn't wearing clothes."

According to John Court, one of their two personal managers, the group has turned down guest appearances on 12 network programs. "Important shows like Perry Como, Bob Hope, Andy Williams, Garry Moore, Danny Kaye," he says. "But they all wanted P P and M to change themselves. This ranged anywhere from a physical change, like shaving off the beards, to a figurative change—playing beatniks in a coffee cellar or some other far-out characters."

Court, who is 28, was the executive manager of Chicago's Playboy Club before he became involved in the fortunes of Peter, Paul and Mary. But it is Court's senior partner, 36-year-old Albert B. Grossman, who is chief guardian of those fortunes. A tall, heavy, graying man who looks like an immovable object and acts like an irresistible force, Grossman has become the star-maker of the folk field, with a roster of clients that includes Bob Dylan, Odetta, Ian and Sylvia and John Lee Hooker. "Do you want to know why we've never had to compromise?" says Peter. "It's because of Albert. We come first. Not money, not business, not what's good for our image, but what's good for *us*. When we were choosing the wrong songs, he suggested important ones, he brought a musical director into the organization. If there's any incredible aspect to our success, it's because of his guidance. Albert sees the forest."

Grossman's love for his clients' artistry has not lessened his business acumen. According to other show-business entrepreneurs, Grossman did not so much meld Peter, Paul and Mary as manufacture them. The rumor is that Grossman, sensing the declining popularity of the Kingston Trio, simply went around looking for two beards and a blonde.

Grossman concedes that it was his idea to put together a group, but his idea was to build it around Peter, not a blond-haired girl. "I was Peter's manager," he says. "I had to find what would suit him." At that time Peter, with a virtuoso's command of the guitar and a tenor that would make any Irishman jealous, was already being looked up to by other folk singers, even though they had to walk downstairs to such cellar places as Greenwich Village's Gaslight to do it. He was earning $125 a week when Grossman suggested the idea of a folk group. Peter tried out with several girls and several boys, but their voices didn't fit. Then, in The Folk Lore Center on Greenwich Village's MacDougal Street, Peter noticed a picture of Mary on the wall. "She's pretty," Peter said. "If you really want to work with a gutsy chick," Grossman answered, "she's the right one. She hasn't worked in a long time, but I think she wants to." Grossman, who was just beginning to carve out his folk-music empire, made it his business, of course, to know everyone who carried guitar cases down MacDougal Street. "Actually," he says, "I knew Mary longer than all of them. She could sing better than anybody, but she was married, she had a baby, and she had never chosen to sing professionally." Grossman already had decided that Paul Stookey ought to be the third member of the trio, because of what Peter calls his comedic value, as well as his extraordinarily mellow baritone. "Albert already had asked Paul," Peter remembers, "and Paul had said no, but Albert—you got to give him credit—even though Paul said no, Albert had dug the fact that he meant yes."

Paul doesn't have the slightest idea of how Grossman knew he meant yes when he said no. "I was working at a place called the Commons," Paul said, "and Albert started coming in. Albert was the Village mogul; he was handling Odetta and producing things, he was the big time. But me, I was used to having people come down and play big shot with me. When Albert came on and asked would I like to work in a group, I just said to him, 'I have a lot to say by myself.'"

Whatever Paul had to say by himself, by the time that Grossman and Peter went looking for Mary, they found Paul working as her accompanist. Eventually the three singers met in Mary's apartment to see what they sounded like. "It was seven months before we came out in our first gig," says Mary. "Seven miserable, beautiful months! Rehearsal after rehearsal, wrong notes, bad tempers, oh, sure we fought, but everybody does, just

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How Campbell's Split Pea with Ham Soup comes to the aid of the little dinner party

If you have a flair for entertaining, you probably know this simple trick: Start your "little dinner" with a good, homespun soup, and the rest of the meal seems to take care of itself. Campbell's Split Pea with Ham Soup is such a soup—hearty, honest and wonderfully good. It's new enough so your guests may never have had it before. And it's so

delicious (tender split peas and smokehouse ham in a green pea purée) you'll be tempted to take the credit for making it yourself. Other soups that come to your aid include special soups Campbell freezes for you. New England-style Clam Chowder and Cream of Shrimp Soup and Oyster Stew. They're all in your grocer's frozen-food cabinet.

Soup this good just has to be *Campbell's*

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Red stands for Peter's intensity, blue for Paul's coolness and yellow for Mary's warmth.

Peter, Paul & Mary

like a family, but with this underlying love for each other. Then at the end, everything made sense."

To Peter, who grew a beard for symmetry, it had to take that long just for the three of them to agree to agree. "The more we worked," he says, "the more we found out what a difficult task it was to have three dynamic personalities function as a group and at the same time preserve our individual identities." As for the group's debut at The Bitter End in Greenwich Village, he remembers it as "the most exciting thing that ever happened to us in our lives—there was an urgency to what we were doing." Three months later Peter, Paul and Mary released their first album, and three months after that it was No. 1 on the charts.

On the program book that now is sold for a dollar at Peter, Paul and Mary concerts, there are three letters on the cover: P, P and M. The first letter is red. That is Peter's color. It was chosen to represent his intensity. But those who know him say he could have been represented by any color in the spectrum. It is out of Peter's complexity that the sound of Peter's, Paul's and Mary's singing is woven. It is out of his sense of order that the sound is woven so tightly. When there is a clash of temperaments within the group, it is never as great as the clash of temperaments within Peter himself. "Do you realize the power of folk music?" he asked recently, fitting the tip of a 50-cent Mexican cigar into a guillotine-shaped, gold-ornamented cigar clipper. "Do you realize the power of P P and M? We could mobilize the youth of America today in a way that nobody else could. We could conceivably travel with a presidential candidate, and maybe even sway an election." The toy guillotine sliced off the brown head. "Not that we're going to use this power. It's enough to know that we have it."

Once, when Peter found himself in the same London club with the Beatles, he refused to go to their table until they had come to his. At the same time, he finds it offensive when his fans treat him like a star. He was a straight-A student through high school and college. Yet he now mixes his four-syllable words with rebellious hip talk. He beams when fans recognize him on the street. Yet he sometimes wishes he could shave off his beard. Offstage he is best described as Talmudic, both in his approach and his appearance. Onstage, his five-foot-ten-inch body seems to grow and vibrate, with his short, dark beard glowing in the spotlight. A tuft of hair will fall between his eyes, his brows will contort, and as Paul and Mary stop at a climactic moment in the music, his right hand will strike brutally at a guitar chord. He drives the group with the same fury. "I have the least private life of any of us," he says. "I give myself totally to the group." Paul and Mary would like to marry him off just to ease the burden on themselves.

To Mary, Peter is "a very warm, quiet, intellectually bent young man."

"I don't know if it's modesty," Peter says. "It's just that I'm part of a group and a movement that is saying to people, 'We care about you, we want you to feel our love, we're not trying to feed you placebo tablets.'" He is wordy and academic. "Sure I am," he says, "but that's the way I am, and I've got to be myself. That's the way I communicate." He cries easily. "My emotions," he says, "are close to the surface." He is especially sensitive to musical criticism of the group. Bob Shelton, folk-music critic of *The New York Times*, credits Peter, Paul and Mary with having the most exciting sound since the Weavers. "If only," Shelton adds, "they can just put some more raw guts in their music, they'll be just as brilliant as the Weavers were at their best." Shelton's criticism of the soothing, tightly spun sound of PP&M has been echoed by other folk experts.

In reply, Peter says, "The time that we live in is casual, so our tone is casual. We understate. We're not out to protest anything. Our purpose is to affirm. We get up on stage to show how beautiful it is to open your heart, to feel pity, to cry, to get involved. We sing about a magic dragon, right? Well, people cry at the end of that song. We make them remember what it was to be a child."

Peter, who became interested in folk music when his mother bought him a guitar, was born in New York. His father, an attorney, and his mother, a schoolteacher, were divorced when he was three. He remembers being very unhappy in elementary school with a need "to belong and to be important." At first he found an outlet in painting. "I was a very precocious painter," he says. "I had a technical facility beyond my years."

Because of his talent, Peter was admitted to New York's famed High School of Music and Art. Afterward he enrolled at Cornell. It was there that he discovered he could have an impact as a performer. "I was instructing a folk course, and it turned into a performance three times a week," he says. "All of a sudden I became a B.M.O.C. All of a sudden it was clearly the way I could beat the system and also be myself." Eventually he wound up performing at Greenwich Village's Café Wha? where Albert Grossman first heard him.

Blue is Paul's color. "That's Paul to us: He's cool," says Peter. Paul calls the color amiable. "I can't worry much. I like to yield, be agreeable," he says. "I hate quarrels, I love to stop 'em." He also seems to hate sentences, often confining his conversation to a "yep" or a "nope." Once in a while, though, Paul will come out of his mood and speak suddenly, with a quiet enthusiasm, saying things like, "You have no idea how that humming sounds: like a coffin opening," and Mary and Peter will lean forward, apparently as much startled by the fact of his speaking as by his words. Interviewed in the Friars Club, a show-business gathering place which still reeks of the era of George M. Cohan, he puffed on his ever-present pipe and said, "I guess I just don't want people to know much about me." He explained that he joined the Friars Club a year and a half ago so he could have a place to work out. He has yet to use the gym.

According to Mary, Paul is "much more loose, much more relaxed than the rest of us." In the dressing room before a concert he will sit reading a flying manual—he hopes to get a pilot's license—while the other two mix their emotions in an agitation of conversation. Yet as he reads, jokes, yeps and nopes, the pipe hanging loosely in his mouth will move back and forth to the rhythms of some inner song. Onstage, too, he is the most relaxed. Only when the group sings *If I Had My Way*, its rousing paean to Samson, does he seem to blow his cool, arching his back, holding his guitar high, stamping his foot while he shouts like a revivalist. PP&M sang this song at their debut, and Paul remembers, "Mary was waving her hands like a madwoman, Peter and I were strumming like hummingbirds, and I was shrieking and stomping my foot till my calf was burning up, and as we hit the climax—'If I had my way in this wicked world, I'd tear this building down'"—he paused—"there was a crack and a roar, and the stage collapsed with us on it."

Paul beefs about bully

Paul, 26, acknowledges his reputation as a charmer, but he dismisses it as a copout. "Once a bully hit me in the nose. He was smaller than me, but powerful. I couldn't hit him, so I wrestled him. I got him to the ground, and used a scissors lock on him. I squeezed and I had him, and I really felt good . . . until I looked at his face. It was all contorted with pain, and I couldn't go on with it. So I let him loose, and he punched me in the mouth and ran away! Hey, I copped out all right, but what was I gonna do for the future? I didn't want to get hit again, and I didn't want to hurt anybody." It was shortly after that Paul realized he could make people laugh. "I'd do voices, and it would break the kids up. You can't hit someone who's funny, right? That was my copout. But I never got hit again."

Paul's father is a rubber-company executive, and his mother is a writer. He got his first guitar when he was eight. "My father and I were driving in his old convertible," Paul remembers. "We were singing *The Too Fat Polka*. We were both singing the melody, when all of a sudden my father began to harmonize. I stood up in the front seat and laughed so hard I couldn't sing. I'd never heard harmony before. I guess all that happiness in my ears was just too much for me. Afterward my father bought me a guitar."

Born in Baltimore, Md., Paul eventually moved to Michigan, where he went to Michigan State, majored in radio-television journalism and was elected "third-ugliest man on campus." At the end of his junior year he left school and drifted to New York. He got a job in a chemical-manufacturing plant and hung around Greenwich Village coffeeshops playing chess. "One night, rather pushy in my Brooks Brothers suit and vest," he remembers, "I asked if I could get up and entertain. First it was weekends only, then I began playing week nights too. Pretty soon I was dragging into the office late all the time. I knew I had to decide which it was going to be." Almost immediately after that he met Mary. "She came in one night with her hair in a pony tail, the freshest, most beautiful thing that had ever walked through that door," Paul remembers. Shortly afterward Mary began to sing with Paul. By the time Peter joined them, Paul was in the midst of a romance with a 24-year-old brunette, Betty Bannard. Subsequently, she went to Europe for a year. "When I left, they were kids in Greenwich Village," Betty recalls. "Mary used to cook the cheap stuff—spaghetti, rice—Paul and Peter would chip in to buy. I met them a year later when I came back, and there Paul was—signing autographs, chatting with a radio interviewer, bantering with celebrities. Sure he'd sent me the clippings, but I couldn't believe my eyes. And the worst of it was, all those girls just ogling him." The romance survived both the separation and the ogling. Paul and Betty were married nine months ago, and are about to move into Paul's Greenwich Village town house, reconverted from an abandoned waterworks. "I've put in trap doors and secret panels and hidden, moving things," says Paul. "I haven't the vaguest idea why I have all these things—I have a secret door leading out to my garage. I have a painting that moves so I can get inside the air conditioning, and you get to the wine cellar by lifting a secret trap door in the living-room floor. Have I ever considered analysis? That'd be a double expense, if I had to pay for my trap doors too. Besides"—and his voice rose—"*there's nothing wrong with having secret doors.*"

Yellow is Mary's color on the PP&M program-book cover. "She's as warm as sunlight," says Paul. "She's like a little girl, in a way. She loves to touch you." At rehearsals she will put an arm around musical director Milt Okun's waist, or impulsively kiss Peter on the cheek. But she's not really a little girl. She stands 5 feet, 10 inches tall, is 27 and bleaches her hair. "When you look at Mary," says Paul, "sex is one of the things you've gotta think of. Sometimes we'll be sitting together in a train—right?—and I'll say something she likes, or maybe out of the blue she'll put her arm around me, and I've got all I can do to restrain myself."

Mary is married to Barry Feinstein, a 32-year-old free-lance photographer who likes to race motorcycles with Steve McQueen and sometimes takes rides with Mary sitting behind him. When Mary goes on tour, she leaves Barry little hidden notes in their apartment. Once, pushing a dipper into the coffee can, Feinstein found a tiny piece of paper on which was scrawled "I love and miss you." Sometimes they will go on concert tour together along with Erica, Mary's four-year-old daughter by a previous marriage. Erica refers to the group as "Peter, Paul and Mommy."

Peter sometimes seems to cringe at Mary's feminine warmth. "She's a female all right," he says wryly. "She would like to be the leader, but *I* have to dominate. I have to, I suppose, because I'm insecure. But it's not like she does everything I say—nobody could control Mary that way." Mary never considers herself defeated by Peter. "Hey, listen," she says, "how many times have Peter and I got to a point where we just weren't talking to each other, and then the next time we see each other, we throw ourselves into each other's arms and cry."

Peter says that Mary is an intuitive singer. Mary admits that she can't be

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analytical about music. "When we're singing—say—a weird harmony," she says, "and you get that kind of grinding sound, when I'm up, way up at the top, singing almost out of my range, and there's this terrible kind of urgency, and that sense of almost getting there, and then you're over the hill and it's a relief, because if you'd stay there people would get—you know—terribly nervous behind that sound. It's tremendous, there's nothing more exciting."

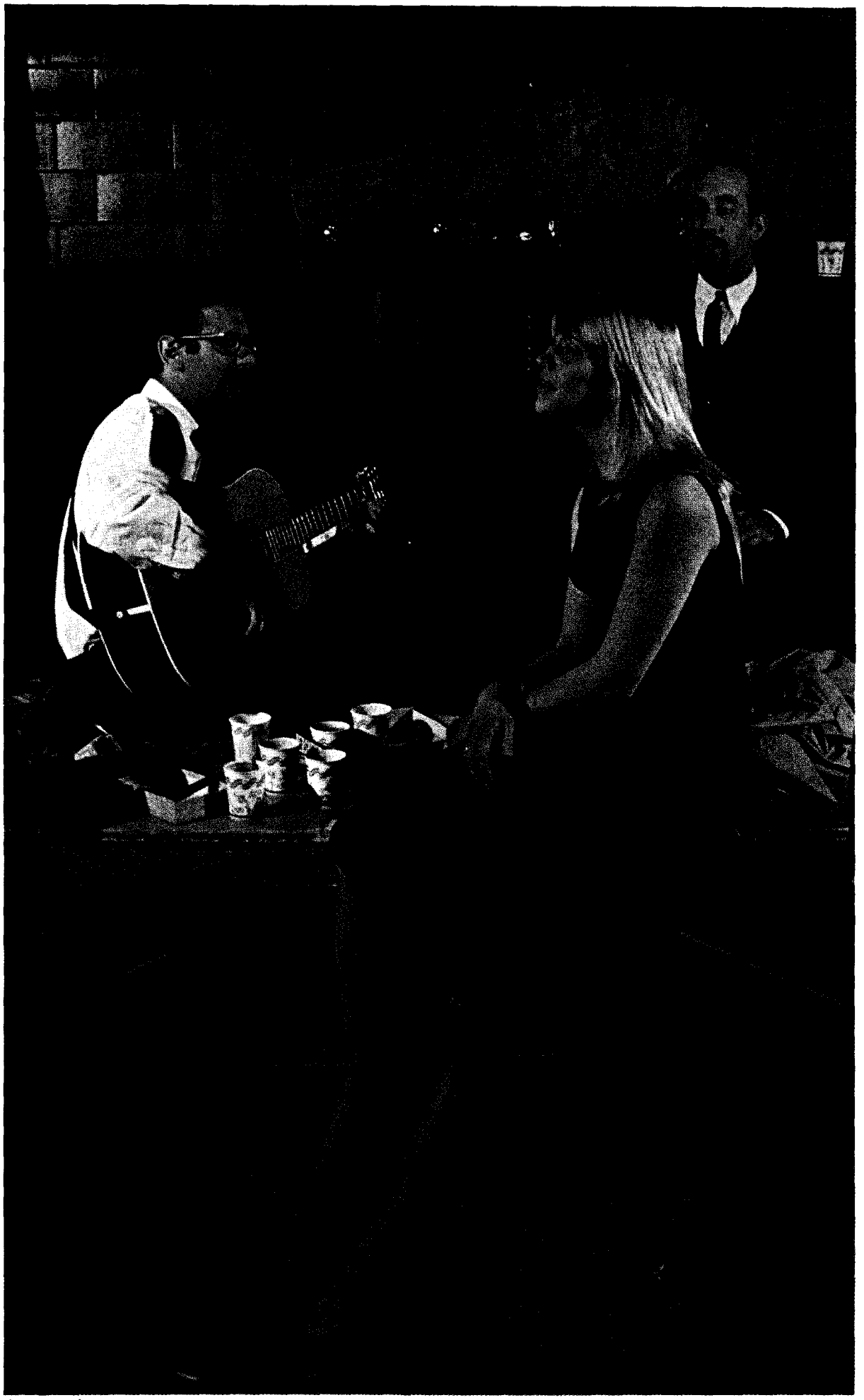
Mary's father is novelist Robert Travers. Her mother writes under the name of Virginia Coigney. Mary was born in Louisville, Ky., but her parents brought her north just a few days before a flood wiped out their home. The direct descendant of an officer who fought in George Washington's army, Mary grew up in a New York house built by Aaron Burr. For playmates she often chose the ghosts who she imagined came along with the building. She wore blue jeans to school, vacationed with her parents at what she calls "groovy places," and at the age of 18 posed for Greenwich Village portrait painters at two dollars an hour so she could go horseback riding in Central Park. Her interest in folk music was stirred by Pete Seeger, one of the most revered figures in the folk field. Seeger, a friend of her parents, used the basement of the Burr house for rehearsals. "On an ordinary evening," Mary says, "I might find Brownie McGhee there, or the Rev. Gary Davis or Alex McEwen." In time, Mary began to haunt Greenwich Village cellars as a listener and singer. "They featured equal parts of folk music, chess and the talking artists," she says. "I'm not talking about the tourist traps and the beatniks—that's not the Village I grew up in." For her, the Village is a village—a small community where the grocer once gave her credit because she had no money, and the druggist let her run up a $150 bill for "cigarettes and cough drops and baby medicine." She refuses to discuss her first marriage, but when it ended, so did her singing until she heard Paul. "Paul was working on MacDougal Street, right across the street from my apartment. I caught a performance and flipped out, because I thought he was great, and all of a sudden I wanted to sing again. I started to cry, it was like being liberated."

Her new money, she says, has only ended some of her old problems. "I was the same girl that I am now," she says, "and I didn't have a dime." Now she can buy a cut of meat without worrying about price, but she insists that the money does not give her a feeling of power.

"I don't even know how much money I have in the bank," she says. "I keep bouncing checks, and the bank calls me and says, 'No, no, no, little girl,' and I say, 'Oops,' and then I have to borrow from Peter to cover it."

"Money has never been our criterion of success anyway," says Peter. "It's been more important to have thousands of people want to know what *our* values are. They respect us enough to really listen, even if we're telling them things that contradict what they've learned. And if our emotions aren't raw enough for some people, well, at least they're our own." THE END

The first time Mary heard Paul sing, she flipped. "I started to cry," she says. "I felt liberated."



Sticklers for detail, Peter, Mary and Paul run through rehearsal in dressing room of field house at Huntington, W. Va.

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By MAX GUNTHER

Ham radio operators and eye surgeons have joined forces to help win the

RACE AGAINST BLINDNESS

The operating-room battle to repair damaged eyes can be won or lost by a margin of minutes. A unique communications network that links eye banks across the country now helps the doctor save hours—and eyesight.

Early in the morning of May 2, 1963, at the Indiana University Medical Center in Indianapolis, a man died of a heart ailment. He was 57. During his lifetime he had become interested in new medical techniques for saving sight, particularly in the fact that parts of the eye can be transplanted from one person to another. Like a growing number of Americans, he had authorized surgical use of his eyes after his death.

The dead man's eyes were promptly removed, sterilized, packed in small glass bottles, and carried to the Indiana Lions Eye Bank in the same building. If, within 48 hours, an eye patient needed them, these eyes could be used. After that, they would rapidly deteriorate.

Later that morning in Iowa City, Iowa, a man visited eye surgeon Dr. Alson Braley. The patient was a dark-haired, handsome young engineer who worked for the Maytag Company in Newton, Iowa. Since his boyhood his left eye had suffered from an inflammatory condition which had damaged the cornea, the transparent outer covering of the eye. On this May morning the eye had suddenly become very painful. Doctor Braley found that the cornea had ruptured, and rushed his patient into the University Hospital. If the eye were not repaired before the day ended, it would be lost.

Doctor Braley's job was to cut out the damaged section of cornea and replace it with a piece of healthy cornea from a donor's eye—if he could find one. He telephoned the local eye bank, but they had no fresh eyes available that day.

Local eye-bank workers might have spent all day telephoning the 80 other eye banks scattered across the nation, and it could easily have been too late by the time the eyes were located in Indianapolis.

Fortunately for Doctor Braley's patient, a more effective link existed—a coast-to-coast network of amateur, or ham, radio operators who make it their hobby to provide emergency communications among the far-flung eye banks. Ruth Fisher, executive director of the Iowa City eye bank, simply called the nearest ham—Ted Hunter, a psychology professor at the State University of Iowa. Like all other members of this unique network, he had tuned in at its regular meeting hour that morning, and had heard the Indianapolis ham, Wayne Walters, announce that the Indiana bank had two fresh eyes. Hunter gave this information to Ruth Fisher.

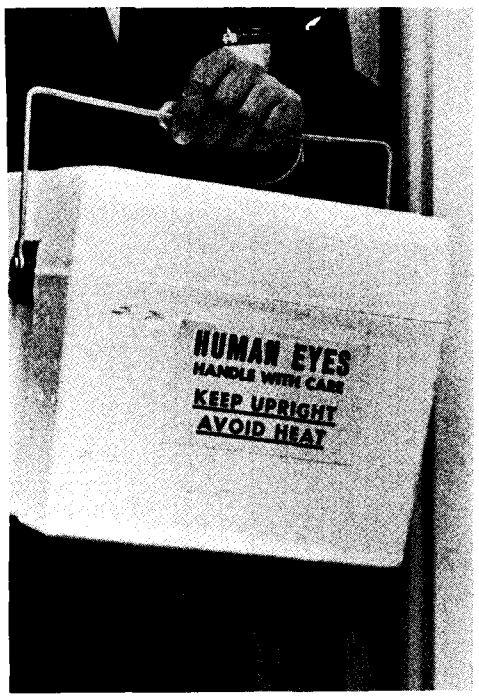
She immediately phoned the Indiana eye bank's executive secretary, Mrs. Alice Cooper, who packed one of the bottled eyes in an ice-filled container and drove with it to the Indianapolis airport. An Eastern Air Lines passenger-service man handed it to a stewardess on a flight bound for Chicago. In Chicago the stewardess turned it over to Capt. Lloyd Whitlow, pilot of a United Air Lines DC-6B that was waiting to take off for Cedar Rapids, Iowa. After landing at Cedar Rapids, Captain Whitlow carried the precious container through the passenger gates and handed it to Doctor Braley's wife, who put it in her car and drove to Iowa City. The patient was on the operating table before the day ended, and today he has two clear eyes.

This was one of 74 emergencies handled by the radio hams' eye-bank network last year, its first year of operation. It was a particularly gratifying case for Doctor Braley and the Iowa City ham, Ted Hunter, for they are the two men who organized the network.

Doctor Braley is a dark-haired man of medium height. Hunter is short, stocky and white-haired. The two have been friends for a long time. Ted Hunter's interest in eyesight grew partly from his friendship with the eye surgeon and partly from his membership in the Lions Club, which has taken sight-saving as a favorite cause and supports many U.S. eye banks. For some years the two men had been thinking of ways to speed inter-eye-bank communication.

In the mid-1950's, a patient of Doctor Braley, blind in one eye, developed an emergency condition in the other. A corneal transplant had to be made within hours or the eye would be lost. No fresh eyes were available in Iowa City, and frantic calls to other eye banks turned up nothing. The patient lost his eye and today is totally blind. Later, it was learned that eyes had probably been available that day in San Diego, Calif., and might have been used if only Iowa City could have known about them.

A short time after this, Doctor Braley suddenly realized that the solution had been staring them in the face. Both men were radio hams—experts in communication. Once they had conceived the idea of a nationwide radio network, it was easy to work out the details. The two men went to Ted Hunter's radio station WØNTI, located on the top floor of his house, broadcast an explanation of the proposed network, and asked hams near eye banks to volunteer their services. The network started operating on December 20, 1962, with about 15 members. Today it serves nearly 40 cities and is still growing.



New low-cost plastic container eliminates delays in transportation of donors' eyes.

S O S—twice a day

The network operates by meeting at seven o'clock Central Standard Time, morning and evening. The frequencies used are 3970 kilocycles in the morning and 3963 in the evening. A centrally located ham, usually Ted Hunter, acts as chairman of the meeting, calls the roll, and asks whether any eye bank needs fresh eyes or has them to give away. Each ham stays in close touch with his local eye bank, which has his phone number at home and at work, and can always reach him in an emergency.

None of this costs the patient a cent. The hams, the eye banks and usually the airlines serve without pay. The patient pays only for the medical care associated with his operation.

The medical technique on which all this is based, the transplanting of corneas, is relatively new. Even 15 years ago only a few doctors could perform the operation, but today almost every young eye surgeon learns how to do it. The cornea is roughly comparable to the crystal of a watch. It is the transparent front shield that protects the eye's working parts. It has no color itself but is right in front of the iris, the colored part of the eye.

Sometimes the cornea becomes torn, pitted or clouded by accident or disease, and then it must be replaced. The doctor takes a sharp circle-cutter and removes a segment from the middle of the damaged cornea—a piece about the diameter of a pencil and as thick as a dime. Using the same cutter, he takes a segment of clear cornea from a donated eye and transplants it.

In the present state of medical science not many eye parts are transplantable, but the cornea is eminently so. Rarely will the body reject a corneal graft as it rejects, for instance, a skin graft, and some 90 percent of corneal transplants are successful. There is apparently no need to match donor and recipient by age, sex, race or blood type. The new corneal segment settles into its host and becomes a living part of the eye. Eventually its cells are replaced by new cells of the host eye in the continual regeneration process that goes on throughout the body.

Most corneal transplants are not emergency operations. The patient simply gets on a waiting list and lives with his clouded vision until a donated eye comes along for him. But when the cornea is ruptured or punctured, to wait more than a day or two means blindness. This is when the eye-bank network functions.

Thus far in its history, the network has always managed to deliver an eye within 24 hours of an emergency call. The likelihood is high that, on any given day, somebody somewhere will give up his eyes. Eye banks are striving to attract more donors, and have made the donation process as easy as possible. A would-be donor calls the nearest eye bank, gets a form to sign and a card to carry on his person. He notifies relatives, minister, family doctor and anyone else likely to be involved in his death, and asks them to phone the eye bank promptly when he dies.

Still, a day sometimes comes when no fresh eyes are available anywhere. On the afternoon of March 23, for instance, a young man was rushed into a Cleveland hospital with a puncture wound in his eye. His doctor called the Cleveland eye bank and requested an eye in a hurry. The bank had none available, so executive director Blanche Anthony phoned the local network ham, Richmond B. (Pat) Shreve. He told her no fresh eyes had been reported that morning.

In the evening the network met again. Ted Hunter went through the usual preamble: "The eye-bank network is now in session. Will any station having emergency traffic please come now."

SHREVE: "This is W8GRG, Cleveland. The Cleveland eye bank wants to locate one fresh eye."

HUNTER: (*after repeating Shreve's message for stations too distant to have heard*

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it): "Will any station having information about surplus eyes speak now."

The network was silent.

Each ham, after going off the air, called his local eye bank and reported the emergency. In Cleveland, the patient and his doctor waited.

Late that night a surgeon phoned Mrs. Cornelius Rhoads, executive director of New York City's eye bank. He had a 47-year-old patient whose eye was to be removed the next morning because of trouble in the socket. The eye itself was in good condition, and the patient wanted to give it for transplanting. Early Tuesday morning Mrs. Rhoads phoned this information to the New York ham, a young medical student named Dave Fraser, who sent the message to Cleveland at the network's regular morning session.

The two eye banks had their arrangements made by the time the New York patient was on the operating table. The eye arrived at Cleveland's Hopkins Airport on United Air Lines flight 425 at 1:58 that afternoon. The Cleveland man today has two good eyes.

That particular eye was transported in an ice-filled frozen-food container supplied to Mrs. Rhoads by Eastern Air Lines. Other eye banks use stainless-steel canisters specially designed for the purpose. Still others are beginning to use a container designed by Ted Hunter with the help of Dow Chemical Company and the Holland Plastic Company of Gilman, Iowa. It's made of a foamed plastic called expandable polystyrene. It is a thick-walled box with compartments for eyeball bottles and ice. Its advantage is that it is cheap—about $3.50, against $30 to $45 for a stainless-steel canister—and because of this low price it can be distributed widely to Red Cross drivers and others who pick up and deliver eyes.

In Iowa this container is already being handed out to the state police. When a donor dies far from an eye bank, any doctor can remove the eyes, and a patrol car with a container in its trunk can go directly to collect them. The patrolman needn't go first to an eye bank to get a container. In some cases this could mean a saving of two or three hours.

Every time a new ham joins the network he increases the chances that eyes will be found fast when they are needed. More and more the network is able to deliver an eye within 12 hours of the first emergency call.

The medical profession also looks forward to the day when every major and medium-sized city will have an eye bank, and every bank will be represented on the radio network. Indications are that the 74 emergencies handled by the network last year were only a fraction of the number that might have been handled.

At first, they called it the "eyeball network." But near the end of last year they changed the name because they feared it would be confused with "eyeball Q.S.O."—ham-radio jargon for a face-to-face conversation. "We were afraid the name 'eyeball network' might get in our way when we were trying to communicate what we were doing," says Ted Hunter. He shouldn't have worried. If there is one thing at which hams are expert, it is communication. THE END

Dr. Alson Braley, left, an eye surgeon, and Professor Ted Hunter—both ham-radio enthusiasts—conceived the eye-bank network.

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By Leon Uris

Armageddon

Leon Uris, one of the most widely read of today's novelists, has always addressed himself to the major themes of contemporary history, bringing to each of his books an extensive knowledge of the background of which he has written, as well as a deep personal commitment. His best-known works are *Battle Cry*, based on his combat experience with the Marines in the Pacific; *Exodus*, the story of the birth of the state of Israel; *Mila 18*, a dramatic account of the defense of the Warsaw ghetto. . . . In his massive new novel, *Armageddon*, Uris tells the story of the harrowing postwar years in Berlin. A portion published last year in *The Post* introduced Maj. Sean O'Sullivan, an American Military Government officer commanding the occupation forces in a town in Western Germany. Now the action moves to Berlin itself, a city crushed by its enemies and wallowing in despair, a city in which another fierce battle remains to be fought. The story of the tense and dramatic struggle between the former allies, the Russians and the Western powers, for the soul and spirit—and preservation—of Berlin, is told in two installments. The second will appear next week.

Illustrations by Ray Prohaska

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The linden trees will never bloom again.

Hildegaard

Ulrich

Neal Hazzard

On July 1, 1945, daybreak came at 0548. Maj. Sean O'Sullivan's Military Government convoy assembled in the parade grounds of the former *Wehrmacht* barracks in the town of Halle and waited to move up to Berlin among the first American echelons.

A curious mixture of vehicles took to the road, conventional military trucks and jeeps interspersed with a variety of confiscated German automobiles. Four armored troop carriers hauled a platoon of infantry to guard against attack by German Werewolves and straggler bands.

Sean rode in a Horch sedan which had been unsuccessfully hidden by its former Nazi owner. Shenandoah Blessing, the Military Police officer, and Bill Bolinski, the legal officer, who spoke some Russian, shared a huge touring car. Associated Press correspondent Nelson Goodfellow Bradbury and a photographer rode in a jeep directly behind Sean.

The convoy progressed north to Dessau and crossed the Elbe on a pontoon bridge built by American engineers, who had left it to the Russians after they withdrew.

The first contact with their Russian allies was made when a Russian military policewoman of elephantine proportions signaled them to halt, then leaped ungracefully on the running board of Sean's Horch and pointed down the road. They slowed their speed as they passed beneath a flower-bedecked, newly erected archway which held portraits of Lenin, Stalin and Marx. A blaring red-and-white sign leaped out at them: WELCOME TO DEMOCRATIC GERMANY.

Just beyond the welcome arch they came to a vicious-looking barrier flanked by barbed wire and concrete emplacements.

"This looks meaner than trying to run moonshine into Kentucky," Blessing said.

The woman M.P. shouted at a pair of drowsy Russian soldiers, who raised the barrier. Sean swung his car to the head of the convoy and drove through. The next point of contact was a farmhouse near the roadside. A half-dozen Russians kept a reserved and suspicious distance from the arrivals as a slovenly dressed officer emerged from the house, leaned into the sedan and snarled, "You are now under the protection of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. I demand that your soldiers put their weapons away."

Bolinski translated to Sean, then answered, "The weapons are for the purpose of protecting the convoy from German stragglers."

"Not allowed," the Russian answered. "Soviet territory."

Sean recalled his orders: Get the convoy to Berlin without incident. "Tell the admiral here," he said to Bolinski, "that I will order my men to keep all weapons out of sight."

The Russian figured that was compliance enough. He got into his own vehicle, ordered the convoy to follow him, and turned off the four-lane Autobahn.

"This isn't the way to Berlin," Big Nellie Bradbury said to his photographer.

In a half hour they came to the town of Wittenburg and halted at the *Rathaus*, which now served as Russian Headquarters for the district. The Russian quickly disappeared inside, leaving Sean's convoy waiting. They were being observed by Russian soldiers from a cautious distance. It was a far cry from the pictures of the Russians and Americans embracing on meeting at the Elbe only two months earlier.

Sean appraised the Russians. These troops were neatly uniformed and well armed, and appeared to be under good discipline. He guessed they were NKVD, political troops.

Twenty minutes went by before a new officer, a Russian lieutenant, came from the building and introduced himself in broken English. "I demand," he said, "that you and your men come inside for an official welcome."

Sean's troops followed him into the bulky city hall, down a corridor to a foyer which served as a reception room, and smack into a platoon of Cossacks, who were tall, blond, spit-and-polish, and obviously show troops.

The Russian lieutenant whirled around, was handed a document by a subordinate, stood ramrod straight before Sean, and read:

"I am pleased to welcome this, the first convoy of Americans on this route. You are privileged to join us in Berlin after the Soviet Union's glorious victory over the Nazi aggressor. You are welcome to Democratic Germany as our guests."

Sean faced his own astonished men and, with an expression, warned them to keep their mouths shut.

"I should like to see the commanding general of this district," he said to the Russian.

"He is not available."

"I should like his name and information on where, when and how he can be reached."

"That information is not available."

"When you find out who and where he is, give him this medal from my government for being the first to reach the Elbe and join forces in this area."

The Russian looked in his hand, puzzled. He studied the medal, confused, ordered the Cossacks to sing, and left the reception room quickly without excusing himself.

Two dozen bellowing Cossacks prevented too close a discussion of the situation.

"What are you going to do, Major?"

"Damned if I know."

Sean drifted over to Bradbury. "Don't take any notes, and better tell your photographer to keep his camera out of sight. It's a cinch they'll take the film."

© 1964 by Leon Uris. "Armageddon" will be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

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15th century mother; 20th century child.

• The small world into which this mother was born might well have been the world Magellan knew. For time had little changed the Portuguese town of Sever do Vouga in which she lives.

Its people still scratched a meager living from the soil, lived, toiled, died in the bondage of old ways, old superstitions.

Then, suddenly, "today" came to Sever do Vouga. It was *sent* there by Shell in the person of a well-trained young agronomist. Under his guidance, farmers are beginning to learn new ways to do old jobs, to grow better crops, to use 20th century tools, methods, medicines for the enrichment and protection of their lives.

In a school established by Shell and village authorities working together, modern methods of baby care are being taught. It is the reason why a mother who grew up in a 15th century world can today so proudly cradle a 20th century child in her arms.

The opportunity to contribute to the betterment of man's lot, especially in remote areas of the world, is a privilege and responsibility Shell shares with other enlightened companies. It is one more facet of Shell's ceaseless pursuit of excellence, which, in the world *you* know, leads to constantly improved gasolines and motor oils, and to new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you better. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company.*

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A new song began, and stopped instantly as a Russian colonel entered the foyer.

"I am Antonov, the colonel general's aide. I thank you for the decoration."

"Now that we have warmly welcomed each other, Colonel, I should like to proceed to Berlin."

"But," Antonov said with an expression of shock, "we have many more songs prepared, and we must have some toasts."

Sean looked at his watch. "I'm sorry, Colonel."

"A moment," the colonel said huffily, "and we will get your orders cleared."

The moment stretched to minutes. Accordions and balalaikas continued a history of Russian folk song. The Americans stood around stiffly, embarrassed. Forty minutes later Antonov returned and took Sean into a side office.

"I am most regretful," he said, "that you cannot proceed to Berlin with your present complement. It is in direct violation of the Brandenburg Agreement."

"Colonel, I am impressed by the warmth of your welcome and I am moved by the magnificence of your artists. However, as one soldier to another, my orders are to bring my convoy to Berlin with all possible speed. I am unaware of the existence of any Brandenburg Agreement."

"So? Well, I see. The agreement drawn up by your government and mine puts numerical limitations on all convoys moving through Democratic Germany. You are not permitted with a convoy of more than twenty vehicles, twenty officers, and forty enlisted men. The agreement specifically states that the men may not be combat troops, but I will overlook this technicality."

"Just when was this Brandenburg Agreement drawn up?"

"Weeks ago. I cannot assume responsibility that your government has not informed you properly."

"Colonel Antonov," Sean said, "I want to see your copy of the agreement. I am certain your government informed you well enough to send you a copy."

Antonov looked angrily at the American, whom he now recognized as an opponent who would not be bullied. He smiled, threw his hands open. "Unfortunately, Major, no copy in English."

"Russian will be fine," Sean said.

"I see."

Antonov excused himself. His absence stretched. Sean knew no course under the restrictions of his order but to ride it out and keep firm. The harassment was obviously deliberate and well planned.

Another half hour passed before a beefy, swarthy brigadier general returned in place of Colonel Antonov.

He looked at the American major with disdain. "You are a guest of the Soviet Union," he said abruptly. "You are under our protection. You have offended us by bringing armed troops into this zone in direct defiance of the Brandenburg Agreement."

Sean watched the game played out. He contained his anger. "I question the existence of a Brandenburg Agreement," he said.

"That is a grave provocation," the general answered sharply.

"Nonsense. Let me refresh the general's memory on an agreement that does exist. The United States has ceded the provinces of Thuringia and Saxony in exchange for a sector of Berlin."

"The provinces of Thuringia and Saxony have been given us out of historic justice. The Soviet Union alone is responsible for the death of Nazism."

Sean walked quickly into the foyer, where the Cossacks were now leaping over tables and chairs. He bellowed, ordering his men outside.

A Russian major sat between Sean and Bradbury to "direct" the convoy to Berlin. Bolinski and Blessing sat in the back seat, griping about the Russians' behavior.

As they now suspected, they were led away from the autobahn, plunging deeper into secondary roads in the countryside. Sean alerted his people to keep their eyes sharp. At least there might be some intelligence to be gained out of the zigzag detour.

"This is a lousy day, Sean," Big Nellie said. "I wanted to believe this sort of thing couldn't be true."

"It's only the beginning."

The convoy passed through dead villages and untended fields. There seemed to be no sign of German life. Russian roadblocks obstructed the most remote country lanes. Unlike the disciplined NKVD troops at Wittenberg, the Russian soldiers in the countryside were a scrubby, filthy, ragged lot. A dozen times the convoy was stopped. The halting was followed by demands for American cigarettes and chocolate.

They plunged deeper into detours on tortuous dirt roads on the thin excuse that the main highways were closed due to "technical difficulties." At evening their winding course brought them to the southern approach to Berlin, where they were halted in the town of Werder, before a rail crossing. The accompanying Russian major exchanged words with his people, then ordered Sean to have the men in his convoy remain in their vehicles.

Big Nellie nudged Sean, pointing to the woods that ran alongside the rails. On close look one could see that the ground in the woods was pocked with thousands of holes dug out by human hands and covered with tree branches, corrugated metal, cardboard, and lumber scraps. These holes were temporary homes for tens of thousands of liberated slave laborers and concentration-camp victims from eastern Europe. They had worked their way to Werder in an attempt to get back to Poland and Russia.

A train of some eighty open freight and cattle cars jiggled back and forth, blocking the road crossing, and puffed to a stop. It was followed by an awesome sight of thousands of refugees suddenly pouring from their holes in the forest. A line of bayonet-bearing Russian soldiers held at bay this growing horde of the backwash of war.

A Russian officer blew a whistle; the guards opened their line. An insane scramble ensued as the mass of human misery swept up to the train. They shoved and kicked and clawed and screamed their way aboard. Old, young and weak were hurled mercilessly down the rail bed. In a moment the cars were crammed beyond capacity.

Another whistle, and the line of soldiers re-formed, and clubbed back with rifle butts those who did not make it. The train chugged into motion with its bulging cargo of misery.

The Russian in Sean's car giggled. "See how anxious they are to get home."

Sean and the others looked at him with revulsion. Sean snapped on the ignition, fought to keep from shouting at the outrage. They cleared the crossing, watching the unsuccessful refugees trudge back to their holes to wait for another train on another day.

Just beyond Werder they saw a now familiar sight. The bridge ahead was blocked by a pair of submachine-gun-toting Mongols who signaled the convoy to halt. Sean was furious. He pressed his foot on the accelerator and beaded in on the bridge.

"That a boy, Major," Blessing said.

The Russian began to yell, "*Nyet! Nyet!*" He tried to shove his foot on the brake. Sean jammed an elbow into the Russian's ribs, and at the same moment Blessing and Big Nellie clamped him frozen. The convoy closed up behind Sean and bore down on the bridge at fifty miles an hour. The Mongols waved their guns threateningly. At the last split second they leaped over the bridge rail into the river, and the convoy passed over.

At last they pulled into the former SS barracks in Babelsberg, a suburb of Potsdam, across the Havel River from Berlin. Before coming to a proper halt, Sean was pounced on by Gen. A. J. Hansen's orderly. "General says get up to his quarters before the Russkies get ahold of you." The two trotted over the parade grounds as a half-dozen Russians descended on the convoy to liberate their man.

Andrew Jackson Hansen, First Deputy Military Governor of Germany, scowled.

"Damn it, O'Sullivan, I told you to keep out of trouble."

Hansen took Sean to the next room, where Maj. Gen. Hiram Stonebraker and Col. Neal Hazzard waited. "Crusty" Stonebraker was known in Air Force circles as a salty, hard-shelled genius in air transport. He was considered the true creator of the Hump Airlift. Transferred to Europe as the war ended, he was detached for advisory duty to the President for the forthcoming conference at Potsdam. This was to be his last mission; he was slated for retirement.

Col. Neal Hazzard, commandant-elect for the American Sector of Berlin, had been an outspoken fighting soldier most of his career. He was brash, direct, honest.

"OK, Sean," Hansen said, "what happened today?"

Sean related the bizarre incidents. He looked squarely at the three men as he finished his story. "If I had been given freedom of action in my orders, I could have gotten the convoy through to Berlin on the autobahn."

"That's a rash statement," Hansen said. "We are in no position to afford an incident."

"There would have been no incident," Sean said firmly. "They were bluffing."

"What makes you think so?" Stonebraker asked.

"Ask a pair of wet Russian soldiers."

"That will be all," Hansen cut in. "My orderly will show you to your quarters. Other than intelligence interrogation, talk to no one."

"Yes, sir."

"We're getting our pockets picked," Neal Hazzard growled. "We should have captured Berlin."

Hansen answered, "The Russians have been isolated from the West for three decades. They are suspicious. But we are going to have to learn to live with them. This is 1945. The American people wouldn't give a damn if we handed over all of Germany or even all of Europe to the Russians. They want to finish the war against Japan and forget the whole thing. We will receive no public support for a strong stand against the Russians."

"We've seen what happens to our convoys," Stonebraker said. "You'd better prepare for an alternate route."

"Where?"

"In the air. Define air corridors from our zone to Berlin, put it on paper, make it part of the Potsdam Agreement."

Hansen's orderly delivered a sealed envelope from Russian Marshal Alexei Popov. Hansen read it aloud: "This is to advise you that the Americans will not

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"This has been a pretty sensational blind date."

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be permitted to take possession of the six boroughs of Berlin tomorrow, as previously discussed. It is felt by the Soviet High Command that there must be a formal written agreement and the establishment of a four-power council first. Signed, Marshal Alexei Popov."

"All right, Crusty. Draw up a plan for air lanes. Neal, bring Major O'Sullivan up here. He's going to get an opportunity to find out if the comrades are bluffing."

Sean O'Sullivan and Blessing got into the touring car with two enlisted men. It was seven in the morning. This hour was picked because the Russian command didn't come to life and function until around noon.

The motor chugged, roared into life. The car was stopped at the gate by a drowsy guard. The Russian was impressed by the big car and passed it through. In a few moments three jeep-loads of men passed through the gate, ostensibly on routine missions to Berlin.

Sean sped along the southern rim of the Wannsee lake into the Grunewald forest. He ran parallel to the smaller chain of lakes that bordered the forest, and waited at the crossing. In a few moments the three jeeps arrived from different directions at the rendezvous.

They bisected the forest on Onkel-Tom Strasse, turned into Argentinische Allee, coming out directly before a magnificent complex of administrative buildings. It had been part of the Hitler barracks, and had been selected as permanent American headquarters.

Blessing pointed to a central building with a flagpole on the lawn before it. The area was deserted. Sean waved the convoy in, raised the American flag to the top of the mast and posted a large sign on the front door in English, German and Russian:

ATTENTION: THIS IS THE PROPERTY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND HEREBY DESIGNATED AS HEADQUARTERS FOR THE AMERICAN SECTOR OF BERLIN COMPRISING THE BOROUGHS OF STEGLITZ, ZEHLENDORF, SCHÖNEBERG, NEUKÖLLN, TEMPELHOF AND KREUZBERG.

Marshal Alexei Popov was awakened from a deep, vodka-induced slumber by a telephone call to his Potsdam mansion at eight o'clock.

"What do you mean, American troops at the Hitler barracks?"

"They have proclaimed it as American headquarters, Comrade Marshal."

How could they invade? he thought; they don't have enough troops. "How many?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen! Fifteen Americans declaring a headquarters! Fifteen! Send up a battalion of tanks and stand opposite them. Have a battalion of infantry see that there is no further movement in or out of the area. If the Americans do not withdraw, I will order my troops to open fire."

But the Americans refused to be budged from their position, and it was the Russians who withdrew.

Ernestine Falkenstein answered the knock. She pushed against the makeshift board that served as a door, until it opened enough for her to see an old man. He was large, a bit stooped, and seemed tired. She studied him curiously. "Yes? What is it you wish?"

"Falkenstein?"

"Yes."

"May I come in?"

The voice drew on her memory. She pushed the board open wider. "Are you . . . my uncle? Are you my Uncle Ulrich?"

"I am."

"I am Ernestine."

"You? Little Ernestine?"

"I am very happy to know you are alive. Please come in."

Bruno Falkenstein's eyes widened at the sight of his brother. He rose slowly, backed up. "You!" he whispered harshly. "You! Ulrich! Alive!"

"Quite."

"But . . . but . . . but . . ."

"You need not fear, brother. I am thoroughly decontaminated."

Bruno was distraught with confusion. "You! In Berlin!"

Ulrich looked past the candlelight to where Ernestine's sister Hildegaard sat near her cot, puzzled. "You must be Hilde."

Hilde did not know how to greet the man whose name had been spoken in curses from childhood memory. Her father had always raged that his brother was a traitor to Germany and that Ulrich's record had limited his own advancement in his bureau. She had been only ten years old when Uncle Ulrich, a leader of the Social Democratic Party, was sent away to the Nazi concentration camp at Schwabenwald. She hardly remembered him.

"Stand up, Hilde!" Frau Falkenstein commanded. "Let your Uncle Ulrich see how you have grown." Hilde stood awkwardly, bowed stiffly.

"And my nephew, Gerd?"

"He is in a prison camp in America."

"This is a great occasion," Frau Falkenstein said, "We all wish to be with you, but I know you and Bruno want to speak." She herded the girls from the room.

The brothers Falkenstein were alone. Bruno looked at the gaunt, stubble-bearded man. "There is so much to say, one does not know where to begin," Bruno said. "You don't know what it has been like. You can't imagine how we have suffered."

Ulrich's eyes did not conceal his disdain.

"Of course, you have suffered too," Bruno bumbled on. "We all have. I've seen my wife and daughter raped before my eyes. Look at me. We are half starved. I am ruined. I have nothing left."

"We must get together sometime and trade horror stories."

"For God's sake, all I want to do is forget it happened."

"You mean the same way you forgot that I existed?"

"So, we were taken in by Hitler. Just because I held a minor post with the Nazis, am I to go to jail and leave Herta and those poor girls alone? I tell you, we have paid."

"Not enough, Bruno, not enough."

How bitter was the destruction of the long dream. Ulrich Falkenstein had come from the blackness of the Schwabenwald camp to an even greater blackness. Berlin, his beloved city, was worse than dead. A great, beautiful goddess hacked up, prostrate, gasping for breath, the last of life's blood oozing from her body.

The old man was stooped with sorrow as he trudged down the Unter den Linden, that mammoth boulevard that had rumbled under the wheels of Prussian cannons, clicked under the heels of genteel ladies, heard the shouts of protesting workers, the gunfire of insurrection, the boots of pagan rallies, the circumstance of glory.

At Friedrichstrasse he stood and looked down the flattened street.

So long as the old trees bloom
Unter den Linden,
Nothing can befall us,
Berlin remains Berlin.

The voices that once came from the cabarets of Friedrichstrasse were stilled forever. Sentimental voices, bawdy voices, angry voices . . . still . . . so still. Now a man hacks away at the carcass of a dead horse. Urchins beg, women barter. . . .

After a number of days Ulrich was able to locate the first of his old comrades, Berthold Hollweg, who existed in a hovel on the Teltow Canal below Tempelhof Airdrome. It was a single room with an earthen floor, windowless, toiletless. Hollweg had made a futile attempt to grow a few vegetables among the rocks and weeds.

In the old days Hollweg had held a number of high posts in the Democratic Party, and had held a seat in the Reichstag when there were free elections. Time and tide had reduced him to the meagerest level of existence. He had aged as Ulrich had aged. The first moments of seeing each other were filled with disbelief, and then Hollweg recounted the past.

"When your trial was over and you were sent away, that signaled our end. Some fled, some disappeared, others blended into the scenery to make themselves anonymous."

"What about our Jews? Ginsberg, Jacobs, Adler, Davids? They were among the heart and brains of the labor movement."

Hollweg shook his head. "They are all dead. For a time we made an attempt to hide Adler and his children, but they had to leave."

"You turned them out?"

"It was impossible to hide a Jew in Berlin. Adler understood. In many ways, Ulrich, it was better you were in Schwabenwald. You will never know how totally crushed we were."

"Maybe it would have been better if I had died in Schwabenwald than return to this."

"No, Ulrich, one by one the Berliners will begin to climb out of the ashes. They will need you if we are to put the pieces together again."

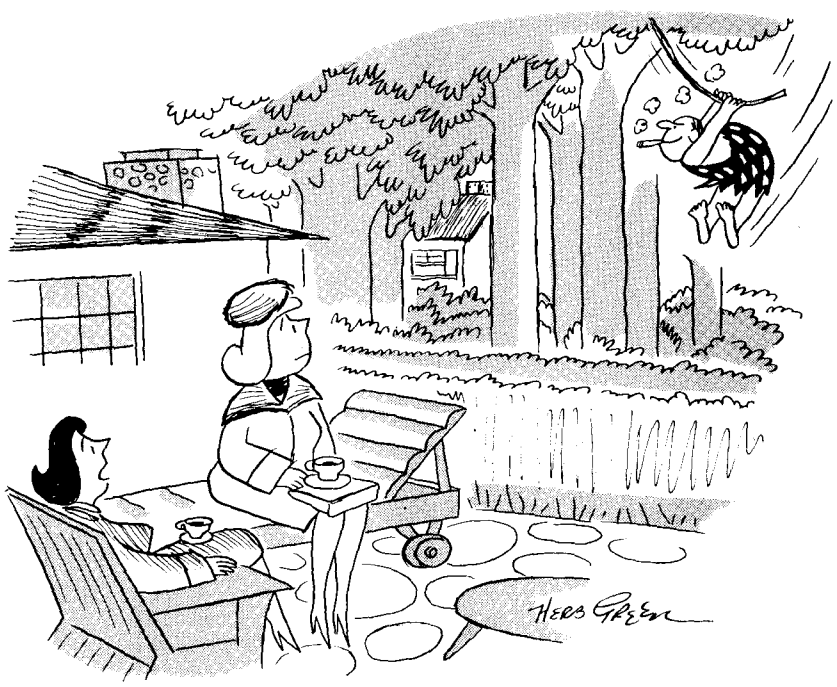
The strangeness between the Russians and their former allies ended explosively. Throughout the ruins of Berlin, parties at all levels of command erupted. There were enlisted men's brawls in makeshift cellar nightclubs, and plush vodka-and-caviar affairs at the top echelon. Brotherhood flowed freely.

Gen. Hartly Fitz-Roy, the British governor, gave a boar hunt from a lodge, still intact, that had once belonged to an elector of Brandenburg. The Englishman was aghast when Marshal Popov showed up with a submachine gun. It was damned unsporting, but as host he could say nothing. The French arrived in Berlin and threw a great feast in their own honor. Gen. Yves de Lys grimaced in horror at the way the Russians belted down his superb wine. Russians wept out songs of the motherland, Cossacks made great leaps, gifts of Mickey Mouse watches became proof of lasting friendship. Hangovers were commonplace.

Ernestine Falkenstein awoke sharply, sweaty and terrified. For hours she had fought off sleep, for the darkness always brought horror, and she wandered into that familiar torment of blood and ghosts and hollow voices. She dressed in a half daze, and walked pasty-faced into the kitchen, where the family was having a breakfast of a sort of gruel.

None of them had got over the shock of the Americans' requisitioning their house, forcing them into a bomb-battered set of rooms in Friedenau. Bruno and his wife slept in the kitchen, the girls in an alcove with half a wall shorn away.

Bruno bemoaned this latest cruelty of fate. He, a government official of status; he, who had had a chauffeur-driven automobile until late in the war. Now he was reduced to waiting on tables in a French



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"No, we haven't actually met our neighbors yet, but we've wondered a lot about them."

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soldiers' beer hall. Soldiers left half-smoked cigarettes, wanted girls, and had access to food; neighbors needed to barter, so he served as an intermediary in small dealings. In spite of the degradation, Bruno and his family subsisted better than their starving neighbors.

"Your Uncle Ulrich offered you a job at Democratic Party Headquarters," Bruno said to Ernestine. "I want an explanation of why you refused."

"I would rather not talk about it," she answered.

"It will be talked about. I cannot bear more drunken Frenchmen—and I don't like the idea of your mother cleaning floors for Amis."

"I won't work for Uncle Ulrich," Ernestine protested.

"I demand to know why. You are trained as a legal secretary. You worked for one of the finest law firms in Berlin."

"There is no German law any more."

"But you know that your training makes it possible to do a number of things. So long as Ulrich is throwing us a few bones, you could think of your family."

She tried to eat. It was impossible.

"Can't you talk at all?" her father demanded.

"It's those places," she blurted impulsively.

"Places? What places?"

"The things they are saying about us at Nuremberg. The—the death camps."

A terrible silence followed. At last, Herta Falkenstein took her daughter's hand. "It is all over. We must forget."

"But, if what they say is true ——"

"Truth?" Bruno said. "What is truth? You are a German, girl. Do you think that your people could have done these things?"

"Your father is right, Ernestine. Close your ears, forget the lies. They are trying to turn the world against us."

Yes, Ernestine thought, Father is always right—always. Father is never wrong. "Did you know about slaves in your own Labor Bureau?"

He smashed his fist on the table. "How dare you!"

"Apologize to your father," Herta demanded.

"I am sorry, Father. Forgive me."

Her sister, Hilde, got up from the table and walked away. Arguments! Always damned arguments!

"Where are you going?"

"Out."

"Where?"

"Just out of here."

Hilde shrugged and left.

"All day she is gone," Bruno said. "Where does she spend her time?"

There was an air of satisfaction as Heinrich Hirsch, the Moscow-trained German Communist, reviewed the accomplishments of the German People's Liberation Committee.

Rudi Wöhlman, the leader of the Communist Party in Berlin, closed his eyes, pressed his fingertips together, and nodded in rhythm to Hirsch's monologue.

The other two Germans present completed the inner circle. There was Adolph Schatz, appointed president of police, and Heinz Eck, appointed deputy mayor of the city.

V.V. Azov, the Russian political commissar, sat dull-eyed at the end of the table, in his usual posture that registered neither pleasure nor displeasure.

Heinrich Hirsch flipped a page. The final tally was that eighty-five percent of the "war making" potential of the Western sectors had been stripped before the arrival of the British and Americans.

Before the arrival of the West:

A banking monopoly, controlling the finances of the city, had been established in the Soviet Sector;

A food ration system had been established, in five categories. The highest ration was twenty-five hundred calories a day and the lowest twelve hundred. Control of the ration system was in Soviet hands. Use of the ration system was proving an effective way to gain converts. Top rations went to those who cooperated with the Soviet Union.

Hirsch reviewed the assignments of each of the two dozen members of the German People's Liberation Committee, how they had moved into key positions. He reported that hundreds of other Germans, who had been Russian prisoners of war and had been converted into an "antifascist league," were now placed strategically.

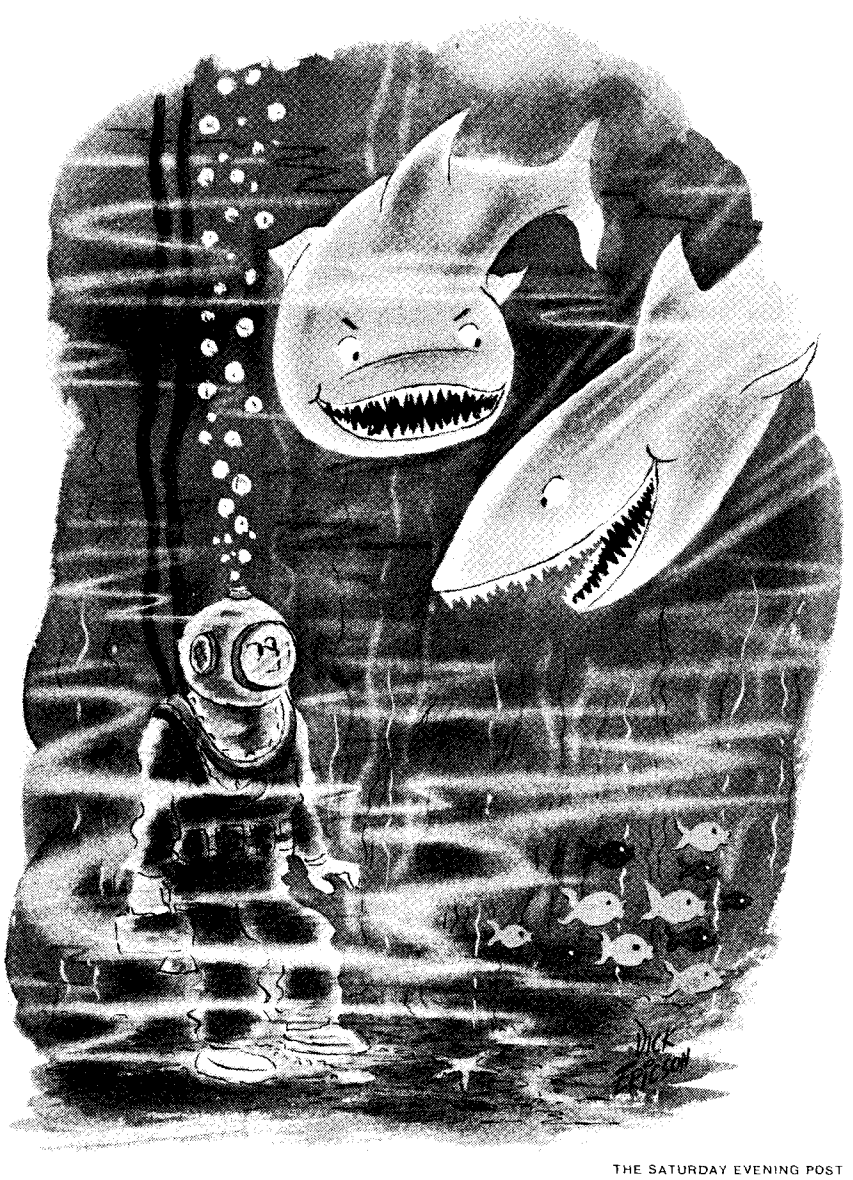
Adolph Schatz, nominally a German, like Rudi Wöhlman, had been with V.V. Azov as an officer in the NKVD; now he was president of police, with headquarters in the Soviet Sector.

Rudi Wöhlman led the Communist Party, licensed under a thin disguise as the People's Proletariat Party. He had moved into the city's civic machinery, grabbed the abandoned judiciary, filled the courts with judges from the party. The Berlin *Magistrat*, the city's executive branch, had some two dozen departments covering education, welfare, transportation, public works, police. Wöhlman had loaded them with Communists. The personnel director of the *Magistrat* was a member of the German People's Liberation Committee, and the personnel directors of eighteen of Berlin's twenty boroughs were either Communists or in tune with Wöhlman's directives.

Hirsch reported that the single labor union licensed was under absolute control of the Communists. The union formed "action squads" for use in demonstrations and to persuade other workers to stay in line.

Wöhlman's most clever move, however, came in the digging up of the old Democrat, Berthold Hollweg. He was found in a shack on the Teltow Canal, adjudged harmless, and appointed as *Oberbürgermeister*. Hollweg suited an excellent purpose. He still had a name from the old days and could be used as window dressing to "prove" how democratic the Communists were in appointing a non-Communist as lord mayor. Hollweg made a fine figurehead to be controlled by Deputy Mayor Heinz Eck of the German People's Liberation Committee.

Hirsch took the post on the *Magistrat* as secretary of education and a second post as secretary of culture and information. At the university he formed and controlled a student organization on the lines of an action squad. The single radio transmitter in the city was under Hirsch's supervision.



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"Not so fast! You have to shell them first."

These were the Germans who served the Soviet conquerors.

Ernestine blinked open her eyes. A wind blew at the canvas patch over the broken wall. Hilde sat on a wooden crate before a small mirror. Ernestine watched her sister pull on a silk stocking, holding out her leg to admire its shapeliness.

Hilde spotted Ernestine watching her, turned and said, "Good morning. How do you feel?"

"I'm fine," Ernestine said.

"You don't look so fine. You screamed again in the middle of the night."

"I am sorry I disturbed you."

"I'm getting used to it," Hilde snapped. "Why don't you put on a little makeup? The circles under your eyes would not show so much."

"It does not matter."

Hilde sighed, tossed down her lipstick, regretted her sharpness. She sat alongside the bed she shared now with Ernestine, and ran her fingers through her sister's hair. "Erna, you're your own worst enemy. You take life too grimly."

"There is nothing to be joyful about in Berlin."

"Fine, so make the best of it." Hilde returned to the mirror.

"Hilde," Ernestine said. "I want to talk to you about the things in your trunk."

The younger girl was startled.

"It was by accident," Ernestine said. "I was looking for your red sweater to borrow. Where did you get cigarettes, chocolates . . . those stockings?"

"I made contact with some old friends."

"I am your sister, Hilde. I will not be turned aside."

"All right."

"We have been taught right from wrong."

Hilde laughed bitterly. "There is no right and wrong in this place. There is only survival."

"No matter what has happened, we still have our decency."

"Decent? Are we decent? Have we ever been?"

"Hilde, you are getting yourself into serious trouble. There is no justice today, not even from the Amis."

Hilde shrugged and flipped the powder box shut. "Your baby sister gets around. You could also make life easier for yourself."

"Easy? It only looks easy."

"Have it your way, Ernestine."

"Hilde! You are only twenty years old. It is too soon to give up on life."

"It seems that you are the one who has given up. I'm just trying to get along with a bad situation. Erna, you will promise me you won't say anything to Father about the trunk."

"I promise," her sister whispered in defeat.

Col. Neal Hazzard, the American commandant, was the most gregarious of the brass and the best-known occupation officer in the city. The Berliners loved his gruff bravado, his showing up at rubble-clearing sites, in beer halls, schools, union meetings, churches. Mostly he traveled alone and unarmed, a distinction in Berlin.

From the start the rules of the four-power Berlin *Kommandatura* were stacked against the West by the fact that the Russians had the right to veto any proposal. Even though Hazzard operated in a deep hole, he took a personal liking to the Russian Sector commandant, Col. Nikolai Trepovitch, who, like himself, was from the ranks and had held fighting commands.

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Midwest Auto Stores
OREGON
Fred Meyer Stores
PENNSYLVANIA
American Auto Stores
Miller's Auto Stores
Penn-Jersey Auto Stores
Kaufmann's Dept. Store-Pittsburgh
RHODE ISLAND
Jack & Harry's Auto Stores
SOUTH CAROLINA
Advance Stores
Economy Auto Stores
SOUTH DAKOTA
Wheatbelt Auto Group
TENNESSEE
Advance Stores
Economy Auto Stores
Wheatbelt Auto Group
TEXAS
Lack's Auto Supply Stores
Leonard's Dept. Store—Ft. Worth
Kallison's—San Antonio
Titche's Dept. Stores—Dallas
VIRGINIA
Advance Stores
Penn-Jersey Auto Stores
WASHINGTON
Fred Meyer Stores
Wheatbelt Auto Group
WEST VIRGINIA
Miller's Auto Stores
WISCONSIN
Holmes Tire & Supply
Gimbels/Schusters
Dept. Store—Milwaukee
Prange's Tire Center—Green Bay
Prange's Tire Center—Appleton

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However, the meetings of the *Kommandatura* often as not turned into nightmares, with translations and conversations going in senseless circles for hours. What would, on the surface, appear to be a routine matter could suddenly turn a session into hair-splitting, bickering and endless dialogue.

Hazzard realized that Trepovitch was allowed little room for flexible thinking, having to carry out his directions to the letter. He never pressed the Russian when he knew he could not give; Trepovitch appreciated it.

Hazzard was unable to achieve this silent rapport with his British colleague, Col. T. E. Blatty, who would argue for hours for no other purpose than to keep the game by the rules. The Englishman, a classical officer, would never anger, never raise his voice, never become vexed. His endurance was the antidote to Trepovitch's ponderous attacks.

The fourth member of the *Kommandatura* was Col. Jacques Belfort. Trepovitch made the Frenchman aware that his country's presence in Berlin was more of a gesture than a reality. The friction between these two was the most obvious. Belfort made up in sheer pride what he lacked in actual power, and it was his intent to make himself conspicuous for the sake of French prestige.

Hazzard put top priority on the selection of a deputy police president who would be more cooperative to the West; Adolph Schatz was owned by the Russians. Since new appointments had to be approved by all four powers, Hazzard was in a position to hold up Trepovitch's appointments until they gave him his deputy.

The finding of the German to fill the job went to Sean O'Sullivan's trouble-shooting unit, a little group of a dozen men without portfolio or official designation. They filtered intelligence reports, prepared data for Hansen on the Supreme German Council and for Hazzard in the *Kommandatura*, made predictions, acted as liaison between Berlin and the rest of Germany, and performed innumerable special details.

Neal Hazzard read the report pulled by the unit recommending Hans Kronbach for the position as deputy police president. His record seemed immaculate. Kronbach had been chief of detectives for the city of Berlin. He had resigned in protest after Hitler came into power, and had no known involvement with the Nazis. Currently he worked as a plainclothesman on a black-market squad in Prenzlauer Berg.

Hazzard set the report down, and looked at Sean and Blessing. "What kind of a cop did you make him out to be in your interview, Bless?"

"Nothing he doesn't know about police work. Knows how to supervise men, do administrative work, the whole business. I'd take him in two minutes."

"Good enough," Hazzard said. "I'll get ahold of Blatty to put his nomination on the agenda tomorrow. Bless, find him."

Blessing left the meeting to find Hans Kronbach and get him moved into the American Sector that night. He called for his patrol jeep, stood on the steps of the headquarters building, and paused for a moment as the sun set. The flag hung limply; greenery had been renewed about the building; it was a nice time of day.

A radio jeep with constabulary markings was driven up by one of Blessing's squad, Cpl. Danny Sterling. The kid was going to make a good cop, Bless thought, piling into the jeep.

"Where to, Lieutenant?"

Blessing pondered. Finding Hans Kronbach was not a simple matter. He was in the Russian Sector, so Bless would have to dig up a German informer and send him out as a liaison to set up a secret rendezvous.

"Let's go over to the provost marshal at Tempelhof and find us a kraut fink."

Danny gunned the jeep away.

Bless picked up the microphone and switched on the transmitter. "Rebel two-eight reporting, over."

"This is Baltimore calling Rebel two-eight. Who's that man making big gains for Green Bay?"

"Don Hutson," Blessing answered, assuring the authenticity of his call. "We are leaving Baltimore en route to Atlanta Provo, over."

"Roger, and out."

As they passed out of slightly damaged Dahlem, the horror of Berlin was worsened by block after block, mile after mile of gutted shells. They were slowed to a halt by demolition work near the canal.

As they cleared, they saw a German policeman running down the middle of the street, waving and calling frantically. They halted. He stopped beside them, gasping, jabbering too quickly for them to understand.

"*Was gibt's?*"

The German pointed, tried to make himself understood, then remembered the printed cards he carried in his pocket. He brought out a stack: RAPE, ASSAULT, ACCIDENT. . . . He stopped at the card reading ARMED ROBBERY and pointed to it.

"Russkies?"

"*Ja, ja*, Russkies."

"Now, what the hell they doing all the way over here?" Bless grunted, shoving the German into the jeep and picking up the mike. "This is Rebel two-eight calling, over."

"This is Baltimore. Go ahead, Rebel two-eight."

"We are proceeding to investigate a sixty-four now taking place vicinity Südende. We think there are Ivans involved. Will report exact location when I have it, over."

"Roger, we'll move in your direction."

Baltimore sent out a call for a half-dozen other cars to converge on the area.

The German policeman stopped them before the Südende S-Bahn elevated station. He pointed up to the platform. Blessing told the German to stay put. It was a situation with occupation troops, and the German was not permitted to interfere. Moreover, he was unarmed. "Danny, call in our exact location, then back me up."

Blessing took the steps two at a time, and stopped at the far end of the platform. Twenty-five yards away, three Russian soldiers had herded a dozen Germans against the cashier's window and were stripping wallets, taking wristwatches, rummaging through handbags.

He understood the situation instantly—two did the looting, the third held the Germans at bay with a submachine gun. He heard Danny run up the steps behind him, turned and motioned him to freeze.

Bless walked toward the Russian with the submachine gun. "*Tovarich!*" The Russians saw him for the first time, like startled deer. "*Nyet, Nyet*, American Sector."

The Russian with the submachine gun recovered his senses, waved Blessing back. The big cop kept moving forward, pointed his thumb east. "Russian Sector . . . go."

A spray of bullets erupted at his feet.

Blessing smiled, held his arms apart in friendly greeting, and, as though he were a defenseless cub, walked toward the amazed Russian. The soldier shoved the barrel into Blessing's stomach. In a lightning move he disarmed the Russian, knocking him flat on his back.

The other two reached for their pistols.

"*Nyet!*" Bless cried.

They continued to draw. Two shots barked from Blessing's .45. Two Russians toppled over. The third had jumped up and fled down the railroad track as Danny tore up the stairs, firing. The Germans screamed and scuttled away from the pools of blood forming on the platform.

Bless heaved a great sigh, wiped the sweat from his face, and replaced his pistol. "Let the other one go," he said to Danny. "All right, calm down, calm down, it's all over. Any of you people speak English?"

"*Ja*, I do."

"There is a German police officer at the foot of the steps. Get him up here. I want him to record everyone's name and address and get the story of what happened. Tell these people they will be informed where they can claim their possessions."

Bless knelt and turned one of the Russians over. The shot had been true, through the heart. The other one was a grotesque sight, a bullet through his face.

Trepovitch, of course, raised hell about the incident at the next meeting of the four-power *Kommandatura*. But Neal Hazzard held to a firm position, defending Blessing's action and even turning the tables on the Russian commandant by citing statistics that showed the high crime rate among the Soviet occupation forces. Then, having forced Trepovitch into a corner, he relented and graciously made the face-saving gesture of publicly regretting the death of the Russian soldiers.

Trepovitch was promoted to brigadier general.

Russian crime decreased suddenly and remarkably.

On the highways, the rail lines, the canal ways into Berlin the warning was posted: KEEP OUT OF BERLIN! BERLIN IS FORBIDDEN!

The hundreds of thousands of refugees pouring east to west and west to east were steered wide of the prostrate city. It was said that a crow flying over Berlin would have to carry his own provisions.

Winter chilled the air. The cold brought new terrors as the great forests of the city dropped their leaves and the waters of her lakes danced under wind-whipped whitecaps. It was that time of year when heavy gray clouds looked eternal, and sleet and snow poured down from them. Schools and factories closed, transportation froze to an agonized trickle. The old died in bed of freezing and the young lay under piles of rags and papers in numbed confusion. Berlin was a spawning ground for those who lived best in slime and who moved best in shadows. . . . Hildegaard Falkenstein was drawn to them.

The Paris Cabaret stood in a cellar near Alexander Platz in Mitte Borough in the Russian Sector, in the bashed-down heart of Berlin. Fritz Stumpf remained proprietor on a Russian license. Stumpf had been wounded badly in the first days of the war. A crippled left arm had returned him to Berlin for the duration. Fritz Stumpf's girls were young and pleasing, for the competition to work in the Paris Cabaret was keen. It was cold outside, and the Paris Cabaret was as warm as the beds and mansions of the occupation officers.

Hildegaard walked down the ten steps into the depths of the café and was watched from all over the room as the new girl. The place was smoky and noisy and put together out of odd chairs and tables. The bar girls were tightly corseted to enhance their bosoms, and they lined up on the other side of the bar, jealously watching this unpainted, angelic-looking competitor in their midst.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Watch me scare the devil out of them."

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Fritz Stumpf kept a private booth on a balcony a few steps over the main floor. Now he rose, took Hildegaard's hand, kissed it and asked her to be seated. He was monocled and wore a pearl stickpin. His withered left arm was permanently held against his body, the hand covered by a black leather glove.

He spoke softly, questioned her carefully, and Hilde answered well. She had told him her name was Hilde Diehl, but she was obviously from a good family, was well groomed, well mannered, well schooled. Her body appeared to be as lovely as her face. The only question was her ability to handle men.

As they spoke, a waiter brought Stumpf several notes. There were already a half-dozen requests around the room to meet Hilde.

A drum rolled, an excited master of ceremonies introduced Renate, an immaculately groomed chanteuse who looked with moony eyes over the tarnished place and sobbed:

"Berlin, Berlin, I hardly recognize you,
Where is your reckless light heart?
Where are the good old songs?
You seem sad and lost . . ."

After the first week Hildegaard seemed most annoyed by her lack of guilt. Moreover, she had an insatiable desire to return. She enjoyed the game, enjoyed withholding, hated the lust of the men.

At the Paris Cabaret they said here was one girl who made love and loved it. Fritz Stumpf alone realized that she was, in truth, committing murder through the sex act.

One night, as it comes to all in that ancient trade, Hilde found herself in a desperate situation. Her date, an Ami officer, got quite drunk. As he did, his remarks about Germans became more vicious. He was a Jewish boy, and in bed his hatred of himself and of her erupted, and he beat her up.

Her father and mother apparently accepted the story that she had been accosted by Russian soldiers on the street, but Ernestine knew otherwise. She tended Hilde day and night and watched her sister sink into a deep, wordless depression.

Ernestine was awakened by Hilde's sobbing. "The scar on my breast won't ever go away."

Ernestine was glad to hear Hilde's first words since the incident. "Those are not the only scars. You cannot see the others, Hilde, but they are there, and they may not go away either."

"Don't!"

"We must talk, Hilde. We used to talk to each other. We were so close."

"My breast used to be perfect. . . . Those Russian beasts!"

"I know all about 'Hilde Diehl' and the Paris Cabaret," Ernestine said abruptly.

Hilde buried her face in the pillow. "You spied on me!"

"I am your sister."

She forced Hilde to turn over and dried her tears and stroked her hair.

"Oh, Erna! I am so terribly confused. What has happened to us?"

"It is hard to realize, but there will be a tomorrow someday without this nightmare."

"There is no tomorrow here in Berlin," Hilde said.

"We have to live to believe there is."

"You have always been too good, Erna. You have always suffered for others. You are too good for all of us. But all your goodness cannot help here. Look at this place. I walk there at night and I see that street . . . and I know . . . the linden trees will never bloom again. . . . I will find an Ami officer who will marry me and take me to America."

"Hilde, Hilde, when will you stop dreaming?"

A subcommittee of the *Kommandatura* worked with the Germans to update the 1920 constitution of the city. The Berlin Assembly, the lawmakers, would consist of one hundred thirty members voted from the twenty boroughs. The Assembly, in turn, would select an *Oberbürgermeister* and two deputy mayors to be approved by the *Kommandatura.*

The *Magistrat*, the executive branch, held eighteen civic departments running the functions of police, transportation welfare, education, and the like.

The new constitution would signal a city-wide election for a new Assembly. This election was pondered broadly by the commissars, for the Communist Party in Austria had been soundly beaten in an open election, and they were not looking forward to a repetition in Berlin.

Rudi Wöhlman, the Communist Party leader, felt that with his control of the labor union and the propaganda apparatus, a victory was sure. Furthermore, the People's Proletariat Party were the true antifascists and would be accepted as the way to redemption by the German people.

Heinrich Hirsch, the Communist secretary of education and information, was not so certain. The opposition Democrats had come out of the war the strongest and by sheer weight of numbers had the most people working in the *Magistrat* and could control the new Assembly. Some of the Democrats could be frightened, bought, bent, terrorized—but not Ulrich Falkenstein. How deeply did Falkenstein's influence run with the people?

As both constitution and election grew imminent, Commissar V. V. Azov received instructions from the planners in Moscow: UNIFY ALL POLITICAL PARTIES IN BERLIN INTO A SINGLE ANTIFASCIST FRONT WITHOUT DELAY.

There were three free parties in Berlin. The Christian Party was a religious front, Catholic-dominated. The smallest of the parties was the Conservatives, who represented right-of-center businessman's ideology. Ulrich Falkenstein's Democrats were the plum and the target.

Wöhlman decided to lop off the Democrats first. A meeting between the two executive committees was arranged in the office of Berthold Hollweg, the appointed Democratic *Oberbürgermeister* who was also on the Democrats' Executive. Hollweg was weak, but still carried a good name and the Democratic tag. It was widely known that the Communists who flanked him—Heinz Eck, first deputy; and Adolph Schatz, president of police—held the true power of his office.

The third member of the Democratic Executive was Hanna Kirchner, a grandmother and the leading woman politician in all of Germany. She had fled to Sweden early in the Nazi era, keeping a liaison with the first cousins of the German Democrats, the British Labor Party and the Social Democrats around Europe.

The People's Proletariat Executive consisted of Rudi Wöhlman, Heinrich Hirsch, Deputy Mayor Heinz Eck. The fourth man was there for no other purpose than a naked display of police terror. He was Adolph Schatz.

"Comrades," Rudi Wöhlman said, smiling his toothy smile to all sides of the conference table, "we have requested this

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meeting to put forth a proposal which we know will benefit Berlin. Soon a new constitution will be granted. It is time for us Berliners to work together to put this city on its feet."

Berliners, indeed, Falkenstein thought. None of the four Communists remembered Berlin, they had been in Russia so long.

"It is our proposal that we form a single political group—one great antifascist front. With such solidarity and strength, the Nazi elements will never again be able to rise and destroy the German people."

So that was it! It was so transparent Ulrich had all he could do to keep a straight face as Hirsch and Eck added their voices. When they were done, Ulrich quickly averted an open discussion. "We will talk about it and reach you," he said.

The three remained after the Communists left.

"It is an outrageous attempt to swallow us up," Hanna Kirchner said, "under a guise of unity. Oh, certainly they'll put us in a few posts as window dressing."

"Why must we suspect the worst?" Hollweg said.

"Because this is the worst," Ulrich answered.

Immediately following the meeting, the Communist action squads, supported by the political section of Schatz's police, began to single out Democrats to "convince" them of the merit of the unity plan. Those who were "convinced" set up a demand for an open meeting of delegates to vote in a referendum.

Ulrich and Hanna knew that such an open meeting, staged in the Russian Sector of the city, would put a rubber stamp on the Antifascist Front and be the death warrant of the Democrats.

The Democratic Party was licensed by the Soviet Union to hold a meeting deep inside the Russian Sector for the purpose of voting on the Antifascist Front referendum.

Sean O'Sullivan arrived as an observer, along with Nelson Goodfellow Bradbury, the AP correspondent. As they neared the Workman's Hall they were quick to spot police from the SND, the Special Nazi Detachment. The SND was, in fact, Adolph Schatz's hand-picked political police, the new Gestapo. The SND was augmented by Russian NKVD.

As the first of over a thousand delegates filtered in from all parts of Berlin, Ulrich Falkenstein was engulfed by old friends, most of whom he had not seen in ten years.

Members of Communist action squads were scattered through the hall in prearranged locations. The stage was being set for a stampede. Sean felt sorry for Falkenstein.

"They're not leaving anything to chance," Big Nellie said, pointing to the different-colored "yes" and "no" ballots to be cast in case of a voice deadlock.

A murmur arose as Hanna Kirchner made her entrance down the center aisle. She was swamped with well-wishers.

In the meanwhile, Berthold Hollweg had arrived almost unnoticed by a side entrance and slipped quietly onto the stage. At last the hall was filled, and Hanna Kirchner and Ulrich Falkenstein took their places on the stage.

The *Bürgermeister* of Lichtenberg Borough, himself a Democrat, gave a formal welcome to this, the first free assembly of a decade. A few more speeches followed, and then the chair was taken by the district chairman.

"We are here to accept or reject a proposition to join the Antifascist Front. . . ."

Both catcalls and applause greeted him. "Inasmuch as our Executive Committee is not unanimous, we cannot provide you with a recommendation. Before floor discussion and a vote, we will call on individual members of the Executive to give their views."

The full Executive Committee of seven argued the issue back and forth. Ulrich realized that some good people had been cowed by Schatz. He also knew that it boiled down to the last three speakers—himself, Hanna Kirchner and Berthold Hollweg. Throughout the speeches he searched Hollweg's face for a sign. The old pro played out a bored detachment.

"Frau Hanna Kirchner!"

Half the room rose in respect. She stood to her full height of five feet and four inches. A funny hat was precariously perched on a knotting of silver-gray hair. As she approached the rostrum, catcalls erupted from the action squad. Schatz's SND was busy writing down the names of her friends. Fist fights broke out, and the chairman begged for order.

Hanna rode the storm with calm. She was a wily politician whom Hitler had never been able to cow.

"Those of you gentlemen sent here by Comrade Wöhlman will kindly finish your performance."

Quiet soon followed.

"Now," she said, "that is better. I will get in my two words if it takes all day, so kindly refrain from further spontaneous celebrations until I am finished."

A ripple of laughter. Even the American major smiled.

"What a broad," Big Nellie said.

"Where does this great antifascist idea originate? From no less a beloved Berliner than Rudi Wöhlman." Laughter. "His belated interest in his native city is very touching." More laughter. "We see the faces of old friends in this hall today, but we also see the faces of new friends, our guests. We did not invite them, but they came to see that we carried out an orderly, democratic meeting and then voted with different-colored ballots."

The crowd was warming.

"Who are these beloved Berliners? Adolph Schatz, whose Gestapo is so very busy writing down our names for future social calls . . . at night, of course. The kindly Russian NKVD, who have us surrounded so that peace will prevail. Deputy Mayor Heinz Eck, who fled to the Soviet Union and has now returned to give us his good advice. And we cannot help but feel the presence of Rudi Wöhlman, whose unseen hand guides us on the path of right. Berlin is fortunate to have so many who love her.

"Comrade Wöhlman wants clean and pretty store windows, but inside he is peddling the same old rotten tomatoes."

When Hanna Kirchner had finished her slashing attack, there was sustained cheering. When order was restored, the chairman called upon *Oberbürgermeister* Berthold Hollweg. He was still one of the grand old men of the party. Time and terror might have taken something from him, but his power was still there.

His eyes were red from sleeplessness and his voice so soft it forced an ethereal silence on the assemblage.

"I stand," he said slowly, "in favor of the Antifascist Front.We in the *Magistrat* have worked well together, all four parties. In these days, cooperation among us is essential, and this can be attained only by pulling together. And . . . we must be strong enough through such unity that never again will a Nazi madness take us over."

The rest of what Berthold Hollweg sai was hardly important. When a figure great made an acceptance so spiritless, it brought them all back to reality. Tears welled in many eyes. Truth was bitter, but truth was truth.

When Hollweg returned to his seat, the action-squad people stomped and whistled, but the rest of the hall was stunned.

"I call upon Ulrich Falkenstein."

He stopped for a second behind Hanna Kirchner, his hand squeezing her shoulder, and she could feel the emotion boiling within him. He stood at the rostrum for several moments, looking down like an angry Moses whose children had betrayed God. In that instant Sean O'Sullivan realized a giant was among them, and Nelson Goodfellow Bradbury knew that a moment of magic was happening.

"Berliners!" Ulrich Falkenstein said, in a way that hypnotized them. "Are we to hand over our freedom twice in our lifetime without raising a finger?"

"No!" someone shouted from the rear.

"No!" another voice cried.

"Does any man or woman in this room doubt what this referendum means?"

"No!"

"Berliners, if we do not stand, we deserve another Hitler!"

Men began standing around the room.

"We will not bend! We will not kneel! We will meet this test and the next and the next and the next! We will be free!"

The people in the hall were on their feet.

"Freedom!" he cried, from the depths of his being.

"Freedom!" responded the delegates.

"Those of you who stand for freedom will cast your vote now by following me from this hall!"

Hanna Kirchner was at his side. The two of them walked from the stage into a sea of aroused humanity. The SND and the action squads were dumb-struck at the sudden massive uprising.

A chant began as row after row emptied behind Ulrich and Hanna. "Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!"

Sean O'Sullivan shook his head. He looked out into the streets, where the chant rose to a new height.

"*Freiheit! Freiheit! Freiheit!*"

"Neal," General Hansen said, "we are pleased with the way free elections have gone in Hesse, Bavaria and Württemberg-Baden. I'd like to press for them in Berlin."

"There's a difference, sir. We have Russians to contend with here."

"The Constitution is ready to be handed down. Take a crack at it in the *Kommandatura*."

"Yes, sir."

Hazzard brought the matter up, expecting a stalling act from Trepovitch, at the next meeting. The Russian, to everyone's surprise, suggested elections at an early date in October.

Neal Hazzard was baffled. He went to O'Sullivan for advice.

"Sure the Russians want elections," Sean said. "They want them so they can entrench themselves."

"How do they figure they can win?"

"They're dealing to us with a stacked deck."

Sixty days before the election, People's Radio announced that all fruit and vege-

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tables for Berlin would be supplied by the benevolent Soviet Union. Under the auspices of the People's Proletariat Party, there was a display of free food such as had not been seen in years. Free People's Proletariat cigarettes were distributed at the factories.

The school system, under the management of Heinrich Hirsch, passed out free pencils stamped with the initials of the party and free notebooks carrying pictures of Marx, Lenin and Stalin, with suitable quotations. The children were lectured on how to instruct their parents to vote.

The specter grew ugly. Schatz's SND brazenly kidnapped and beat free-party candidates. The action squads grew bolder, stampeding free-party rallies inside the Western sectors.

Five weeks before the election a candidate of the Democratic Party from Köpenick Borough in the Soviet Sector disappeared. His body was found washed up on a shore of the Müggel Lake, several days later.

On the fifth day of September, a month before the elections, a new sound was heard by three million Berliners.

"This is RIAS calling. This is Radio in the American Sector. This is the voice of freedom."

The microphone was turned over to Ulrich Falkenstein, who began with his rallying cry, "Berliners!"

Operation Back Talk had begun.

Berlin was full of homecoming soldiers. Among their number was Gerd Falkenstein, Ernestine's and Hilde's brother, who had been wounded in Normandy and taken prisoner by the Americans.

"Gerd! Gerd is home!"

Ernestine fell into his arms, Hilde wept, and Bruno pulled a hand free and pumped it.

"Oh, God; oh, God!"

"Son! How did you find us?"

"The Ami Red Cross. They are very efficient. Look at you, Hilde! You are a woman!"

"Come in! Come in. Don't stand in the hall."

Gerd put down his worldly possessions, a single knapsack. They pulled him into the room and stood around him. He looked well: He was lean and a bit tan; his uniform was shabby but neat, and he wore new shoes.

"You look wonderful."

Gerd smiled. "If you must be a prisoner, by all means be a prisoner of the Amis. What has happened to our home? Was it bombed?"

"The Amis took it, but let's not talk of that now."

The meal was edible, enough to fill Gerd's stomach. They listened to his adventures. He admitted he was lucky. "It is a small miracle, but here we are all together again."

And then they settled down and Gerd recounted it all from the beginning. He told of the battles in North Africa, when they were winning, and of the collapse of the Low Countries and France before that. His hands drew images of the brilliant strategy, the hordes of *Panzers*, the fury of the *Luftwaffe*. Ernestine watched her father's eyes light as Gerd talked of the parade through the Arch of Triumph in Paris. He had not looked that way since before Stalingrad.

She felt herself sinking. After the first warmth of greeting, Gerd seemed distant, and his voice was filled with cynicism and arrogance.

"Our Uncle Ulrich is here in Berlin," Ernestine said. "He has been very good to us."

"And why not? He made us live with his shame for years."

"Things are different now. Uncle Ulrich is an important man."

"Strange," Gerd said. "We decent Germans end up living like this, or worse, like those poor devils down on the street. And the traitors are given our country."

Bruno listened to his son with a warm glow. It was music he had not heard for so long.

October 20, 1946, was a misery of cold and drizzle. For the first time in a decade Berliners went to the polls. Mile-long lines of ragged humanity huddled for warmth against the first real bites of winter. Ballot boxes were crammed to elect the new Assembly of 130 members.

At dawn of the next day, Berlin was awakened by a now familiar voice:

"This is RIAS calling. The results of yesterday's election are as follows. The Democratic Party, 1,015,000 ballots, giving them sixty-three Assembly seats with forty-nine percent of the vote.

"The Christian Party was second, with over 460,000 ballots, winning twenty-nine Assembly seats and receiving twenty-two percent of the vote.

"Third, the Communists, under the name of People's Proletariat, received 400,000 ballots, twenty-six Assembly seats, and nineteen percent of the vote.

"The Conservative Party won the balance of twelve seats with 195,000 ballots constituting nine percent of the vote.

"The free parties have swept the election with a staggering combination of almost eighty-one percent."

The winter of 1946–47 was the coldest in the history of Europe, twenty and thirty below zero. People froze to death by the dozens, helplessly covered with rags. Infants died; the water supply froze; filth bred epidemic; rampages of pneumonia and t.b. swept the city, along with a diphtheria epidemic. Gonorrhea and syphilis had long ago found a home in the city.

Berlin was an icebox with bare shelves. Emergency soup kitchens were set up to stave off starvation. People were driven from the heatless shells of buildings into the underground and to bomb shelters.

In a desperation measure, the *Kommandatura* gave permission for Berliners to cut down their forests for use as firewood. This became the most terrible symbol of the defeat. They trudged from their hovels in the face of a frigid death to gather armloads of kindling. In the Western sectors, the Grunewald and Tegel forests heard the ring of the ax, as did the woods bordering the medieval section of the city at Spandau. In the Russian Sector the great State Forest on the Müggel Lake toppled to the same fate.

When Bruno Falkenstein's family were not at work they huddled around a wood-burning kitchen stove, or lay bundled beneath stacks of covering.

Ernestine was able to use her former legal training in obtaining a position in the *Magistrat* in the reorganization of the laws and courts. She worked for American lawyers in the military government; her job kept her out of the physical cold a part of the day. At home, she tried in vain to bring her family back together. Hildegaard preyed on her mind always. Hilde remained a regular at the Paris Cabaret, taking that sordid life as against the risks of the bitter weather and life outside. Hilde contracted gonorrhea, and had an abortion. Ernestine saw the arrogance fade from her sister. Hilde was the chattel of Fritz Stumpf, yet she approached her twenty-first birthday with much of her early beauty.

Ernestine was unable to bear it any longer. Talks with Hilde had no effect. She went to her mother.

"I have suspected Hilde's activities for a long time," Herta Falkenstein said.

"Why in the name of God haven't you done something?" Ernestine demanded.

"I tried to speak to her, but she will admit to nothing. Besides, in these times who is to say she is wrong? It will all pass in a few years."

"Mother, we must do something for Hilde now. We can't wait. She must be sent out of Berlin."

"That is not possible without your father knowing why."

"Of course, he will be told."

Herta stood fast. "Your father must not know. He has enough troubles."

When Bruno did finally discover what sort of life Hilde was leading, there was a terrible scene.

Hilde's screams brought Ernestine running up the stairs, past the open doors of the neighbors. She broke into the room. Her mother was at the table, head buried, and weeping, and her brother Gerd stood immobile in a corner.

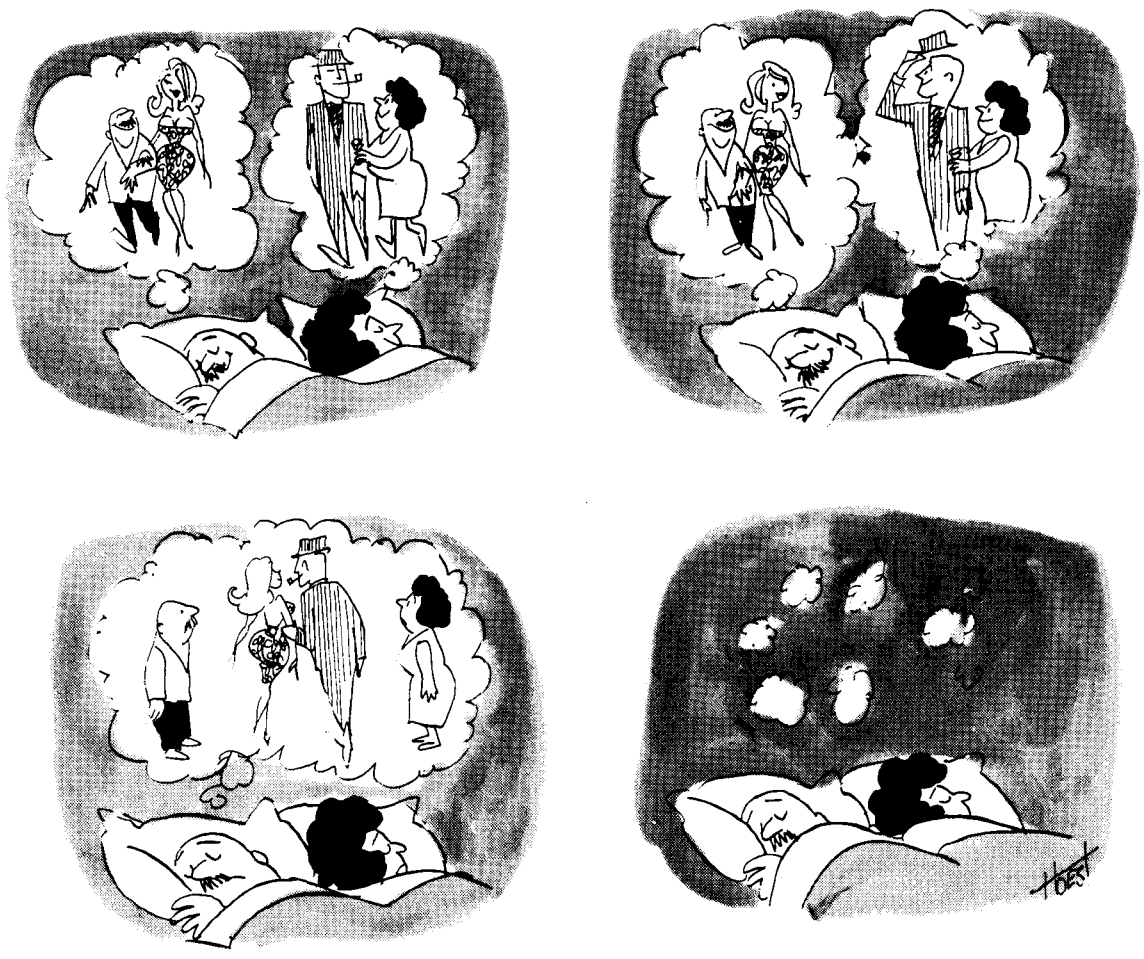
Hildegaard cringed on the floor. Bruno stood above her, flailing both fists on her back, as though he were wielding a sledge hammer.

"Pig! Slut!"

The veins of his neck throbbed with rushing blood. His color was as purple as his rage, and sweat poured from his face. He kicked his daughter in the ribs. "Pig! Pig! Pig!"

Hildegaard shrieked. As Ernestine tried to get to her, Gerd blocked her way and grabbed her arms. "Leave him alone."

She tore out of her brother's grip and flung herself on the floor as a shield. Bruno gasped, reeled around the room, fell onto his cot, and groaned between curses.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Shhh . . . shhh. . . . He won't touch you any more. . . . Ernestine is here. . . . Ernestine is here. . . ."

She struggled to her feet and got Hilde upright somehow. Gerd walked toward them, menacingly. Ernestine backed Hilde into a corner and stood between them.

Gerd stopped and smiled cruelly.

"Oh, God in heaven!" Ernestine cried in anguish. "Look at what has become of us!" She turned to her beaten sister, took off her own coat and put it over Hilde's shoulders, and wiped at the blood spurting from the girl's nose and mouth. She held her tightly in her own thin arms and braced her to walk slowly from the room.

Her mother looked up. "Where are you taking her?"

"Away from here! Away from you!"

"I forbid it!" Bruno rasped. "I forbid it!"

They continued toward the door. "Obey your father!" the mother commanded.

"I forbid! I forbid!"

"Go to hell, Father," Ernestine said.

"I won't stand for you to talk to Father like that!" Gerd roared.

"My father," Ernestine whispered. She spat on the floor.

"Stop them! I demand it! Stop them!"

Gerd blocked the doorway. He saw in Ernestine's eyes something more intense than the frenzy of a Nazi mob, more bitter than enemy soldier to enemy soldier. He stepped aside. "Let the little whore go."

Ulrich Falkenstein set his book down, shuffling to the door in response to the urgent knocking.

"My God!" he cried at the sight of Hildegaard.

Ernestine held her hands open desperately. "We have been walking for hours all over Berlin. It is cold. We have no place to go. She is sick. Please help us."

Ulrich stood at the door of the bedroom, watching Ernestine at her sister's bedside. She was like an angel, speaking softly, giving warmth.

Hilde's cheekbone had been fractured and several ribs broken. Her face was puffed and discolored, but the pain was now blocked by a wall of drugs.

"Ernestine. You are so good! I love you. Oh, Ernestine . . . you are all that is left of us that is decent."

"Please rest."

"You tried to tell me what a fool I was."

"Don't go back there—ever! I'll get you out of Berlin. I swear it!"

"Oh, God, Erna. I'd give anything, anything. . . ."

Hilde's eyelids became heavy, and she fell asleep begging her sister not to leave her. Ernestine held her hand for an hour, and at last Ulrich took her back to his study.

She painfully told her uncle the story of Hilde's downfall. "I am the worst of them all," she said. "I did not help her. But I wonder, Uncle, do we deserve better?" And then Ernestine began to cry softly. "I have turned on my own father."

She felt Ulrich's hand on her shoulder. "It is high time some German sons and daughters have done that," he said.

"There is good in Hilde. I swear I'll do anything if she is given another chance."

"First, she must mend. And then she will leave Berlin. There are friends in the Western zones who will take her."

"You are so kind," she said.

"And you, my child, what of you? You cannot go back there."

"I don't know."

"This is a lonesome place for an old man," he said.

She looked up at the scholarly, slovenly room.

"Would you share this place with me, Ernestine?"

Perhaps, she thought, I can help him too. We do need each other.

Blessing covered the door opening with his hulk, leaned against the frame and chewed on a strip of beef jerky, which his wife Lil always sent in the packages. Bill Bolinski finished packing, wordlessly.

Bo put the last three khaki shirts in a battered canvas officer's bag, buckled it shut, set it alongside his foot locker and looked about the room.

"I guess that's everything," he said, looking at his watch. Two hours to train time. Bo sat on the locker and lit a cigarette. His unhappiness was apparent. "We've been together a long time, Bless. The major and you and me."

"We're all that's left of the team," Bless said.

"The captains and the kings depart."

Bo had received an excellent offer from a large and important law firm in Chicago. Its lawyers and most of its clients were Polish-Americans. At the end of the war the firm became flooded by those trying to reestablish contact with lost relatives or to claim lost fortunes.

It was a natural situation for Bill Bolinski. He was a good lawyer, experienced in displaced-persons work; he spoke fluent Polish, was an expert on indemnification and restitutions, and had built up valuable contacts. It was the time and place for a young man to go far.

Bo had sent Colonel O'Sullivan his request to resign from the Army. In a few months he would have been eligible for discharge anyway, and Sean had pushed it through.

"It's going to be a funny feeling to see a city not wrecked by bombs, and look at people who aren't hungry."

A month after Bill Bolinski left for the States, Shenandoah Blessing, now a captain, stood at dockside at Bremerhaven in the British Zone as the first shipload of American wives and children arrived through a North Sea mist.

There was much weeping and embracing on the dock. Lil and the two kids dragged down the gangplank, weary from the voyage. They stood and looked at each other.

"Hi, Bless," she said.

"Hi, Lil."

He scooped up his sons and they hugged him and said hello daddy and he said my God, they've grown, and the four of them walked slowly and tightly together for the shed.

The tragic strains of Beethoven's *Pathétique* sonata reached Sean's ears as he approached the door to Ulrich Falkenstein's flat in Kreuzberg. He stopped for a moment, listened and then rang the bell. The music inside stopped.

"Colonel O'Sullivan?" Ernestine asked.

"Yes."

"Please come in. I am Ernestine, Herr Falkenstein's niece. My uncle telephoned to say he would be a few minutes late."

She led him into a room that had been made cozy, which served as both living room and Ulrich's study.

"Could I prepare you some tea?"

"No, thank you."

The bookshelves sagged under hundreds of volumes. Sean walked along and read the titles in German, French, English. He found himself at a row containing Jefferson, Paine and Thoreau. "Quite an assortment."

"He reads incessantly. He is trying to make up for those years he lost in the Schwabenwald concentration camp."

Her words struck Sean as rather strai He thought about it for a moment, a then discovered that in all the time he had been in Germany he had never heard a German before mention the name of a concentration camp in casual conversation.

He stopped at the piano, and hit a few notes in a vain effort to read the music. "You must play very well," he said.

"Gallant but not true, Colonel. I play poorly. Nonetheless, it is the first time in years I have had either an opportunity or the atmosphere."

Sean turned to look at her. He had noticed her graceful movement from the moment she answered the door. The fingers that had been playing the piano were long and artful, but had also known hard work. Her face was particularly elegant, with flawless skin set off by deep, sorrowful, expressive eyes. Her voice was unusually soft and without Germanic abruptness. Ernestine began to fidget.

Sean ended the tour.

"Are you sure?" she asked, pointing to an array of richly colored liqueurs in cut-crystal bottles on the coffee table. He sat on the opposite end of the couch and said that she could give him an apricot brandy.

Ernestine opened a tin. "This is Lübeck flat cake. The wife of an old friend of my uncle sends us one each month. You will find it quite different."

He took a bite and agreed.

Ernestine looked at him from the corners of her eyes, and was unable to cor tain a small giggle. "So you are Major- I'm sorry—*Colonel* O'Sullivan."

"That's me."

"Of course, my Uncle Ulrich has spoken of you innumerable times. I was expecting someone quite different."

"How's that?"

"Well, I saw you as much older, and . . ."

"And?"

"You won't be offended?"

"Promise."

"Rather stern, you know, like a Prussian."

"I'm glad you don't find me like a Prussian."

Ernestine jumped to her feet at the sound of the door opening. Ulrich Falkenstein puffed into the room with apologies. She took his coat, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and chastised him for walking so hard. She settled him in a chair, and when she was certain he was comfortable, she took her leave.

Ulrich sipped his tea. "She babies me, that girl. It is such a comfort having her. . . . Congratulations on your promotion."

"Thank you."

"What extraordinary calamity brings you into a German home?"

Sean smiled. "Right to the point? It's not pleasant news. We have conclusive evidence that your distinguished *Oberbürgermeister*, Berthold Hollweg, is in complete collaboration with the Russians."

Falkenstein set his tea down, digest Sean's words. "All of us in the Den cratic Party know he is not the same ma he once was. We also know of the pressure he has been under. Hollweg has been my friend for decades, since we were boys. Weak, yes. Movable, yes. But collaboration—never, never."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I understand the Mets already have an eye on him."

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"It's in his own handwriting, Herr Falkenstein."

Falkenstein's face showed astonishment. He did not believe it.

"Not only does he obey Rudi Wöhlman's orders," Sean continued, "but there are also some interesting numbered bank accounts in Switzerland."

"No!"

"I'm sorry, sir. It is absolutely conclusive."

"What do you want of me?"

"When the exact moment is ripe, your own people have got to confront him with the charges."

"You do it! You do it in the *Kommandatura*."

"No. You have to do it as an internal affair."

"Very well," Ulrich said in defeat. "When is the lynching to take place?"

"When the moment is correct for a coup—not before, not after."

Their words had gotten beyond the room. Ernestine stared angrily at Sean. He looked from one to the other and said a terse good night.

In the *Kommandatura* the chess game went on. Neal Hazzard became quite a player. He made a move to break the Communist control of the Labor Front.

Hazzard dropped his bomb with a RIAS radio announcement that a new union had been authorized in the American Sector.

"Illegal!" Brigadier Trepovitch bellowed. "The rules clearly state that the Labor Front is the only legal organization to be recognized! You have imported American labor thugs, hirelings and goon squads to terrorize the workers and rob them of their freedom."

"The Constitution governing the Labor Front as passed by this *Kommandatura* calls for elections of the executive every year," Hazzard answered. "As of now, elections are eight months, two weeks, four days and six hours overdue because of General Trepovitch's delaying tactics. Now, either we're going to have an election, or the new union I have authorized will begin functioning. It's up to you, General."

Trepovitch had to agree to an election.

It was the city elections of 1946 all over again, beginning with a Communist fanfare to the effect that all workers in the Russian Sector would henceforth receive a free hot meal at midday. The result, nevertheless, was another monumental defeat for the Communists.

The Russians reacted with a display of raw terror never seen before in the occupation. On a single night, the SND and the NKVD rounded up 400 German technicians living in the Russian Sector, herded them aboard a train, locked them in and shipped them to the Soviet Union.

Commissar V. V. Azov's ulcers flared when Captain Brusilov arrived from Moscow. Despite his inconspicuous rank, the captain was a personal courier of Stalin. Azov was aware that Captain Brusilov was never dispatched for the purpose of passing out medals. His entry into Berlin just before the foreign ministers' conference was no accident.

In his career, Azov had known some of Stalin's other couriers. When he was Sovietizing the Ukraine, a word from one of them could set off a hundred thousand deportations. During the purges, a message often sealed the doom of a marshal of the Red Army or a ranking member of the Politburo.

The night before he was to confer with Brusilov, V. V. Azov displayed open fear that only Madame Azov was aware of. He told his wife that he was growing old and had served faithfully for nearly four decades. Had he not made a Soviet state out of the Russian Zone of Germany? Certainly Stalin could not find fault about that. Yet, he knew Comrade Stalin could find fault without apparent reason. Had he fallen from favor? What was his crime? He cursed General Hansen and those British and American officers for making his troubles. Yet he had pushed them as far as Moscow had permitted.

NKVD spies all around him watched his every move, monitored his words, speculated on his thoughts. Had they detected his secret yearning for peace? Had they reported to Stalin?

The next morning Captain Brusilov admonished him for having allowed the Soviet Union to get tricked into the labor election. "It is obvious," Brusilov said, "the German people don't know what is good for them, so their votes are meaningless. Otherwise, they would never have allowed Hitler."

Azov was further berated for failure to drive the West out of Berlin, but as Brusilov spoke he revealed that there was further use for the commissar. Azov breathed easier, knowing he would live a while longer.

"Our mission is to collapse the morale of the West before the foreign ministers' conference next month. The Western ministers must arrive in Berlin realizing that it is a Soviet city."

Any last pretenses for the benefit of the German people that four-power unity remained were destroyed by a massive assault on the West, with Hazzard and Hansen coming in for the heaviest battering. The People's Radio and the Russian newspapers spearheaded the drive with the planting of rumors and the hurling of falsehoods. Stories were printed about their "sordid" past and their current secret work on behalf of the rebirth of Nazism. Ugly cartoons depicting them as savages and animals found a daily place on the editorial pages.

In the Soviet Sector of Berlin thousands upon thousands of signs covered the walls. Bombed-out buildings wore red banners reading: THIS BUILDING WAS DESTROYED BY AMERICAN BOMBS. IT MUST NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN.

The newspapers carried front-page stories and photographs of lynchings in the American South, child labor in factories, Chicago gangster murders, race riots, skid-row bums, labor strife, Hollywood orgies, poverty-stricken Oklahoma farmers.

The stage was elaborately set in Berlin for a move on the West before the foreign ministers' conference. That move was an audacious attempt by the Russians to seize the Railroad Administration Building in the American Sector.

It failed.

A corporal ushered Ernestine into Colonel O'Sullivan's office.

"Won't you have a seat?" Sean said.

"Thank you. And thank you for seeing me."

"What can I do for you?"

"As you might have suspected, it regards my Uncle Ulrich. This information on Berthold Hollweg has come to him as a great shock. They have been friends for decades. The thought of having Hollweg brought up on charges and thrown out of the Democratic Party is more than he can bear."

"Your uncle has a great capacity for absorbing punishment. He understands his duty as clear-cut."

Ernestine fumbled with her handbag. "Can't someone else bring the charges? They are the same no matter who makes them."

"We've been through all that, *Fräulein*."

"There is something else. I know you're going to want him to become *Oberbürgermeister* of Berlin."

"That's right. He should have been elected instead of Hollweg in the first place. We were trying to accommodate the Russians. We're not so anxious to do that any more."

"Perhaps I am not making myself clear, Colonel. He is not a young man, nor is he in good health. I fear that this burden might be too much for him."

"No one has the stature of Ulrich Falkenstein."

"But, Colonel," Ernestine persisted, "he may not have it left in him to give. He has done enough and deserves a few years of peace."

"Some men are not born for peace."

"My uncle is very, very tired. This will kill him. Let him continue as the spiritual head of the party, but find a younger and more vigorous man and begin to groom him," she pleaded.

Sean shook his head. "History chooses people. It is never the other way around, *Fräulein*. He is the man who can rally Berlin. Each day here the battle becomes broader and clearer. Your uncle is a general who must assume his command. Like all soldiers, we are expendable if God wills it."

"I'll fight you," she said.

"Mind if I come in?"

Ernestine looked up from her desk as Sean closed the door behind him. She was too surprised to speak but showed that she was unforgiving.

"I had some documents to deliver to Judge Cohen," he said, referring to one of the American jurists in Military Government. "I thought I might drop in. So this is where you work."

The office was a clutter of law texts. Ernestine was working on translations of British and American volumes dealing with lower-court appeals.

"As a matter of fact," Sean continued, "I am glad this opportunity came up, because I've been wanting to speak to you about our last meeting. *Fräulein*, my choice of words showed a lot of bad manners and bad taste."

Ernestine watched his discomfort, but even his attempt to apologize was being carefully phrased. The colonel did not say he was sorry, had spoken untruthfully or that he had changed his mind.

"What I should have said was that your uncle came back to Berlin out of choice and knowing how great his chore would be. But a long time before that he had made up his mind that the things he believed in were far more important than his own being. I believe that if you attempted to dissuade him from what he knows he must do, he would reject your plea."

"You are right, Colonel O'Sullivan. He has rejected my plea."

"I am sorry for your sake, because I understand how much you love him."

"It is kind of you to make this gesture. Now please leave my office, and please leave me alone."

A few days before the foreign ministers' conference in Berlin, the Truman Doctrine was declared, stating that any

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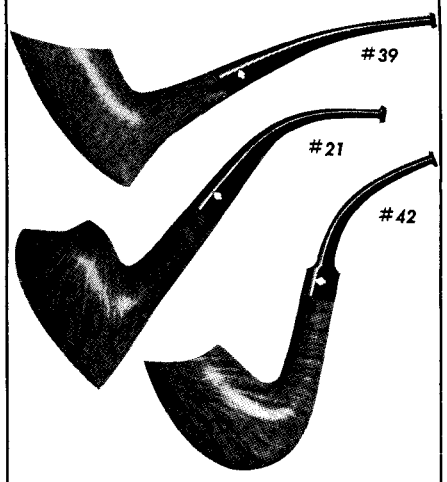

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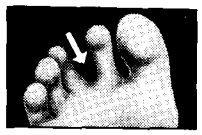

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Armageddon

further attempt to expand Communism would be met with force.

From the end of the war there had been innumerable meetings of heads of state and their deputies in Washington and London, Moscow and Paris—conferences designed to ease the growing antagonism between the Soviet Union and her former allies. Now it came Berlin's turn as the site to attempt a settlement for Germany.

The day the delegates arrived in Berlin, the Soviet Union announced it was holding war games, and the sky grew black with fighter planes. They buzzed the incoming transports menacingly.

Hansen called Lt. Gen. Barney Root, the USAFE commander in Wiesbaden. The American Secretary of State landed at Tempelhof under an escort of the new jet fighters, followed by other squadrons flying in formations spelling out the letters "USA." The Soviet planes cleared the corridors.

It was on this note of hostility and tension that the Berlin Conference of Foreign Ministers convened.

At the Napoleon Quarters, French headquarters, the important Committee on Reparations met, with General Hansen heading the American delegation. His old adversary from the Supreme German Council, Marshal Alexei Popov, sat on the far side of the U-shaped table.

The first session was not more than a half hour old when Marshal Popov set down the Russian reparations demand of ten billion dollars from the Western zones from current production. When Popov finished, the other delegates were almost stunned.

Gen. Andrew Jackson Hansen took off his glasses, folded his hands and looked straight at Popov. "My government is going to reject your demands," he began bluntly. "Let me explain our position, Marshal. The United States is not going to make any further reparations until you agree on German iron production. The ten billion dollars you are now asking for could well be the entire output of German industry. America is in Germany for the purpose of allowing the Germans to establish a trade balance so they can take care of themselves."

"To build for another war!"

"Now, you just wait a minute. I'm not finished. My country is pouring hundreds of millions into Germany. Your country is taking hundreds of millions out. What are you after? A direct payment from Washington to Moscow?"

Popov's face reddened.

Hansen continued firmly: "We want the zone borders opened and Germany run as a single economic unit. You've avoided this issue for two years. Furthermore, we want an accounting on how much the Soviet Union has already taken out of Germany."

Popov tried to interrupt.

"I haven't finished yet. The Soviet Union has seized German lands with a tax valuation of twelve billion dollars. It has taken land from Poland with a tax valuation of two billion dollars. The question is: How many times are you going to try to collect the same ten billion dollars?"

Popov could hold still no longer. "It is the Soviet Union who suffered at the hands of the Hitler aggressors, and the Soviet Union which is leading the German people to peace!"

"Will you or will you not give us an accounting of what you have taken out of Germany?"

"I see no sense in continuing this meeting." Without further ado, Marshal Popov and his staff walked out.

The Berlin Conference ended with the United States, Britain, France, Holland, Luxembourg and Belgium jointly declaring that the three Western zones of Germany should coordinate economic policies and, further, that steps be taken to draft a constitution for a German Republic.

Europe was weary. The horrible winter of 1946–47 had brought a final collapse of industry and agriculture. People were undernourished, and machines were destroyed or obsolete. The skilled-labor force had been depleted. The farms lay in ruins; the mines did not run; the will of the people to survive was failing.

Although the Truman Doctrine did much to stop the Communist take-overs, something more was needed. A monumental program of aid to Europe was envisioned by a wise old soldier who had ascended to the secretaryship of state and knew that guns were not enough. The problem was now to get the Marshall Plan through the Congress before it was too late. America was coming of age. The age of her seclusion was done.

The tired nations of Europe were asked to convene in Paris and make their needs known, as the machinery of Congress worked toward enactment of the law.

Ernestine had attended a concert at Amerika Haus, as the guest of Sean O'Sullivan. Now she slipped quietly into her uncle's apartment. The light was on in the living room.

"How was the evening?" Ulrich asked.

"The concert was lovely."

"And the colonel?"

"Quite civilized. In fact, he can be quite charming."

"All O'Sullivan and I ever talked about was good Germans and bad Germans."

"We avoided that."

Ernestine brewed some tea and felt uncomfortable with her uncle's obvious cynicism.

"Ernestine, darling," he said, "Colonel O'Sullivan has had to set aside some deep feelings about the Germans to be seen with you."

"Under it all, he is just a human being. He was bound to become lonely. We all become lonely, Uncle."

"And you? I have never seen you look so radiant as when you came in just now."

"I did enjoy the evening."

"And you will see him again?"

"Perhaps."

In mid-February of 1948, Col. Igor Karlovy went to Potsdam to attend an urgent, top-secret meeting held in a mansion hidden in the woods. The assembled were Commissar V. V. Azov, Russian Commandant Nikolai Trepovitch, Marshal Alexei Popov, an Air Force Intelligence colonel from Moscow, a colonel general attached to Stalin, a member of the Politburo, a top official of the NKVD—and the mysterious emissary, Captain Brusilov.

Karlovy needed no notes as he addressed this powerful group. He was both an Air Force officer and an engineer, and he had studied his subject thoroughly.

"Attempts at major air transport of supplies have usually fallen short." He outlined the attempt to supply Leningrad by air, which had been a primitive operation and a failure.

"In the spring of 1944, Imphal in the state of Manipur in the India-Burma area was supplied from the air by the American Troop Carrier Command to the extent of twenty thousand tons. It is estimated that a combined force of fifty thousand British and Indian troops were sustained for three months. Also, th *Luftwaffe* backed up the parachute landings on Crete with an air-supply operation. However, these two cases are of a military tactical nature for an immediate objective.

"In the large picture, the German attempt to air-supply Stalingrad ended in fiasco. All they needed, logistically speaking, was three hundred tons of matériel a day.

"History shows that the one great air-supply operation which succeeded was conducted by the Americans, again in the India-China Theater. From the Assam Valley, the Bengal Valley and the Calcutta area their transports flew over the Himalayan Mountains, landing at some nine airfields in China in the Chengtu and Kunming areas. They called it jumping the Hump, or some such. This operation, which lasted from the end of 1942 to the end of 1945, achieved notable results with a major cargo of oil and gasoline."

Karlovy went into great detail, showing that the Hump airlift had deposited as much as 70,000 tons of matériel a month in China, which called for brilliant operational and logistical support, skillful and courageous flying. "However," he concluded, "this operation does not parallel the problems of supplying a city the size of Western Berlin and its two million civilians."

The main cargo, Karlovy rationalized, would have to be coal, and no one knew how to fly coal. In the Hump they had had nine fields to land on and innumerable choices of routes. Flying the Berlin air corridor would call for a precision never achieved in aviation history, and there was only Tempelhof in Berlin to land at.

A member of the Moscow group spoke. "Comrade Colonel, is it your opinion it cannot be done?"

"On a purely mathematical basis, one would have to say the Americans and British have sufficient equipment, air crews, economic reserve and skills. In theory—mathematical theory—it is possible."

"Then, Comrade Colonel, it is your opinion they can succeed?"

"Only in theory. There are too many imponderables. I can present you with the mathematical figures and then those things which detract from the figures."

"Such as?"

"A calculation must be made of American public reaction and determination to go through with such an operation."

"Calculations of this sort will be made by our political experts," V. V. Azov said testily, trying to return Igor to the statistical end of the business.

Karlovy would not be stampeded by the commissar. "You must calculate if the Americans are willing to commit their global air-transport power, MATS, into a single operation."

Marshal Popov, from earlier meetings, knew this was a key question. Would the Americans dare make themselves vulnerable elsewhere?

"The entire strength of the United States," Karlovy continued, "must be put behind this effort. As for the British, they may be able to deliver a quarter of the tonnage. They are short of crews and aircraft, and in a weak economic position."

Karlovy got down to bare facts. The minimum requirements for sustaining the barest level of existence would make this

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an undertaking unknown in history. It was not merely a question of the number of craft committed, but the number of engines in reserve, the number of trucks on the ground, and the number of crews. He estimated the supply of aviation fuel alone would demand a fleet of tankers.

In theory, a craft carrying ten tons must land, unload at Tempelhof Airdrome, and be on the way back to the Western zones every eleven minutes, twenty-four hours a day, day and night.

"In the winter months, the weather should defeat this operation. Beginning with autumn fogs, the weather can be below flying minimums sixty to eighty percent of the time. The best German weather is worse than the worst American weather in the winter. You can depend on Berlin to be shut down fifty percent of the time."

From his own studies at Air Safety with the Americans, Karlovy knew their rigid standards. In bad weather the stacks of planes would pile up over Berlin, unable to land. It would result in chaos.

"And I must say, comrades, the cost would be staggering, even for the Americans. It would run to millions every day."

The meeting went on for hours. Every eventuality was discussed.

That night the Moscow group and Captain Brusilov departed with the opinion: *It is impossible for the West to supply Berlin by air.*

On March 20, 1948, Marshal Popov staged a final walkout from the Supreme German Council.

The tension in Berlin was like that brief lull between the time an air-raid siren stops and the first bomb falls. In April of 1948 there began a systematic harassment of German civilians traveling in and out of Berlin. The rail lines and highways were entirely within Russian-held territory. After getting away with the pressure on the Germans, Trepovitch ordered harassment of the American trains which ran personnel, mail and supplies to and from the zone. Each train leaving Berlin was now forced to submit to tedious inspections. On the autobahn, trucks were compelled to submit manifests, and their cargo was inspected carefully. Soviet checkpoints made these inspections last for hours, lining up hundreds of vehicles waiting for clearance.

By mid-April the American garrison began to feel the pinch. General Hansen phoned the USAFE commander, Barney Root, at Air Force Headquarters in Wiesbaden.

"We're going to need supplies flown in to take care of the garrison."

"How much do you figure?"

"Eighty tons a day."

"Eighty tons! Hell, all we've got around here are a couple dozen old C-47's. They can only handle about four tons a flight. Let me see what we can scratch up. Send us a list of requirements and we'll get it to you somehow."

Barney Root was able to locate a few C-54's in Italy and the Middle East. These four-engine craft had a ten-ton capacity. Crews were called in from bases in England, and two days after Hansen's call the first of them touched down on the runway at Tempelhof. The West was having trouble getting in enough supplies just for their own garrisons. The greater task of supplying two million people needing thousands of tons daily was beyond comprehension.

Sean helped Ernestine into her coat, took her arm and led her outside to the old Horch sedan.

"What time does the concert start, Colonel?"

"I have a confession, *Fräulein* Falkenstein. I lured you out tonight under false pretenses."

"So?"

"We have met four times. One piano recital, one dramatic reading—of Goethe, no less—one museum exhibition and one opening of a play. The way I look at it is this: There is only so much culture a man can absorb."

"And what do you have in mind, sir?"

"A table at a nice French restaurant on the Tegeler Lake. Are you angry?"

"As a matter of fact, there is only so much culture a *woman* can absorb."

In the French Sector, the Jungfernheide and the Tegel forests surrounded the Tegeler Lake. At the lake's edge the French Officers' Club operated a lovely restaurant for occupation forces.

It was that kind of warm and balmy night that, with the freshness of the woods, made Berliners boast about their rare brand of air. Their table was ready on the outside terrace.

"What a lovely idea," she said.

The menu was a bit on the thin side, but the French could do wonderful things with sauces, even over Rhine River eel. Fortunately, there was no shortage of champagne.

He raised his glass. "To our first noncultural affair."

Their other encounters had given way to a rising number of long silent spells, lingering glances, and the impulse to touch each other. In this setting, both of them knew that these feelings had to find their way through. It became a moment of both anticipation and fear.

She reached over and took his plate. "Here, let me cut that for you. Only an old eel *Fresser* can do it properly."

Sean watched her movements as she made thin, true slices down the middle of the fish and removed the backbone. She did everything delicately.

They were conscious of their own silence. They drank and watched the lake, and were annoyed by the intrusions of the waiter. Sean tipped the last of the bottle into her glass.

"*Prosit!*" she said.

Sean ordered another bottle of champagne.

Ernestine giggled. "I should have warned you. It does not take much to make me tipsy."

Her eyes shone and she was radiant. The barriers were tumbling.

Behind them the musicians switched from French music to a German medley. Ernestine hummed, then sang, and her voice was sweet. She remembered that she had not sung for years and years. "You are a pretty man . . . yes, you are a pretty man. . . . That is better, Colonel. . . . You do have such a nice smile when you use it."

Sean took her hand. "I am very glad we have decided to become friends."

"May I have some more champagne?"

"I don't want to give you a hangover on our first noncultural meeting."

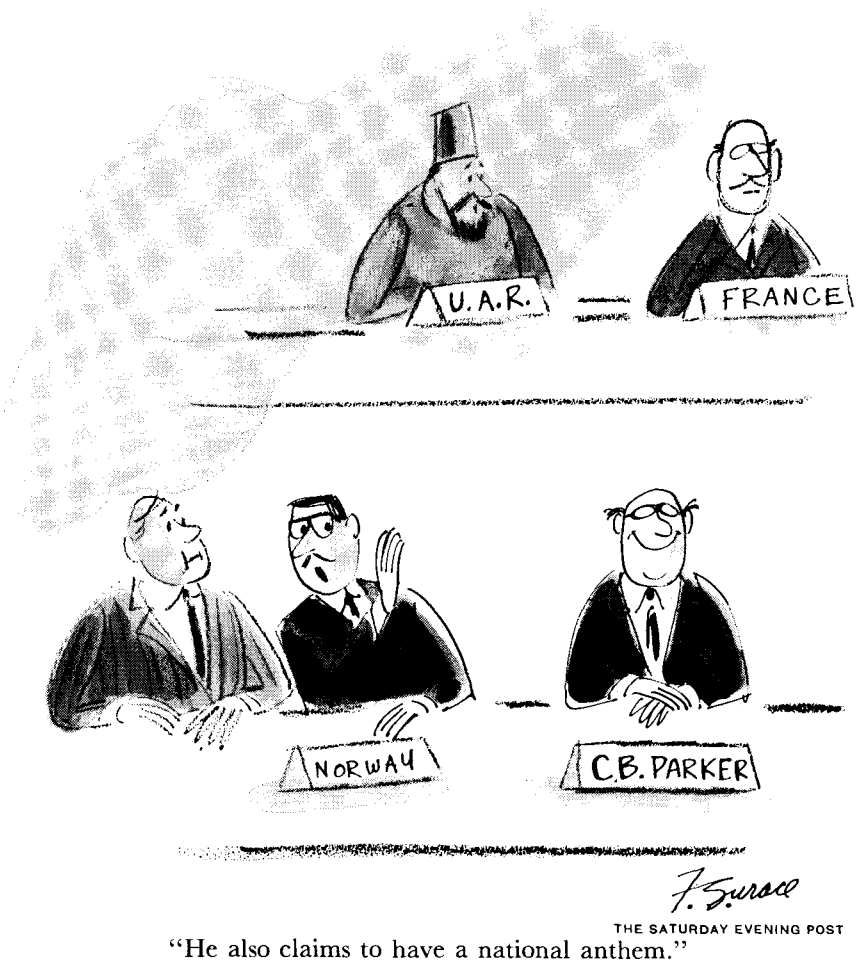
"I wish to get utterly drunk. I have been prim and proper for six hundred years. I am going to kick off my shoes, and wade into the lake and make you carry me to the car. . . ."

Sean poured her another glass.

She sipped long and sighed deeply. "Oh, Lord, it is lovely here. It hasn't been so lovely for so long."

"To a lovely friendship," he said, raising his glass to her.

The President of the United States had signed into law the European Recovery Program. The weary, the hungry, the frightened were told that the Marshall Plan would bring them tractors and butter and hope. It was a light to rekindle the flame of freedom.



"He also claims to have a national anthem."

In June the Western powers jointly announced a sweeping currency reform. New currency, called B marks, would be issued.

Marshal Alexei Popov made an extraordinary proclamation:

"The conditions under which the West was invited to Berlin no longer exist. Because of broken Western treaties their presence in Berlin has become illegal. Berlin is geographically, economically and historically part of the Soviet Zone of occupation. Four-power occupation is hereby ruled null and void."

"Sean," General Hansen said, "you know Ulrich Falkenstein better than any of us. Shoving our currency in against the Russians' isn't going to be enough. We have to get an expression from the Berliners on where they stand. We need the B marks approved by the Assembly. Can Falkenstein do it?"

If not Falkenstein, then no one, Sean thought, but it would be difficult. The City Hall sat inside the Russian Sector. The free assemblymen would be in real danger.

"It will be tough," Sean said. "But we can try him. And I think it would be a good idea if you came with me."

When they were seated in Falkenstein's study, General Hansen turned to Sean. "You want to kick it off, Sean?" he asked.

"Herr Falkenstein, we have flown in five hundred million marks of the new currency. It is exactly the same as that already in the zone except it is stamped with a B. We are prepared to start disbursing it to the banks in our sectors within an hour."

Well, well, well, Falkenstein thought. They were answering the challenge with the strongest indication yet of a determination to remain in Berlin. "I am certain you have examined the consequences."

"Any consequence is better than handing them the city."

"After we make our announcement, we want the Berlin Assembly to pass a resolution favoring our B marks," General Hansen said.

Falkenstein's mind ran in practical channels. Would he be able to hold his people together and push a vote through in the Russian Sector? Yet, the Americans and British were committing themselves to risk, too, for the first time.

The alternative? Give the city to Rudi Wöhlman, the Communist leader. How long would it last? As long as Prague? As long as Warsaw?

"There is a question I am forced to ask," General Hansen said. "Knowing what might happen, are the people of this city going to hold?"

Ulrich looked directly at the American military governor. "You have my word, sir, that so long as the American garrison remains in Berlin, the people will stand with you."

Despite the violent efforts of the Russians, the Berlin Assembly voted to authorize the issuing of the Western B marks.

Nikolai Trepovitch led his staff from the *Kommandatura*, and the flag of the Soviet Union was lowered from the staff in front of the building, never to be raised again.

Berlin was firmly blockaded by land and sea. The Russian attempt to starve the two million Berliners into submission had begun.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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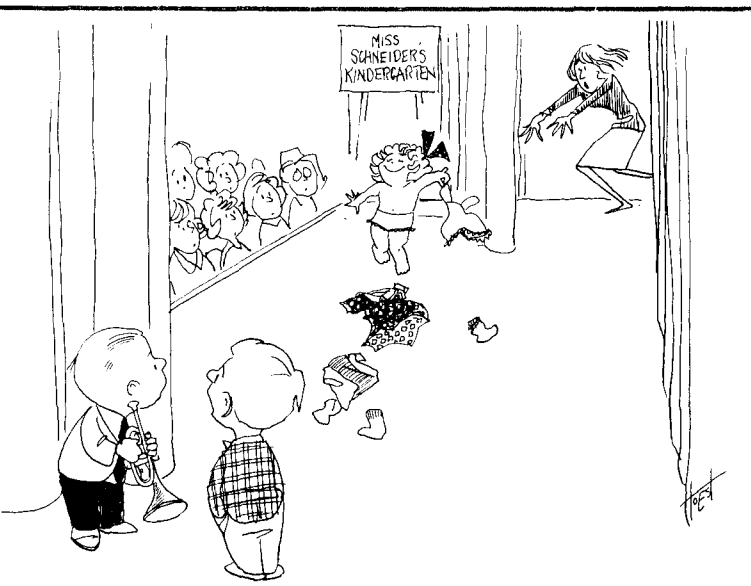
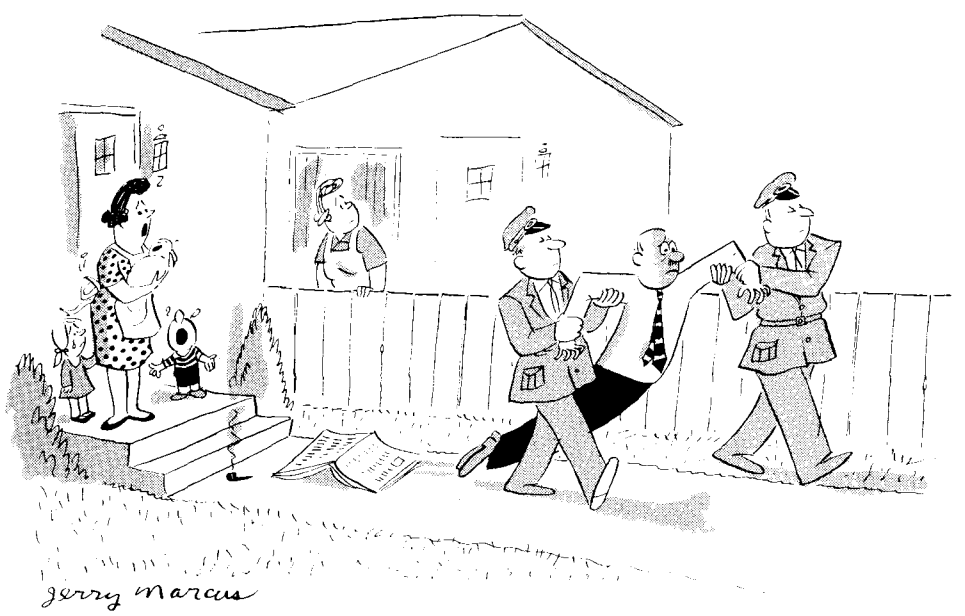
post scripts

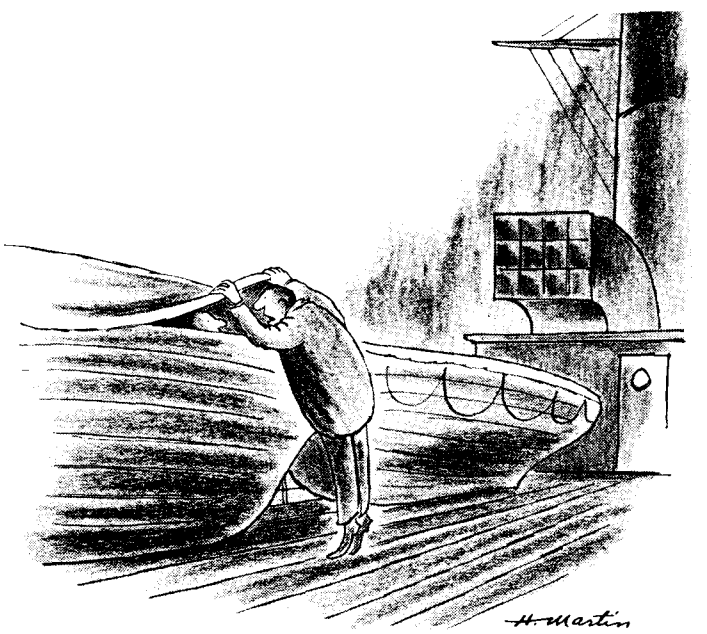
"Yeah? Well, you don't happen to be my neighbor!"



"That's gonna be a tough act to follow."



"They say he signed something in 1938 volunteering to make the first trip to the moon!"



"Tonight they're having mussels with white wine sauce, coq au vin, or duckling bigarade. What'll you have?"

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SOLID SILENT SUPER TORQUE FORD GALAXIE 500/XL— CONVERTIBLE

Guess which is man's best friend?
His new FORD 500/XL brings him...at no extra cost...
a V-8 engine; bucket seats; personal console; extra thick carpeting; twin-range automatic transmission with sports stick; courtesy lights in the doors, ashtray and glove compartment.
But his dog brings him, at no extra cost the evening paper.

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE
FORD MOTOR COMPANY'S WONDER ROTUNDA—NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

Mustang · Falcon · Fairlane · Ford · Thunderbird

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PIPE THIS

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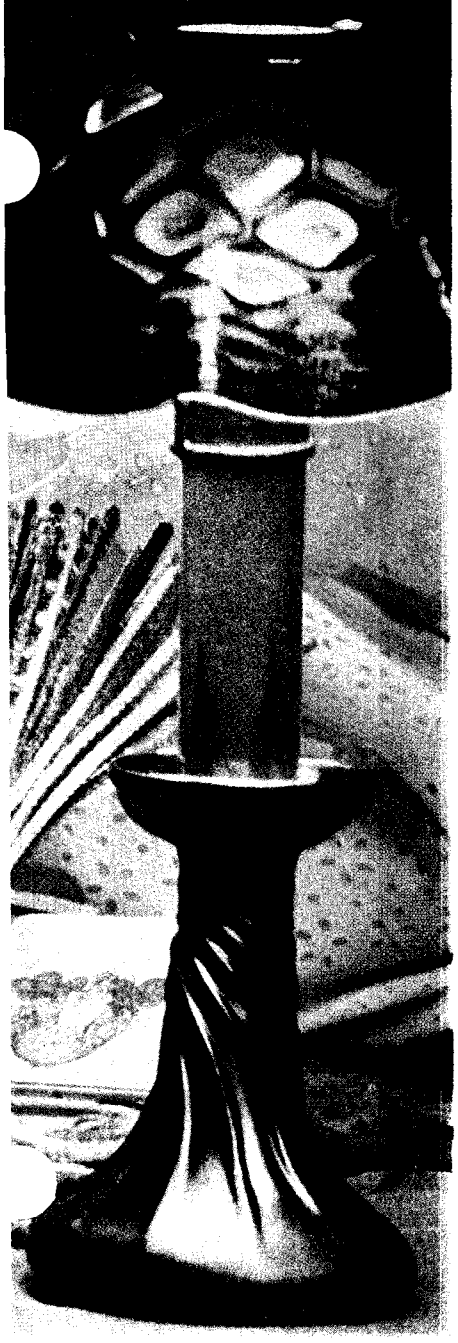
She's acquired a briar
(Bejeweled it's higher):
With all of this smoke
There's got to be fire.

BY WILLIAM K. ZINSSER



Photograph by ORMOND GIGLI

I'm worrying about the problem of how to light a lady's pipe. The problem is going to come up any day now, and I'm not ready. In fact, I'm never going to be ready. I gave up smoking a pipe at 17½ (I started at 17¼) because I couldn't even light my own.

What I remember is a great amount of scraping, tamping, sucking and puffing, which never resulted in anything but a shower of hot tobacco down my shirtfront. Yet now I'll be expected to lend a hand, in a suave manner, to a succession of women going through the same process.

I'm also worried about women smoking cigars. What are we men going to talk about at dinner parties, after dessert, when we go upstairs and the ladies stay behind to puff on their cheroots and tell political stories? Will we be expected to chat about children or compliment each other on our new suits? After all, *somebody* has to look after the social verities.

Obviously the Surgeon General has opened more than a mere medical issue with his report indicting cigarettes and thereby starting a boom in ladies' pipes and cigars. True, he may reduce the damage to our lungs. But there is no telling what scars he will inflict elsewhere, especially in that delicate realm of mental health where men and women spar over their ancient prerogatives.

I thought of the problem the other day when I passed the window of Alfred Dunhill, the Fifth Avenue tobacconist, and saw a "His and Hers" pipe rack. Two pipes lay in the rack awaiting the pleasure of their owners in that golden moment after dinner. This is—or rather was—a moment dear to American folklore, memorialized by countless magazine illustrators. The family dog also played a part in it, carrying slippers and pipe to the tired master while Mom beamed over her darning needle. Now the scene requires two dogs, or several trips by the same dog, and two tables cluttered with the various tools needed for lighting a briar. In the past this messy little corner of the living room was "His." Now it could just as easily be "Hers."

Dunhill's has thought of all these needs. Their new pipe *boutique* is for ladies who want pipes or cigars, and already business has multiplied at a rate to depress almost any man—except Alfred Dunhill. At first its lady customers were sheepish, but now they step right up, eager to discuss burleys and crimp-cut mixtures.

The items arrayed have lost every sign of a rugged male ancestry. There are evening pipes encrusted with jewels. There are daytime pipes in bright colors of suède. There are gay humidors for the boudoir, brocade tobacco pouches and many other "feminized" accessories for this masculinized habit, not the least of which—in fact, the most of which—is a $425 white satin smoking jacket and matching full-length skirt, the jacket equipped with a pipe pocket for a color-coordinated pipe.

Elsewhere, at department stores and discount houses alike, sales of feminine pipes and cigars have been equally brisk. Nat Sherman's famous cigar emporium on Broadway used to sell two or three pipes a week to ladies. Since the Surgeon General's report it has been selling at least 200. One store's advertisement said "Give her a pipe for Mother's Day."

Most merchandisers seem to feel that the fad will run its course, as it did in England after the British government's similar report. But the ladies give every indication of being serious. Next to infiltrating a gentlemen's club, they could hardly have entered a more fiercely guarded preserve, and they will not easily be pushed back out.

"I believe in my heart that women are jealous of it, as of a rival," Thackeray wrote of tobacco in 1842, and he could be right. A pipe widow is deserted almost as much as a golf widow. Her husband disappears every evening for several hours behind a thunderhead of smoke, and though she can occasionally hear him, rustling his newspaper and emitting quick little gasps to keep his briar burning, he is, for all practical purposes, gone. An envious lady might well decide to fight fire with fire.

But in the end the battle will be decided by factors more subtle than mere jealousy—factors that sportswriters call "the imponderables" and then go on to ponder. It will all depend on whether the ladies can adopt a male habit and still retain their femininity.

A hip girl or a hag

In this attempt they are nourished by a vision of certain ladies who brought it off—George Sand, for instance, who had Paris at her feet as she lolled on a divan smoking a cigar, or Amy Lowell, the American poet who smoked a cigar and was regarded as a very hip girl.

Here, of course, the crucial task is to live up to the vision. Anything short of that means disaster. The pipe-smoking lady who thinks she looks like Amy Lowell is in trouble if she really looks like Mammy Yokum, and the would-be George Sand would do well not to look like Calamity Jane, cigar clenched in an iron grip within an iron jaw. Such hags as these have not exactly helped the cause.

Nevertheless, history is on their side. Women who smoke pipes and cigars have always belonged to "the poorer classes," according to G.L.Apperson's *Social History of Smoking*. "Respectable folk in the middle and upper classes would have been horrified at the idea of a pipe or a cigar between feminine lips."

Only Queen Elizabeth I appears to have given the ladies a break during their otherwise bleak search for smoking equality, now well into its fourth century, and she did it despite a singularly poor start. Taking several whiffs of a pipe brought to her by Sir Walter Raleigh, she "was seized with a nausea," causing the Earl of Leicester's faction to whisper that Raleigh had poisoned her. "But Her Majesty recovered," says Campbell's *History of Virginia*, "and made the Countess of Nottingham and all her maids smoke out a whole pipe among them."

Unfortunately, there is no record of why the great ladies gave up this pleasure and left it to their social inferiors. Perhaps they quit because they were not getting their men. Perhaps their men ordered them to quit, finding it hard to kiss a lady when her pipe was in the way. The answer to this old mystery is lost. But I have a hunch that we'll find it in the next month or two when similar crises arise.

Which is why I'm worrying about how to light a lady's pipe. The ritual of holding a match for a lady has already been exalted by American movies and advertising into one of the sexiest acts that a couple can perform. When Cary Grant leans across the table to light his dinner partner's cigarette, see how he seizes the moment to look deep into her limpid orbs, lingering well beyond the amount of time required to ignite a simple roll of tobacco, until suddenly he is moved to words: "Did anyone ever tell you . . . you're lovely?" he says.

This is also the pivotal moment in TV cigarette commercials. A boy and girl are water-skiing, their faces lapped by salt water and salt air, when all of a sudden they climb onto a float and we are told that the heavens themselves cry out for them to have a cigarette *right now*. He lights a match. Their heads almost touch. Their eyes meet. They look hungrily at each other. They—well, whatever they do next, it isn't more water-skiing.

Reared on these dramatic truths, the American male knows that his sophistication is on trial every time a lady takes out a cigarette and looks to him for action. Imagine, then, a formal dinner is over and we are sitting around the table, and the lady on my left takes out a cigar. I wait for her to clip off the end with her sequined cigar clipper and then I light a match, my hand trembling in my anxiety that the cigar will never ignite, despite her rapid puffing. She tilts her head back with satisfaction and blows a thin spiral of smoke at me. So far so good.

But now the lady on my right is taking a jeweled green pipe out of the pipe pocket in her smoking jacket and filling it from her color-coordinated green tobacco pouch. I light a match and lean toward her, but she motions me back and begins to tamp the tobacco with her pearl-inlaid tamper. Now she is ready, and I lean over again. But by now my match has gone out. I light another, but she is having a bit of trouble. She pulls the pipe apart, takes an orange pipe cleaner from a brocade case, and pokes about in the pipe's clogged innards. I light another match, lean over and hold it to the bowl, but she has packed the tobacco too low for the flame. It burns my finger instead. I light another match and hold it downward into the bowl. She responds with a flurry of puffings—now at last we are in rapport—and a vast billow of smoke rises triumphantly into the room. We have done it! I remain close, savoring the intimate moment.

"Did anyone ever tell you . . . you're lovely?" I say, noticing as I say it that I can no longer see her because of the smoke. There is no answer. "Lovely, do you hear?" I repeat, but I hear nothing. Gradually the smoke begins to clear and I see the chair where the lady was sitting. She is no longer in it. She is leaving the room with the man who was sitting on her right. They are going into the den to shoot some pool. THE END

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A new European breed of car and driver nearly won at Indianapolis last year. They'll be back this week to try and finish the job.

END OF AN ERA AT INDY

By KEN W. PURDY

There had been some furious finishes at the Indianapolis 500-mile race before. In 46 previous runnings of this best-known American automobile event, the winning margin between the first- and second-place cars had been as tight as two seconds. But on Memorial Day last, under the hot Indiana sun, with barely 50 miles of the howling 150-mph contest remaining, the quarter million fans suddenly knew that they were watching one of the most desperate two-man duels that the famous old Brickyard had ever seen.

Leading the race was a young Californian named Parnelli Jones. Belted into the tight, sweltering cockpit of a 400-hp race car, he had led most of the way. For three hours, his heavy-muscled arms had twisted a big, trucklike steering wheel through the endless left-hand turn which is the 2½-mile Indianapolis track. All there was to breathe was the exhaust-laden air. All there was to hear was the hammering roar of his own big engine. His vision was fogged by goggles which kept coating over with a dense film of black rubber dust. Even for a superbly conditioned man, the Indianapolis race is a torment. But for the winner, it is also the richest prize in U.S. racing.

Eleven seconds behind Parnelli Jones and driving even faster than the pace setter was another man with his eye on the money—and racing history. Scotsman Jimmy Clark, already champion of the world in European *Grand Prix* competition, wasn't supposed to be practiced enough at Indianapolis to be a contender. His car, a British-built Lotus powered from the rear by a Detroit-built Ford engine, "couldn't" last 500 miles against the perennially successful, custom-built Indianapolis roadsters. Now, all the pre-race guesswork was being torn up and scattered like yesterday's newspapers.

Although 17 other cars were still in the race, this had become a two-man battle. But it was more than that: it was favorite vs. underdog; U.S.A. vs. Europe; a member of the establishment vs. an invader; Ford vs. tradition. Most of all, down on the track, it was Jones vs. Clark, and now, with only minutes to go, the hunted was almost in the hunter's gunsights. Clark, nearly reclining in the low, tight, cigar-shaped fuselage of his Lotus, his car sounding sweeter and swifter than the heavier Offenhausers, was gaining nearly a full second per lap. The gap narrowed from 11 seconds to 10, 9, 8, 7, 6—5. The hound was on the rabbit. Nervous hands clutched stop watches all along the pit wall.

Then it happened. The most ominous sign to be seen on a race track went up like an alarm. Smoke—blue, gray, tinged with black—began to puff from Jones's car. Usually this can mean only one thing: the engine is sick unto death and the machinery will soon come to a tortured stop. And this is what Clark thought.

But Parnelli Jones's smoke was no death rattle. It was not coming from a dying engine, but from a small leak in an oil tank mounted outside the car's body on the left side. The oil, splashing on his left-rear tire and spraying over the griddle-hot exhaust pipe, was making the apparently mortal smokescreen.

Like a boxing crowd that sees a fighter cut and bleeding, the Indianapolis fans saw only a technical knockout coming for Parnelli Jones. At the start-finish line, the cause of the leak wasn't any better understood—but the rules of the race were. These state that any car which loses an excessive amount of oil must be "black-flagged"—that is, signaled in off the track—as a menace to safety. A flagman, conscious of his duty, started to do just that, but Chief Steward Harlan Fengler stopped him. Colin Chapman of England, designer and owner of the Lotus cars, demanded to know why. J. C. Agajanian, the wealthy Californian who owned Jones's car, pleaded with Fengler to allow his driver to go on. Fengler, in a decision that would spawn one of the greatest controversies in the history of the race, decided for Parnelli. Later he would say that he believed the oil leak was by then diminishing or stopped.

Out on the track, challenger Clark discovered another problem: oil was making the asphalt surface of the track slippery. The valiant chase that had brought Clark to within 4½ seconds of his man was over. To press for greater speed on uncertain traction could have been a contest, not with Jones, but with death.

Better second than dead

After the race was over and Jones had taken the checkered flag, Clark explained why he settled for second place. "I decided I'd rather be second than dead."

"I knew I was leaking oil all right," Jones said later. "The car began to handle differently and I thought I had a flat. I looked at the right rear tire, which was OK, but the left was shiny. There was oil on it. I could see it coming out of the tank. The car kept getting sideways; and I was having difficulty handling it. I dropped my speed to around 142–146 miles an hour, and that was when Clark began to gain on me. Then the oil leak stopped, because the level in the tank had got below the crack it was coming out of, and I went up to 150 or so again.

"The rules say, 'an excessive amount' of oil and it's left up to the judges to say what's excessive. We all lose oil. We count every year on getting better tire wear in the last half of the race because the whole track's oily. It wasn't up to me to come in because I lost oil for five or six laps. That decision is up to the judges."

Jones won, going away, by 34 seconds. A pretty girl handed him the huge silver cup. His wife kissed him. The winner's share of the $148,513 in prize money was his. All was sweetness and light, or nearly, until next day, when Eddie Sachs, one of three drivers who said they had spun on the oil Jones lost, had a brisk exchange of words with him and caught a quick punch in the mouth. Jones said later, "I didn't know I was going to hit Eddie. I didn't plan on it, I didn't want to, and if I had it to do all over again I wouldn't . . . I hope."

Thus was the stage set for the 1964 running of the Indianapolis sweepstakes this Saturday—the most exciting rematch in the modern history of the event. Although 31 other cars and drivers will be entered in this year's event, an expected crowd of 300,000 will, for the most part, be coming solely to see Jones and Clark have at it again. Each man is a year older and wiser. Each will continue to represent his own special realm of racing's world: Jones, the all-American heir to Indy's long line of home-grown heroes; Clark, a champion from overseas.

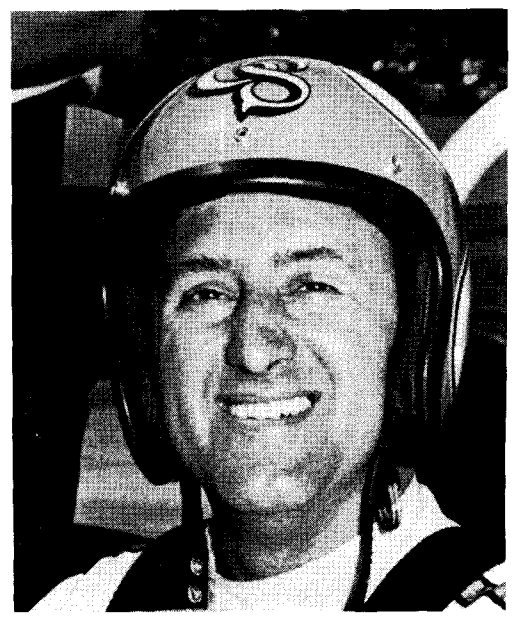
In a way, last year's result was a case of the winner losing and the loser winning. Because, while Jones and Agajanian took the money, two Indianapolis institutions took a beating. First, the legendary and invincible Offenhauser-powered Indianapolis roadster was given a strong downhill shove toward permanent retirement. And two, it dispelled the notion that European cars and drivers can't cope with the rigors of Indianapolis.

Actually, this new era at Indianapolis traces back to just after World War II, when John Cooper of England produced a 110-mph race car with a one-cylinder engine in the rear. This evolved, in 1958, into a full international-class *Grand Prix* rear-engined car. This rear-end placement of the engine so reduced the frontal area of the car, and its wind resistance, that by 1960–61, on the *Grand Prix* circuits of Europe, the front-engine car was as dead as the Stanley Steamer. In Europe, at least, hope began to stir that the front-engine Indianapolis cars, despite the merits of the 30-year-old Offenhauser engine, might be ripe for defeat.

In 1961 Jack Brabham, an Australian driver who was a former champion of the world, ran a Cooper at Indianapolis and placed ninth despite two disastrously slow pit stops. In the 1962–63 season, another British designer, Colin Chapman, tossed in another rear-engine car. This one had no chassis at all, being built on the airplane's stressed-skin principle, with engine and wheels simply bolted on. Stronger than a standard, separate-chassis car, and hundreds of pounds lighter, it was almost unbeatable. Chapman brought two of these cars to Indianapolis, one for Clark to drive, one for Dan Gurney, a California race driver who runs on the European circuits.

Indianapolis veterans, tending to equate weight with strength, took one look at Chapman's light, sleek cars and said they wouldn't hold up against the sturdy old Indy roadsters. The fact that they might weigh up to 500 pounds less than the American-built cars, that their track-holding and handling qualities were excellent—and that the remarkably well-engineered Ford racing engine would develop only slightly less horsepower than the Offenhauser—none of these factors

Parnelli Jones, '63 winner by 34 seconds.



Eddie Sachs, loser by a belt in the mouth.

Jimmy Clark, challenger from overseas.

The unconventional Lotus cars were targets of curiosity at Indianapolis.

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End of an Era at Indy

weighed against sentiment and tradition.

As for Clark, the American professionals conceded he might be a world champion "sporty car" driver, but the old Brickyard had been host to adventurers from abroad before and had always proved too specialized a track to be learned on short notice.

Last year's furious drama put an end to many such myths.

Since about 1938 Indianapolis has been a kind of lone-wolf institution, quite apart from the international racing community. The rest of the world builds its race cars to a formula set up by the *Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile*, the world governing body of the sport, engine-size 1.5 liters, or 90 cubic inches of cylinder capacity. Indianapolis runs much bigger engines, 4.2 liters, or 252 cubic inches. Thus the standard European *Grand Prix* car can't compete on equal terms at Indianapolis, and the Indianapolis car can't run in Europe. It has been almost as hard for the drivers to mix, and because they so rarely get together, mutual contempt has developed. *Grand Prix* drivers called the Indy types "truckers" who knew only enough to stay on the gas pedal and steer left, men who'd be lost on the narrow, winding mountain circuits and street races of Europe.

U.S. track drivers sneered at the Europeans as overblown fops who would quickly cave in if they were exposed to the rough give-and-take of U.S. dirt-track racing. Both groups were wrong, of course, and in the last couple of years they have come to know it.

Says Parnelli Jones, "I think there's a better understanding now between track drivers and *Grand Prix* drivers. People like Jack Brabham and Graham Hill and Jimmy Clark and Dan Gurney who are driving *Grand Prix* cars are certainly terrific race drivers, and they'll do well competing with anybody as far as pavement driving is concerned. It might be a little different driving on dirt, which they don't do much."

In preparation for this year's big rematch, Jones spent as much of May in Indianapolis as he could, running tire-tests for Firestone and racing on weekends. There isn't much else he likes doing as well. He began to drive in his late teens—"jalopies, beat-up stock cars." In 1960 he caught the eye of J. C. Agajanian, who has been running cars at Indianapolis for years. Agajanian saw Jones on television, watched him move up from the back of a field to win, and hired him.

Parnelli Jones is the first man ever to get around Indianapolis at an average of 150 mph, and the second year he ran, 1962, he was winning when he completely lost his brakes. Once he drove with one hand in a plaster cast so bulky that he had to beat out the cowl of the car with a ball peen hammer to get his arm under it.

Will Parnelli Jones ride first again? "I have as good a chance of winning this year as anyone," he says. "I have the nicest equipment money can buy. I'll drive just as hard, and another thing, the year after you've won, people expect more from you, so you try harder."

But it's rare for any driver to take top money two years in a row—in the entire history of the race, only three men have done it. And the Clark-Chapman Ford team will be out for revenge. A new version of last year's Ford V-8 engine has been under development for a year, and this will give Clark and his teammate Gurney an estimated extra 50 horsepower. (The old Offenhauser, near the limit of its power potential, can never be improved by such a margin.) Also, Chapman's pit crews—who will probably only have to refuel and re-tire the Lotus cars once during the 500 miles—are expected to be much quicker about their work than they were last year.

There's also the matter of the yellow caution flag. Clark will be wiser in this department, too. If there's an accident on the track, or if it rains, yellow lights come on and drivers are supposed to maintain position at a steady 120 mph. Since race cars don't carry speedometers, there's room for latitude in estimating what's 120 miles an hour, and opportunity for gamesmanship in the matter of staying in line, particularly when the light is on for a total of nearly 50 minutes in a three-and-a-half-hour race, as it was last year. (European drivers don't see the yellow flag much. If there's an accident they're supposed to get around it, and many of the top-line drivers welcome a heavy rain, since nothing so quickly sorts the men from the boys.)

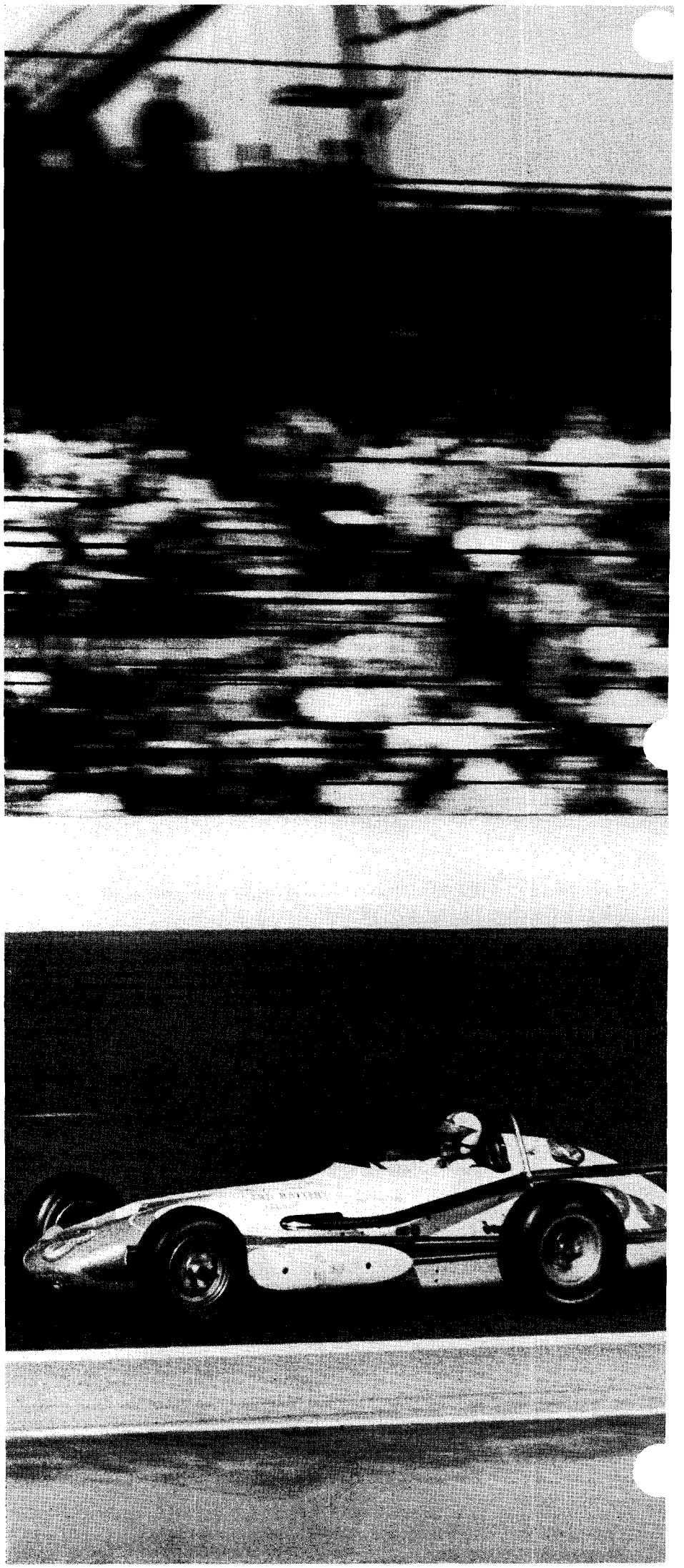
Unfamiliar with the American yellow flag rules (and the extent to which they may be interpreted to advantage), Clark appeared to lose ground when the 120-mph rule was in effect. "I think I lost at least a minute on yellow lights," says Clark. "At one point, I know I was losing three seconds a lap to Parnelli."

Chapman agreed. "Inexperience in running under the yellow cost us the race."

Jones snorts at this excuse. "That's a ridiculous statement. I was the leader of the race. I'm the one setting the pace. Under the yellow, a guy running behind me can catch up, but he can't pass. If I gain on him, that's his fault. When the first yellow light came on in '63, I was ahead and the whole field gained fourteen seconds on me. Later, when Clark was ahead, I gained fourteen seconds on him—so it all came out square. Even with those fourteen seconds taken away, I'd still have won, since I came in thirty-four seconds to the good at the end."

Whether amity and good cheer will prevail at the Brickyard this Saturday, no one knows, certainly not Parnelli Jones. But he is sure of one thing: it will be a faster race than last year's, and that means faster than the 143 mph he averaged in '63. "We'll have a great jump in speed this year," Jones says, "due more to tires than any other one thing. I don't think there's any real limit to how fast you can run at Indianapolis."

The race will be fast, and tough (but not rough, because so-called dirty driving exists only in the movies) and after it's over, at least, goodwill will flourish, as it did last year, when Colin Chapman said, "I should have been very sorry to see Parnelli Jones 'black-flagged.' We don't want to win that way," and Parnelli Jones said, "The Lotus-Fords were the underdogs and they did so well, damned right they did," and Eddie Sachs, who got punched, posed for photographers flat on his back, a small black flag sticking out of his mouth. THE END



Jones, acknowledged master of Indianapolis, on his way in '63 to set new track record.

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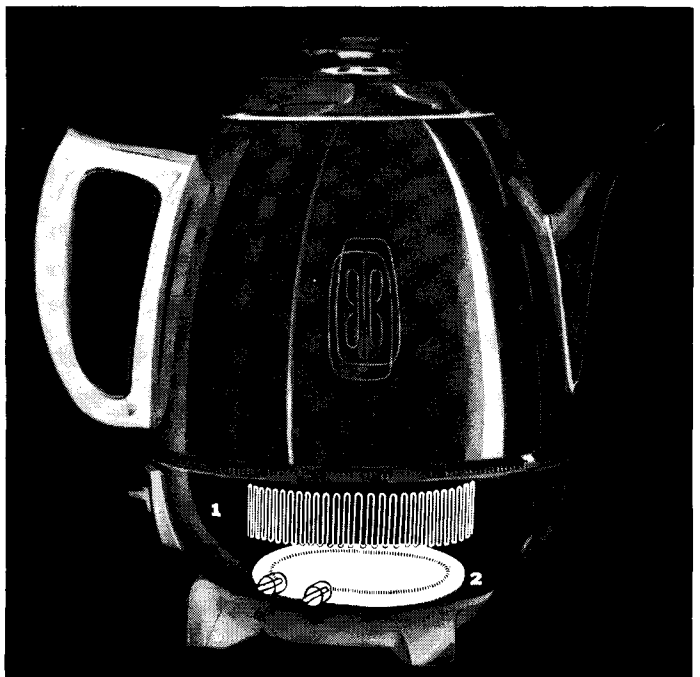
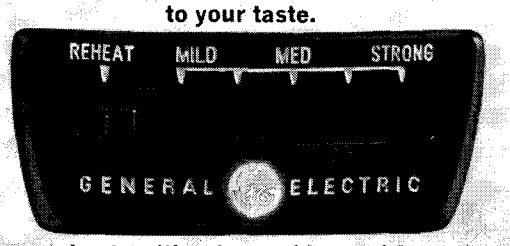
A General Electric coffee maker so sensitive it actually perks without boiling coffee!
(No wonder it gives you a great cup of coffee)



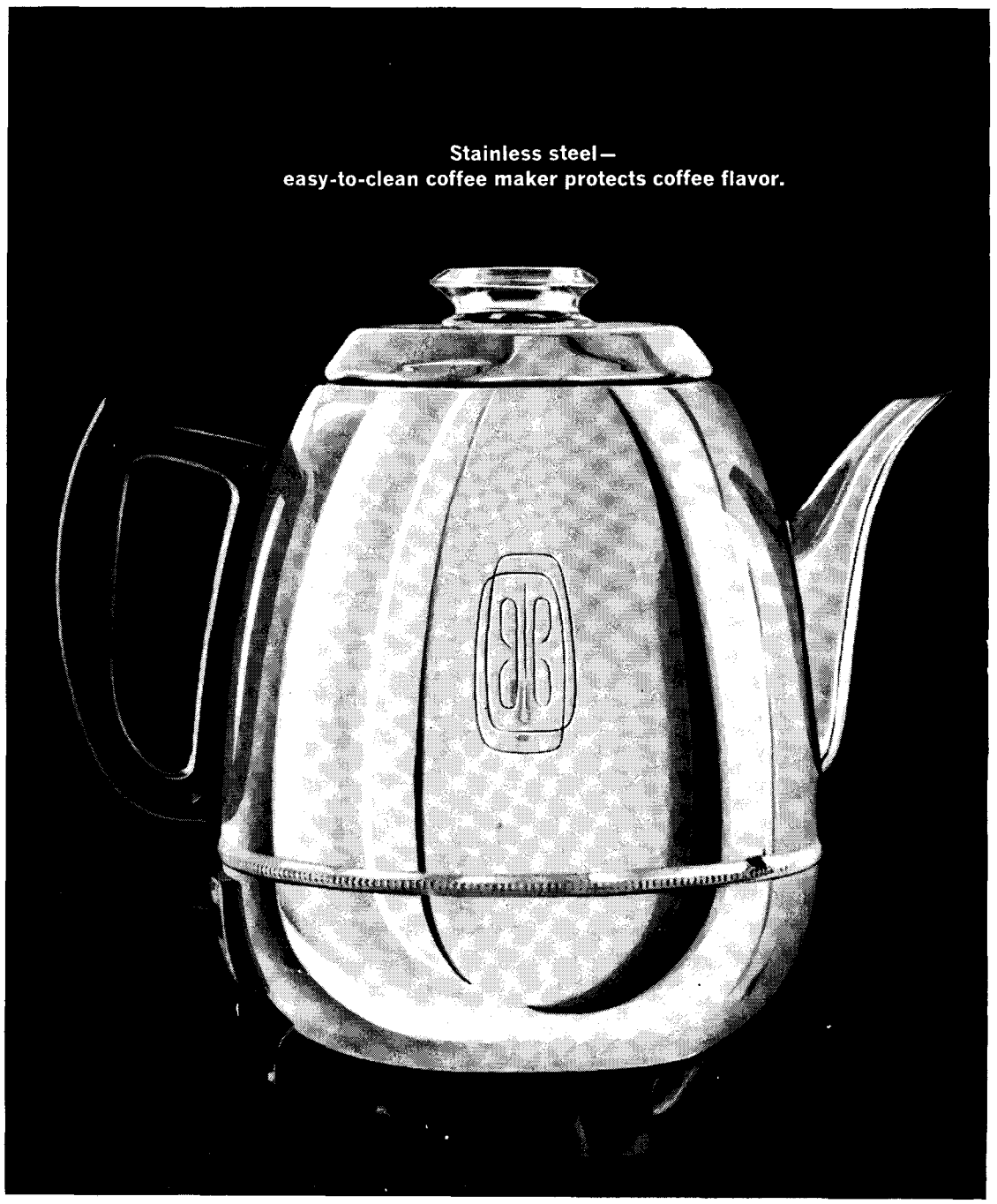
Two heating units (not one), including a sensitive G-E Calrod® Unit—quickly bring water to the precise perking temperature, without boiling away rich coffee flavor, without that harsh, bitter taste.

Automatically brews 2 to 9 cups exactly to your taste.

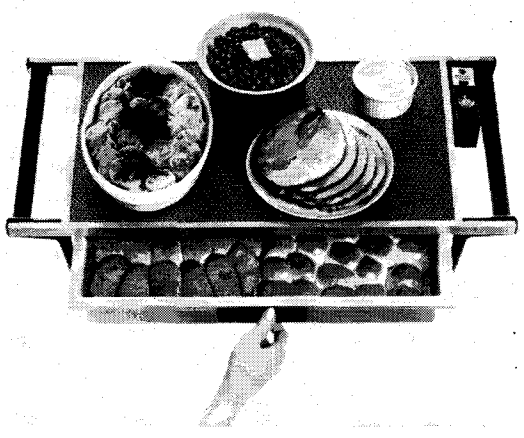


Even reheats without reperking—without that staled-over flavor.

Stainless steel—
easy-to-clean coffee maker protects coffee flavor.

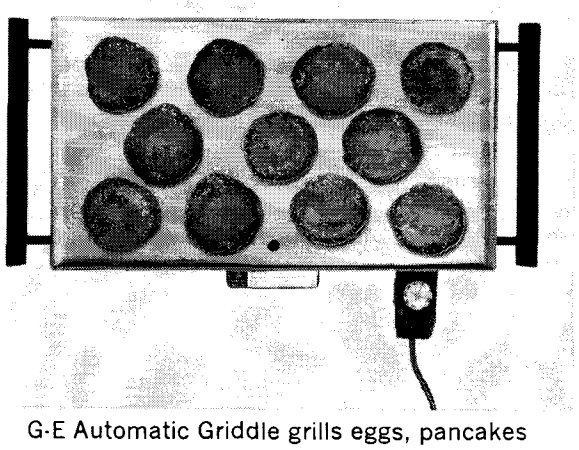


3 more General Electric Appliances that do more for you



G-E Warming Tray has a "Keeps Warm" Drawer!

G-E Blender is 10½ inches low, stores anywhere!



G-E Automatic Griddle grills eggs, pancakes

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On campaign to end an English rebellion in 1216, King John lost his royal treasure when his column fell into quicksand.

KING JOHN'S LOST TREASURE

By James Morris

Shards of gold and other fresh clues may mark the site of a fabled English hoard that has lain in quicksand for seven centuries.

POINT 467164 on the English Ordnance Survey six-inch map marks a silent and haunting spot in the marsh country of East Anglia on England's North Sea coast. The country is so soggy that it is actually called the Marshland, and all around this point lies the flat, melancholy landscape of the Fens. Teapot Farm is off to the southeast; Foul Anchor is away to the west; a derelict brick cottage, the haunt of weekend birdwatchers, stands in forlorn sentinel beside a muddy river. To the north you may see a puff of steam from a pile driver, all alone in those wide fields, driving piles for a new electrical booster station, and high and proud across the marshes the big pylons march toward the horizon. There may be the hum of a tractor in the air. There may be a squawk of seabirds. For the rest, all is empty silence.

From the subsoil of this desolate place the professor of geology at Nottingham University has extracted a number of curiosities, and if you ask him politely, Prof. William D. Evans may invite you to his laboratories at the university and let you see them. They are small curiosities but undeniably dramatic. And inspected through the professor's microscope, they have a fine mysterious glitter to them. Some are shreds of silver, minuscule balls or twisted strands; some are glimpses of blue enamel, embedded in lumps of clay; some are small pieces of gold, looking immensely old and fearfully suggestive. Evans shows them to you rather as Merlin might open the cupboard upon Excalibur, and he is justified: For these are, it seems probable, the first relics ever found of the treasure King John of England lost in East Anglia on October 11, 1216.

How John lost his treasure, and died a few days later of grief and overeating, is one of those tales that linger undiminished in folk memory, unfadingly vivid down the centuries.

The king had a rebellion on his hands at the time, and was traveling about eastern England harrying barons. Then as now, the country around the Wash, a big rectangular inlet on the English North Sea coast, was a damp, spare and self-sufficient kind of territory. It is like an English Holland, like a heaved-up slab of the continental shelf, crisscrossed with dikes and irrigation canals, inhabited by crusty marshmen who talk rather like Australians. And so low does it lie, so watery is its nature, that it seems to slide down to the North Sea, and you are seldom quite sure where marsh ends and ocean begins.

Across this place, in campaigning mood, King John was hurrying that October day. Royal records tell us fairly certainly where he spent each night, but only the hearsay evidence of 13th-century chroniclers suggests how he lost his treasure. The long-accepted version is that the king was traveling with his entourage from King's Lynn on the south side of the Wash to Swineshead on the north; that he himself completed the journey safely but that his baggage train, taking a different route, tried to cross a tidal river called the Wellstream, misjudged the place, the time or the tide, and fell into quicksand. The king "lost all his wagons, carts and sumpter horses," wrote Roger of Wendover about 10 years after the event, "with the treasures, precious vessels and all the other things which he loved with so much care; for the ground was opened in the midst of the waves, and bottomless whirlpools swallowed them all up, with the men and the horses, so that not one foot escaped to announce the disaster to the king."

Later historians have smacked their lips over the well-attested scale of John's royal treasure, which included hundreds of precious cups, goblets and jewel-studded belts, shrines of silver, ivory and gold, golden phylacteries, staffs ornamented with rubies, sapphires, diamonds, topazes and emeralds, a "great German crown" that belonged to his grandmother, four valuable rings that were a present from the pope, and an object thrillingly described in the old inventories as the Sword of Tristram.

Adventurers have often thought of trying to find the treasure, and in 1929 an excavating company was formed with American financial backing. It was called Fen Research, Ltd., but it did very little excavating, broke up because its members disagreed about the employment of a diviner, and petered out unhappily in lawsuits and recriminations. Amateurs have often had a try; historians have painstakingly reconstructed the supposed course of events; but it is only now, seven centuries after the catastrophe, that anyone appears actually to have discovered any trace of the treasure that has excited so many imaginations, inspired so many theories, and kept so many plowboys with their eyes hopefully upon the furrow.

How this has come about, and why you may see those fragments beneath that microscope in Nottingham, is a tale of three men's enthusiasms, and an unusual combination of history and the most diligently applied science.

The first of the three men is a historian: Prof. J. C. Holt of Nottingham University, who looks like a young advertising executive, talks in cheerful staccato bursts, and is one of the greatest living experts on King John and the Magna Carta. A few years ago, Holt reached some new conclusions about the magnitude and the site of King John's calamity. The country around the Wash has changed its shape since the Middle Ages. Successive reclamation schemes have turned the wide estuary of the Wellstream

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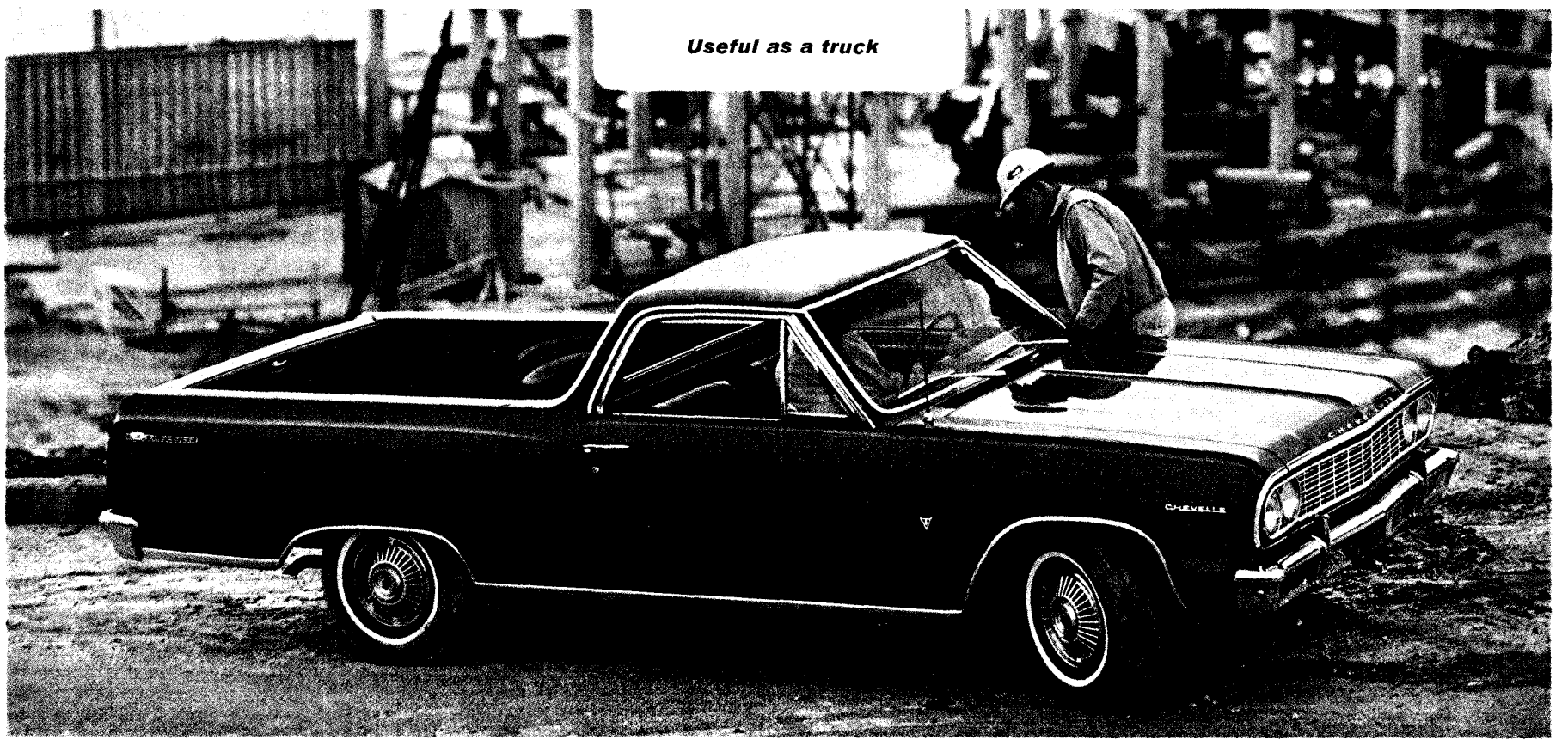
Handsome as a car



Useful as a truck

The broad appeal of Chevrolet El Camino

How often have you loaded something into your car wishing you had a truck?

Or how often have you been caught short for personal transportation with only a commercial vehicle handy, which you were reluctant to use?

There's no question about it. There was a very definite need for Chevrolet El Camino—the beautiful double purpose pickup with the Fisher Body. The way El Caminos are being ordered now is further confirmation that their beauty and usefulness are needed by all sorts of families and businesses.

As you can see, El Camino is so handsome you can drive it anywhere, any time, on any occasion. And at the same time, it's strong enough to handle up to 1,200 lbs. of payload.

You can order El Camino as plain or as fancy as you wish. Some of its extra-cost options are bucket seats, 4-speed transmission, air conditioning, power windows, tinted glass, transistorized radio and a 250-hp V8 engine. . . .

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into dry land, through which the Nene river flows in an artificially banked channel. The route that John took is therefore a matter of conjecture, only the points of departure and destination being certain.

It used to be assumed that the king himself went inland to Wisbech, some ten miles upstream, before crossing to Swineshead, while the doomed baggage train crossed the river near its mouth—a sandy estuary four and a half miles wide across which, even in the 19th century, travelers used to be guided at low tide by a man with a long wand. The disaster could only have happened there, historians believed, because the royal baggage train must have been so long that at least four miles of quicksand would have been needed to engulf it.

Holt, like some other modern medievalists, disputes these theories. First, he says, the baggage train was probably much shorter than has been supposed, perhaps only a few carts and pack horses. Second, there is no evidence that the king and his train followed different routes, and we know that John was in Wisbech on October 12. Third, though travelers certainly crossed the river near its mouth in more recent times, there is no evidence that they did so in the Middle Ages.

No, says Holt, a much more likely surmise is this: The king, already stripped of much of his wealth by the cost of his wars, intended to cross the Wellstream at some frequented inland ford, together with his modest train. Some carts and pack animals were caught by the tide—perhaps because, in the circumstances of war, John tried to cross too hastily—and the king and his entourage, severely shaken, spent the night in Wisbech (where he perhaps embarked upon the "baneful gluttony" that killed him a week later). Since the baggage train was not long, the calamity could have occurred at a narrow part of the stream, and there is evidence that in ancient times there was a frequented crossing place six or seven miles inland.

Pondering these various hypotheses, sifting his conclusions and weighing the probabilities, Holt decided that the most likely site of the accident was a point somewhere near the modern village of Walpole Island, to be found on Sheet TF 41 NE of the Ordnance Survey six-inch map.

The second enthusiast is an electrical engineer, Dr. George Tagg of Twickenham, in Middlesex. Tagg is the chief researcher of a London firm called Evershed and Vignoles, Ltd. and is an expert on electrical measuring instruments. He has lately been particularly concerned with a device made by his company called a Megger resistivity meter. This instrument, by projecting electrical impulses into the subsoil and measuring the resistances they meet, enables a picture to be built up of the deposits beneath.

Some years ago he produced a new and better version of this device, and Evershed and Vignoles consulted their advertising agency about publicizing the new model. A man at the advertising agency recalled that in the 1930's an expedition had gone to the fen country to look for King John's treasure, and although its members were working on the old assumption that the baggage train crossed the Wellstream at its mouth, some of them believed there was an ancient causeway, further inland, by which the carts and pack animals might have traveled. Because reclamation efforts have now covered the area with 15 feet of topsoil, why not, said the advertising man to Doctor Tagg, take the Megger up there, find that old causeway beneath the ground, and thus demonstrate the powers of the instrument in an interesting and memorable way?

It was a tremendous task. Tagg spent months in the fen country with his heavy equipment, probing and measuring. But at last, sure enough, he detected an old clay causeway beneath the ground, snaking its way through the sandy subsoil across what had been the course of the Wellstream. If he traced its route on a survey map, he might have noticed that it passed through Square 4616, across the fields from Walpole Island.

"Roughing it?"

With a slight Glamorgan swagger to his walk, Professor Evans, the geologist from Nottingham, now enters this story. In 1958, he acquired an oil-drilling rig, and decided to use it to investigate the concentrations of sediment that form oilfields. He wanted to explore the rate of decay of matter, and to discover if animal matter, as well as plant matter, contributed to the formation of oil. There were two essentials for such an underground inquiry. First he needed a subterrain where plant and animal matter mingle. This led him to the Fens, once underwater and still rich in marine deposits, and this led him, as it happened, to Walpole Island.

He knew, of course, about the Megger resistivity meter and he heard about Tagg's achievement in finding the causeway. This, he realized, could be exceedingly useful to him. Everything above the level of the causeway was certainly post-1600; everything around and below it was certainly earlier. In the summer of 1958 he set off with his rig and a crew of students. He bored 13 holes in all, in 1958 and 1959, and took back to Nottingham large quantities of specimen material.

The purely geological results were important, but so were the historical by-products. Encouraged by his friend Holt, Professor Evans could hardly help becoming interested. Some cynics had long dismissed the whole tale of John's lost treasure because, they said, there were in fact no quicksands in the area. Evans soon disproved this view. All around the causeway were quicksands in a layer 15 to 20 feet deep. Moreover, by examining the shape of the coastline, the movement of the tides and the old course of the river, Evans was able to estimate where the low point of Tagg's causeway would have been and therefore where the baggage train would have foundered. It was, as Holt reasoned, in the neighborhood of Walpole Island, near the northern bank of the old river bed.

Evans was not a treasure hunter or a historian, but a hard-working geologist. Methodically he completed his work, and it was only in the late summer of 1959 that he allowed his crew, just for the fascination of it, to sink a hole at the conjectural site of the accident. And there, one evening in October, 1959, the drill struck something very solid, 25 feet down in the quicksand. The bit was twisted askew by the impact. In the rubble that came up the crew found a number of oddities: old nails, bits of wrought iron, and minute glittering fragments of gold.

They drilled again nearby but found nothing more. There was, however, one other interesting thing. Somewhere down there, so Professor Evans discovered there was a reservoir of old animal matter, long since decomposed. Horses?

The two professors remained quiet about their discovery. Theirs was, they said, an academic interest. They still thought the evidence was flimsy and they did not wish to make a sensation of it. To please an old friend they did tell the tale to the local BBC correspondent in Nottingham, who used it in a regional broadcast. It was not until last February that a BBC television commentator, stumbling upon the story by chance, made people in England aware that Point 467164 might be the site of a great historical find. Now it is probably only a matter of time before the hunt is on, and there are already rumors of plans, counterplans and big business on the move.

It will not be as easy as it may sound to scoop out that old causeway, for drilling through quicksand requires great technical skill and expensive equipment. All the same, it seems odd that nothing much has yet been done to follow up Professor Evans's *coup de théâtre*. The only treasure hunters to have visited the Wash since are the members of a youth group who went there, with Evans's encouragement, as a kind of exercise in initiative and found nothing at all. A hazy sense of secrecy now seems to surround the whole subject, leaving many unanswered questions. Why, for instance, did those two professors do so little themselves for four years after the discovery? Why did Holt's most recent paper on the Wash disaster, which appeared in 1961, make no reference to those fragments on the drill bit? Could it be that the gold was dropped down the drill hole as a student hoax? No one seems able to penetrate this series of mysteries, and when Evans bought himself a new car, the joke among Nottingham students was that he and Holt had already found the treasure and had it all stashed away at home.

But it is certain that they have not. Nobody has recently put a drill down at Point 467164, and unless that power-station pile driver is all an enormous bluff, nobody shows signs of doing so now. The exact place where they found those curiosities is in a field of gooseberry bushes, and for most of the time it is altogether deserted, except for the passing of farmhands. It feels almost lifeless, and the air hangs heavy over the Fens. You would not know that a royal train had passed this way, the tentkeeper and the napier, the keepers of the wardrobe and the priests of the king's chapel. You would not know quicksands were beneath your feet. You certainly would not guess that this might be the site of treasure-trove.

There is some feeling it will not end happily. Gold has a way of corrupting. But lawyers have already established that this will not be treasure-trove in the strictly legal sense. It is very well known whom those buried riches belong to, if they still exist at all. They were the personal possessions of King John, and today they are properly classed, so the law says, as Lost Property of the Queen of England. THE END

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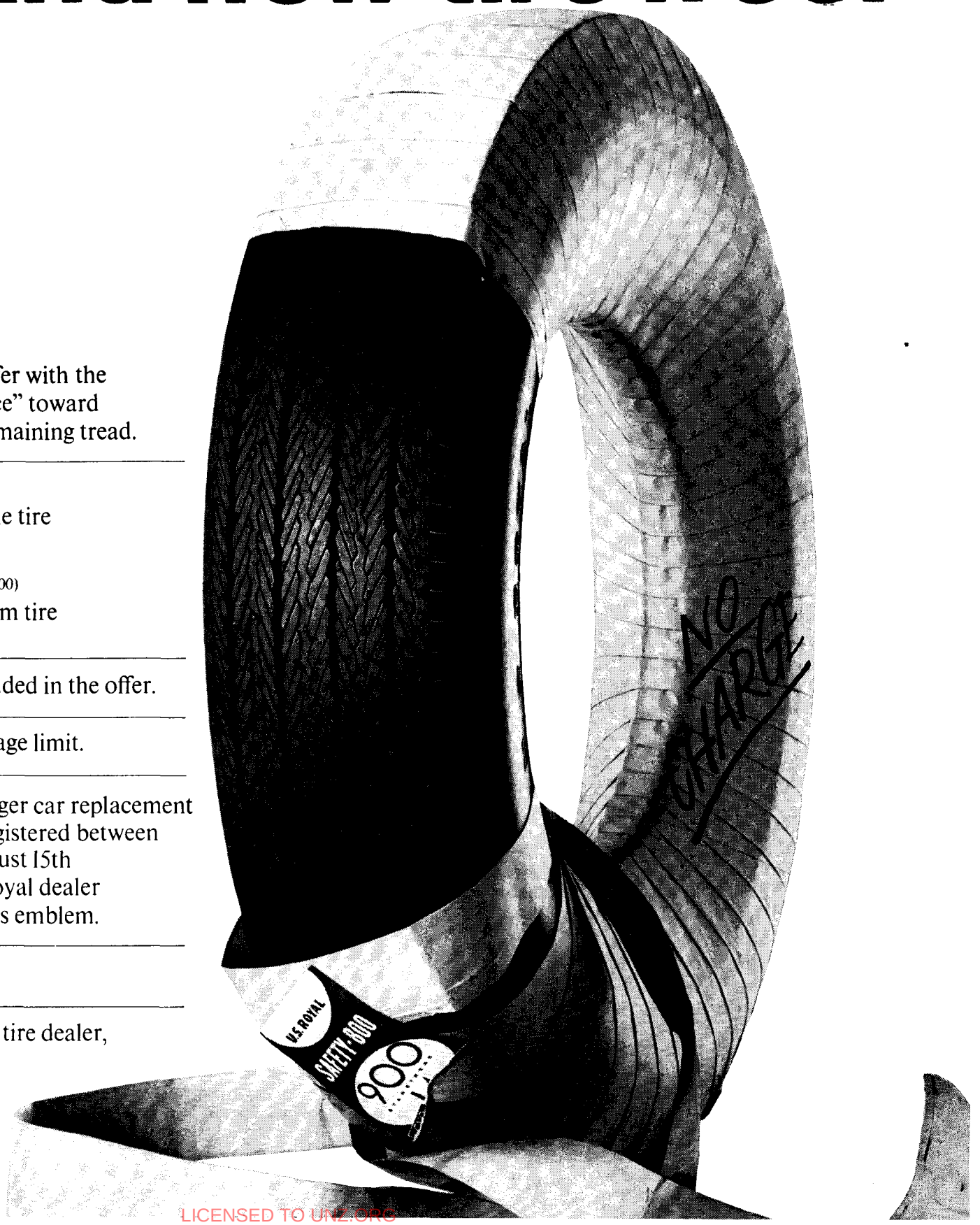
A special introductory offer

U.S.Royal® has developed a tire construction that is so strong, we can make this unheard-of offer:

If the tire fails for any reason, except for a repairable puncture or deliberate abuse, as long as there is still 1/16" of original tread left,

U.S.Royal will give you a brand new tire free.



Do not confuse this offer with the usual "partial allowance" toward a new tire, based on remaining tread.

This offer covers:
The U.S. Royal first-line tire
(Safety 800)
The tiger's paw
(Red-circle Super Safety 800)
The U.S. Royal premium tire
(Red-circle Royal Master)

Road hazards are included in the offer.

No time limit. No mileage limit.

Offer applies to passenger car replacement tires purchased and registered between now and August 15th at any U.S.Royal dealer displaying this emblem.

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For nearest U.S.Royal tire dealer, see the Yellow Pages.

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New idea in life insurance! Nationwide's "Adjustable Plan" lets one policy do the work of four

You buy one policy, then add or subtract insurance as your needs change. It is the most flexible plan ever.

Until today, if you had a life insurance policy on yourself, you had to buy a *new* policy to insure your wife. Another for your mortgage. And so on. Complicated. And you paid extra to have the new policies written.

Today, Nationwide's "Adjustable Life Plan" ends all this. It lets you custom-tailor a *single* policy to fit your needs, and change it as your needs change. Simple. And it gets rid of extra costs. Here's how it works:

LET'S SAY you already have a policy on yourself, and you now want to insure your wife and new baby.

Until now, you had to buy a new policy to insure them both. This had drawbacks. You had to pay extra to cover the paper work involved in writing a new policy. You also had to take more insurance on *yourself*.

Eliminates paying extra costs

Now with Nationwide's "Adjustable Life Plan," you can insure your wife and child without buying a brand-new policy and without buying more insurance on yourself.

You select Nationwide's "Wife and Children Benefit" and *add* it to your basic Nationwide policy. It's as simple as that.

Add or subtract 9 "Benefits"

You can do the same thing with four different "Benefits" that used to require buying separate policies. Besides that, you can add five additional "Benefits."

With these nine "Benefits," you can custom-tailor a *single* policy to fit your needs. *Add* the "Benefits" as you need them. *Subtract* them as your needs change.

What are these "Benefits?" Besides the "Wife and Children Benefit," there's a "College Savings Benefit" that lets you pay *less* than all other endowment-type savings plans. There's one that guarantees you can get more insurance as you grow older regardless of your health. And there are six others that you can add to a Nationwide policy to fit a specific need.

How the Smiths custom-tailor a single Nationwide policy to fit all their needs

OFF ON THE HONEYMOON—Before the big day, Mr. Smith bought a policy on his life.

FIRST "LITTLE" SMITH—Mr. Smith *adds* to his policy to cover mom and his new son.

THE SMITH HOME GOES UP—Mr. Smith *adds* to his one policy to cover the mortgage.

SMITH'S SON TAKES A WIFE—Now Mr. Smith can *subtract* insurance from his policy.

How to get full details

Your Nationwide representative will give you details on all nine "Benefits."

If you now own a basic Nationwide policy and bought it since 1948, he'll show you how you can revise it with these "Benefits."

If you *do not* own a Nationwide policy, he'll show you how Nationwide's new "Adjustable Life Plan" can let you custom-tailor a single policy to fit your own needs—and save you money, too. Call Nationwide soon. You'll find us listed in the Yellow Pages.

Nationwide Insurance

Nationwide Life Insurance Company
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Detroit's night lights illuminate the faces of five men identified in Senate testimony as making up the Mafia's ruling council. The billboard illusion was created by photographing their mug shots through a window in police headquarters.

CRIME IN AMERICA: VIII

DETROIT vs. THE MAFIA

A CITY FIGHTS BACK

In a relentless campaign, Detroit police show how a determined city can control the awesome power of the Mafia.

By James Ahrafer

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"There is no question but that they've really been hurt in Detroit."

The man on the telephone identified himself as Tony. "You've heard of me?" he asked.

"I don't know if I've heard of you or not," Detroit Police Sgt. Jim Thomas told him.

"Yeah, you've heard of me. You've heard of Tony Giacalone."

Indeed he had. In testimony before the McClellan Committee last October, George C. Edwards, then the city's police commissioner, had described Anthony Giacalone as the "Mafia gambling boss in the Detroit area."

This was the first of a series of guarded conversations between Thomas and the man known as "Tony Jocks" which led to Giacalone's arrest this spring on charges of bribery and conspiracy to commit bribery. At the hearing in Detroit Recorder's Court which resulted in Tony Jocks' being bound over for trial, evidence was introduced that Giacalone had offered to pay Sergeant Thomas $50 a month to take the heat off three numbers operators.

What Tony Jocks had done, according to the evidence, showed the Detroit police that their relentless campaign against the Mafia's lower echelon had been paying off. Their constant pressure on the small-time operators may have forced a man, who has been described in Senate testimony as a top Mafia leader, to handle a dangerous job himself, and thus risk exposure.

But building a case against Giacalone wasn't easy. According to evidence at the hearing, an underworld intermediary told Thomas to use one of the city's glass-walled public phone booths for their talks, getting word to him each time of the booth's number and the time he would be there. Giacalone indicated that he would use a similar booth. Clearly, the idea was to prevent Thomas's recording their conversations.

But Thomas wore a concealed radio transmitter strong enough to broadcast both sides of the talk to a nearby car with a recorder, and every conversation with Giacalone was taped. Still, that was only half the battle. Giacalone could deny that the voice was his.

Time after time, the police tried to catch Tony Jocks during a call; each time he broke the connection too soon. But on the eighth call they located him in a double booth; and though they saw him hang up on Thomas, a plainclothes policewoman reached the other phone booth in time to hear Giacalone calling someone else with information that he could have obtained only from Thomas. That gave them their case.

Giacalone's arrest and forthcoming trial is one of the most satisfying victories to date in a campaign that is becoming a case study in the art of fighting the Mafia. In few other cities has such unrelenting pressure been put on the underworld. The campaign is a methodical, unspectacular war of attrition—but it is working. The main weapon is surveillance and harassment by plainclothesmen sitting for hours in parked cars, or crouched in the back of unmarked trucks with one-way mirrors. By constantly driving to pinch off all of the organization's illegal sources of income, which Edwards testified include numbers operators, bookies, narcotics and extortion, Detroit is forcing the Mafia leaders themselves to take more of a hand in the operations on the street. And once they are out in the open, they can be nailed.

"There's no question but that they've really been hurt in Detroit," says Herbert J. Miller Jr., assistant U.S. Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's war on organized crime. "We're not anywhere near finished. Don't get that idea—we still have a long, long haul. But, frankly, I'm impressed that we've come as far as we have."

The man who worked out Detroit's battle plan is George C. Edwards, a former U.A.W. organizer, boy wonder of Detroit politics, and successful lawyer. When he gave up a seat on the Michigan Supreme Court to become police commissioner in January, 1962, Edwards felt that most Detroiters—many of them judges, and even some members of the police department—were unaware that the Mafia existed in the city at all.

This state of innocence was not surprising. Since World War II, Detroit has been one of the cleanest big cities in the country. Despite its power and wealth, it often acts like a small midwestern town. It has little night life. The congested downtown area, with its hideous old skyscrapers and block upon block of somber bank buildings, is deserted after 10 P.M. In Detroit you have to look for trouble or temptation; it does not pluck at your sleeve as it does in Chicago or New York. "This is sort of a hick town, in a nice sort of way," says Editor Martin S. Hayden of the Detroit *News*.

What is more, the general citizenry of Detroit has never been shoved around by the Mafia as it has in Chicago. Detroit is dominated by the auto industry and the United Auto Workers, two institutions notably resistant to shoving.

Yet even in an orderly city like Detroit, the Mafia conducts business in a big way. On Oct. 10 and 11, 1963, George Edwards, a slight, scholarly man with bushy white eyebrows, appeared before the Senate Subcommittee on Investigations, chaired by John L. McClellan, and produced some startling statistics which showed just how active the Mafia could be in a relatively clean town. Edwards told the committee that the Mafia grossed a minimum of $150 million a year from its illegal enterprises and another $50 million from its so-called "legitimate" enterprises. "It uses these businesses for investment, for employment 'cover' for its hoodlums and for valuable income-tax protection," he testified.

"The Detroit-area Mafia of the 1960's is big business," Edwards said. "On the legal side, it is involved in selling everything from horseraces to fruit juice; on the illegal, everything from dope to football bets. The Mafia front men are characterized by the smile, the glad hand, the tuxedo and the ticket to the charity ball, But the basic Mafia tools are still money, murder and corruption."

Anthony Giacalone makes an innocent call in a Detroit phone booth. He is charged wi

Edwards's prime exhibit at the Senate Committee hearings was an elaborate table of organization formed by the 63 top members of the "family." He emphasized that not everyone named on the chart was involved in all the Mafia's activities and crimes. However, he said, no person named "could be innocent of knowledge of the general criminal nature of the Mafia's activities."

According to Edwards, Detroit's Mafia is ruled by a council of five "Dons," who refer to their organization as "the people"; *Cosa Nostra*, a term made famous by Joseph Valachi, is never used. The Don who wields the most influence, said Edwards, is Joseph Zerilli. Zerilli was described in documents submitted to the McClellan Committee as a stubby prohibition-era hoodlum, who now poses as a businessman behind his holdings in a produce company, a bakery, a linen-supply service, real estate and a bus line.

What made Edwards's testimony so explosive was that he bared for the first time the Mafia's hidden operations in Detroit, which up to then had been carefully buried in anonymity. In fact, Detroit's *mafiosi* have shown unusual success in acquiring the trappings of upper-class respectability. Unlike the hoodlums of the 1930's, today's Dons look and act like retired bankers. Their sons resemble any other group of worried, balding executives. To escape the wars that still plague the faction-ridden Mafia in Chicago, Detroit's Dons have found fraternal peace by following the ancient rite of arranging marriages among their sons, daughters, sisters and brothers.

Members of the Detroit Mafia have also gone out of their way to appear charitable and neighborly, and have even supported Little League baseball. Vito Giacalone, Tony Jocks' brother and man described in Edwards's testimony a a Mafia "chief," recently bought hundreds of raffle tickets for a church charity. When he won a Cadillac, Vito grandly waived his right to the car.

Many of the Mafia leaders identified

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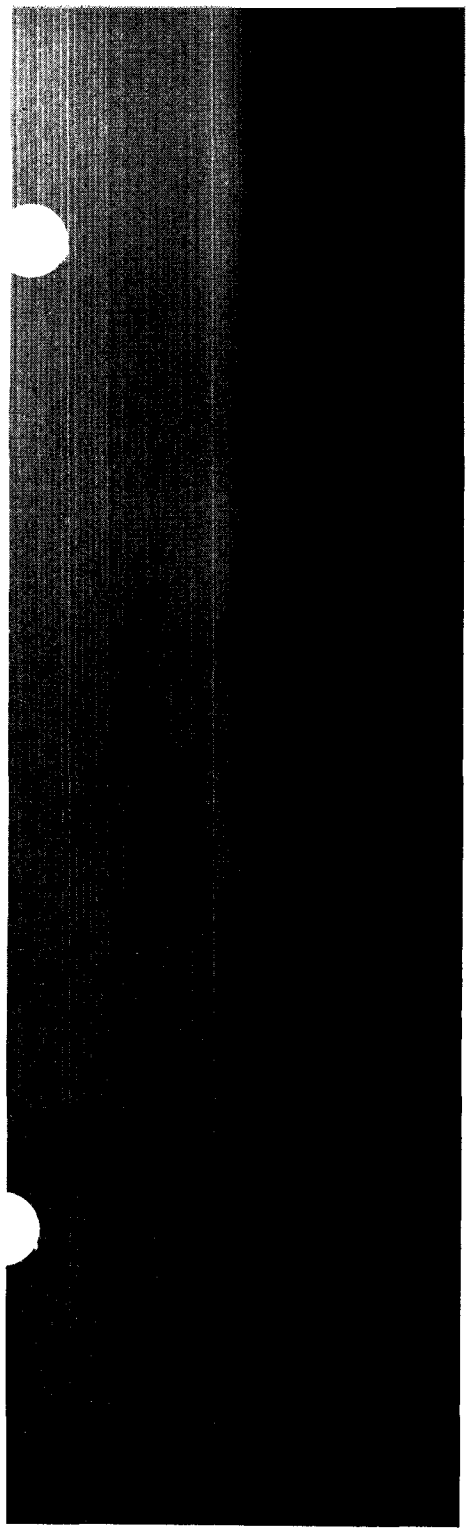

ibing a Detroit policeman over the telephone.

Former Sergeant Jim Thomas, who was promoted to lieutenant for his role in the case, is the man Giacalone is charged with bribing.

by Edwards live in Grosse Pointe Park, one of Detroit's more exclusive suburbs. Some of the members' houses are worth over $100,000. One mansion across the street from the Zerillis is said to have a chapel tucked away inside, and a backyard barbecue that reportedly cost $1,500. William (Black Bill) Tocco, another Don named by Edwards, has a swimming pool in his mansion. All of the lawns are maintained like greens on a golf course.

For the most part, the *mafiosi* stick to themselves. Though gracious enough in back-fence exchanges of garden vegetables in the summer, or presents of Italian wine or pastry at Christmas, they have rarely, if ever, invited neighbors to visit one of their houses.

The Mafia preserves these houses as sanctuaries and fortresses. Curtains screen the windows. Tall, thick shrubbery hides some of the backyards. Some of the houses have heavy bars over the windows flanking the front entrance, and, on both sides of a massive door, a set of mirrors which are said to be made of one-way glass. The houses are wired with burglar alarms. Occasionally, one neighbor reports, the hysterical clang of an alarm bell shatters the Grosse Pointe decorum. There is never any apparent reason.

Not long ago I rang the doorbell at Joe Zerilli's relatively modest brick house. Zerilli is the man Edwards identified as a top Mafia Don. A woman's voice crackled from a loudspeaker outlet near the door. "Who is it?"

"Is Mr. Zerilli in?"

Mr. Zerilli, the voice replied, was not in. He might be reached by phone that night. That night the Zerilli phone rang unanswered. Nor was Zerilli available the next day at his produce company. Nor did Zerilli reply to a telegram requesting an interview. No one knew where Joe Zerilli was or when he would be back—that day, tomorrow or ever.

On occasion this veil of anonymity parts and the Mafia shadow of fear emerges. At the close of a recent Little League baseball season, some fathers were standing around the backstop bemoaning the fact that the league had lost more money than anticipated because a sponsor had not made his promised contribution. A Mafia leader who had supported the league chanced to overhear the conversation. When he demanded to know who had reneged, he was given the name of a nearby restaurant owner. He stalked into the restaurant, identified himself, and told the quaking owner to pay up by the next day. The owner did.

By exposing the Mafia leaders who had been posing for years as reformed bootleggers, George Edwards gave the campaign against Detroit's underworld an important psychological boost. But Edwards did more than just produce banner headlines. In 1962 he ordered the city's Criminal Intelligence Bureau to concentrate on the organization. The bureau now spends months simply tailing Mafia leaders to discover patterns of association and influence. Edwards stepped up the campaign against the numbers and handbook operators. And he increased the already close cooperation between the department and the Michigan State Police and federal agents. In Detroit, federal and city agents use the same radio frequency and often team up to track suspected heroin peddlers. When the tight-budgeted police department needed quick cash to buy heroin from a suspect, the Federal Narcotics Bureau contributed $2,000. The Navy once even kicked in a helicopter for some surveillance work on a bookie joint outside Detroit.

The most spectacular example of federal, state and city teamwork in Detroit occurred on November 9, 1962, with the raid on the Gotham Hotel, described by Edwards to the McClellan Committee as the city's biggest single numbers operation. The Gotham, completely run by Negroes, was a so-called "independent house." Though the Mafia did not actually run the Gotham, the organization, said Edwards, furnished the daily winning number along with the "dream books," a form of tout sheet that claims to reveal winning numbers. Law-enforcement officials realized that if they could close down the Gotham, they would be pinching off another source of Mafia income.

Called "the fortress," the Gotham had been able to operate for many years because of its great discipline and security and, as Edwards told the McClellan Committee, because law-enforcement efforts had not been as vigorous as they might have been. The Gotham raid was ordered by Ray Nixon, director of the district office of the Internal Revenue Service, who assigned the operation to Johnny (Johnny O) Olszewski in the summer of 1962. A lawyer and an accountant who wears button-down collars and thick glasses, Olszewski headed the

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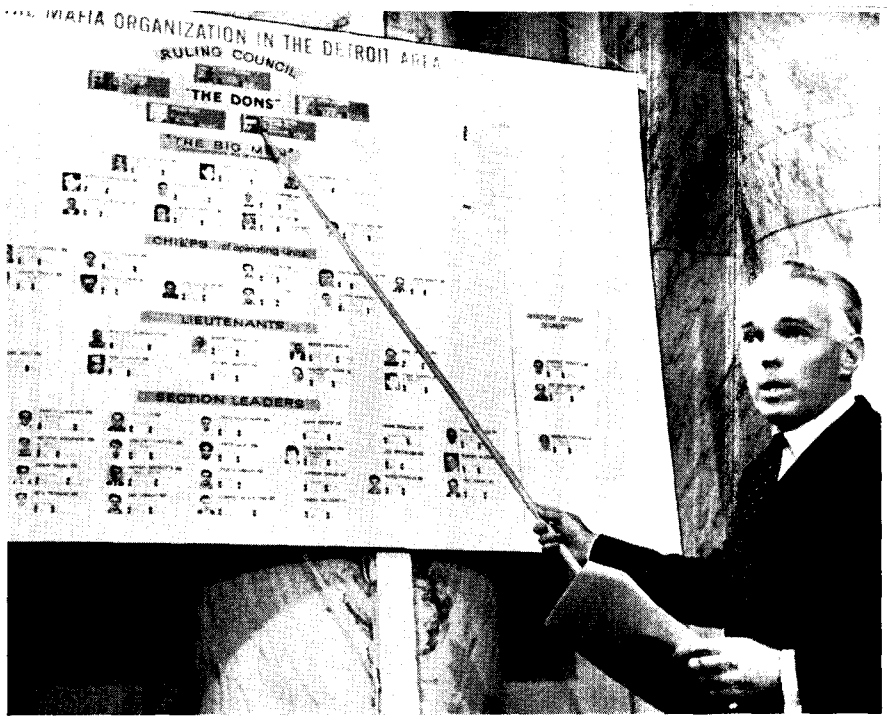
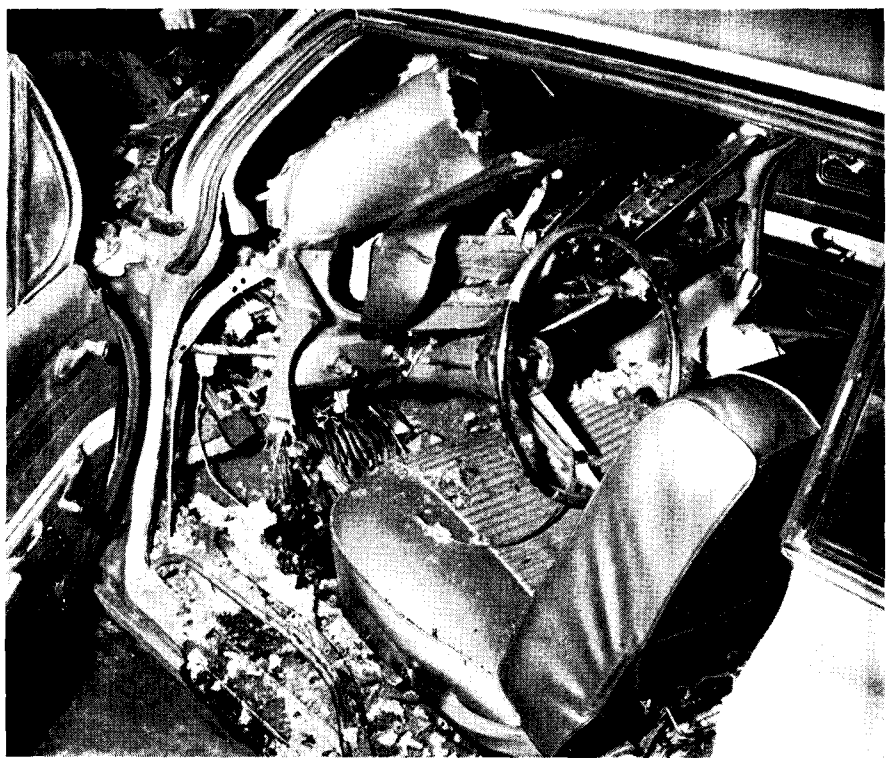


George Edwards shows Detroit Mafia organization chart to Senate committee.



A bomb attached to the ignition of this car shattered the leg of Sam Perrone.

Even prostitutes lead nervous lives.

City Fights Back

intelligence division of the Internal Revenue Service in Detroit.

With the aid of the Detroit police, Olszewski was able to infiltrate some Negro agents into the Gotham. After a few months he had enough information to indicate that the Gotham was honeycombed with numbers operators, and Federal Judge Fred W. Kaess signed a search warrant covering all nine floors and every one of its 174 rooms.

Even before the judge signed the warrant, Olszewski had been working on another problem—how to keep the forthcoming raid a secret from the underworld's intelligence network, which had often flashed warnings in the past. To throw them off-balance, Olszewski and the state police had already conducted a series of numbers raids in the suburbs—purposely ignoring the Gotham.

To carry out his plan, Olszewksi rounded up 112 men—29 from the Detroit police, a dozen state troopers, and the rest IRS agents called in from all over the state and the Chicago office. On the day of the raid, the men were loaded on two buses at Ft. Wayne, a military post near Detroit. Not until the buses had pulled away from the curb were the men finally told that they were going to hit the Gotham.

Meanwhile, the state police obligingly staged another raid in the suburbs. The feint apparently lulled the Gotham, for when the buses pulled up in front of the hotel at 5 P.M., the numbers factory was in full operation. The first man into the hotel was Tony Getto, Olszewski's deputy, who sprinted past the startled guards and took over the switchboard. Crews of men, armed with sledgehammers and axes, dashed up the stairs to get to their assigned rooms before the numbers operators could shout a warning and begin destroying the evidence. Every door was locked. Running through the hallway, the raiders could hear the splintering of wood throughout the hotel. It sounded as though squads of lumberjacks were smashing up a box factory.

The evidence was all there, Edwards testified—$60,000 in cash, 160,000 bet slips, 33 adding machines (11 of which were stolen property), and marked cards and loaded dice (which the operators used to fleece each other during slack hours). Edwards estimated that the business grossed $21 million a year. He added that 42 persons were arrested, including John White, the owner. Edwards also testified that White had the unlisted phone numbers of Tony Jocks and Pete Licavoli, whom he described before the committee as another leader of the Mafia's gambling operations in Detroit.

For men who had stared in frustration at the Gotham for a decade, it was a glorious day. Sgt. Barney Mullins of the Detroit Police Department proudly carried home a panel of the door he had demolished. "That was once in a lifetime," Mullins says, eyes glistening with the memory. "To hit a whole building like that—a *whole* building."

The Gotham has vanished, the victim of one of the many urban-renewal projects that are brightening the gray stretches of Detroit. As they tore the old Gotham down, numbers slips fluttered out of forgotten hiding places like confetti.

After the great raid, everything seemed to go bad for the Mafia. For the following year, the heat stayed on. Police harried the runners, who carried the slips, and the bagmen, who carried the money. Last fall the Mafia apparently decided police pressure was too great. The organization shut down the numbers game completely—even including the independents—which shows the power they have over their Negro allies. Nothing like that had happened for 40 years in Detroit or, quite likely, in any other major city. "When the shutdown occurred," says Edwards, "it left our people gasping, and me, too." Some of the operators have gone back into business, but the racket has never regained its former size.

When Edwards was named a federal judge in December 20, 1963, some Detroiters wondered if his successor, Ray Girardin, a former crime reporter and probation officer, would be equally tough on organized crime. They did not wonder long. "This town is not going to open up," he vowed, shortly after assuming office. "We're drumming it into the heads of our top men—keep the pressure on."

In keeping with his vow 25 Detroit policemen and five IRS agents knocked out a numbers ring in January that was grossing an estimated $2,500,000 a year, the biggest ring in Detroit at the time.

Girardin had watched the Mafia's rise to power as a reporter during the prohibition era. In particular, he vividly recalls the three-week gang war in 1930 that killed 17 men. "My phone would wake me up, I'd look out the window and see it was just turning dawn, and I'd know what it was before I answered," says Girardin, who was then a young reporter on the now defunct Detroit *Times*. "It was the desk telling me to go to work. The cops had just found another body."

Three years later Detroit's famous Purple Gang staged a last stand against Mafia rule. The war, such as it was, ended on November 27, 1933, when the Purple Gang's two executioners were found in a parked car. Each man had been shot 12 times.

From then on the Mafia has been the underworld's supreme ruler in Detroit, Edwards, who also recalls those early years, told the committee. When prohibition was repealed, he said, the Mafia muscled into the numbers, narcotics, betting and usury rackets. The organization developed kidnaping as a sideline. One victim was kidnaped—and ransomed—six times. The Mafia also stumbled across a treasure lode of abortionists, who were easy marks for extortion.

The man who knows the most about Detroit's Mafia, past and present, is Deputy Chief of Detectives Vincent Piersante, who is both Girardin's top strategist and frontline commander in the fight against the organization. The fight continues to show results. Organized prostitution, for example, ordinarily is one of the underworld's most lucrative operations. But because of constant police pressure, the Mafia has just about given up this specialty. Love can still be bought in Detroit, but in general only from free lancers, and even they lead an exceptionally nervous life.

When the experienced Detroit prostitute ($5-$15) gets into a prospective client's car, the first thing she will do is look under the dashboard for a police microphone. Next, she will search the man for a gun. Finally, she will ask him where he is from, and then request to see his wallet to confirm the address. She may even lean across and open his suit coat to check the address on the label.

Declining business

Police and federal officials have sharply curtailed, but not eliminated, the organized underworld's narcotics operations in Detroit. In the last decade, several Mafia members have been jailed, and the organization has been gradually giving up the retail end of the business. Some Detroit Mafia leaders, however, are suspected of bankrolling shipments of heroin from their old contacts in Italy to New York City, an operation that incidentally nets about 500-percent profit.

Among the Mafia operators who are most difficult to put out of business are the bookies, who, operating entirely by telephone, bring in an estimated $40 million a year. Horses get most of the play, and some businessmen, who do most of the betting, will put down as much as $10,000 on a single race. One plunger lost $250,000 in two years.

Like any big corporation, the Mafia provides its bookies with expert service. It finds them a location in an apartment or house. It furnishes the phones, often hiring former telephone-company employees to bring in some lines from neighboring apartments or even from down the block. It provides a lay-off system to handle any unusually large bets, tips off the police about independent bookies to divert attention elsewhere, and supplies standby locations so that the bookie can move about every four weeks. (It takes about a month to gather enough evidence by surveillance to get a search warrant.)

Patient surveillance is the only way to fight the bookies. Plainclothesmen from the IRS or the new police handbook squad may follow a suspected bookie boss for weeks, discreetly joining him every morning and ushering him home every night. Occasionally the agents will send their wives or teen-age children into a restaurant to get a good look at the men their quarry is meeting. Once a pattern appears, they tail every man their suspect sees regularly until someone leads them to a handbook. Then comes more surveillance to get the evidence to produce a search warrant. Instead of authorizing the warrant in the courthouse, which could be watched by the Mafia, the

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judge sometimes meets the officers in a parking lot and signs the document there.

Last January a squad of 38 IRS agents, backed up by state and city police, simultaneously hammered and pried their way 'o eight locations in the Detroit area d arrested 15 persons. The ring handled an estimated $20,000 a day, or well over seven million dollars a year.

One of the major problems both local and federal law-enforcement officials face is determining the existence and extent of underworld infiltration in legitimate business. A favorite Mafia trick is to use a legitimate business as a way of hiding money which could not otherwise be accounted for. In some cases it passes underworld racket money through the financial maze of a legitimate company, and then gives it to organization workers in the form of salaries. A few months ago Anthony (Tony Jocks) Giacalone and his brother, Vito, both identified as Mafia bosses in Edwards's Senate testimony, were indicted by a federal grand jury in Detroit for aiding and abetting the filing of false tax returns for the Garomot Corp., a catering company. Both are free on bond awaiting trial.

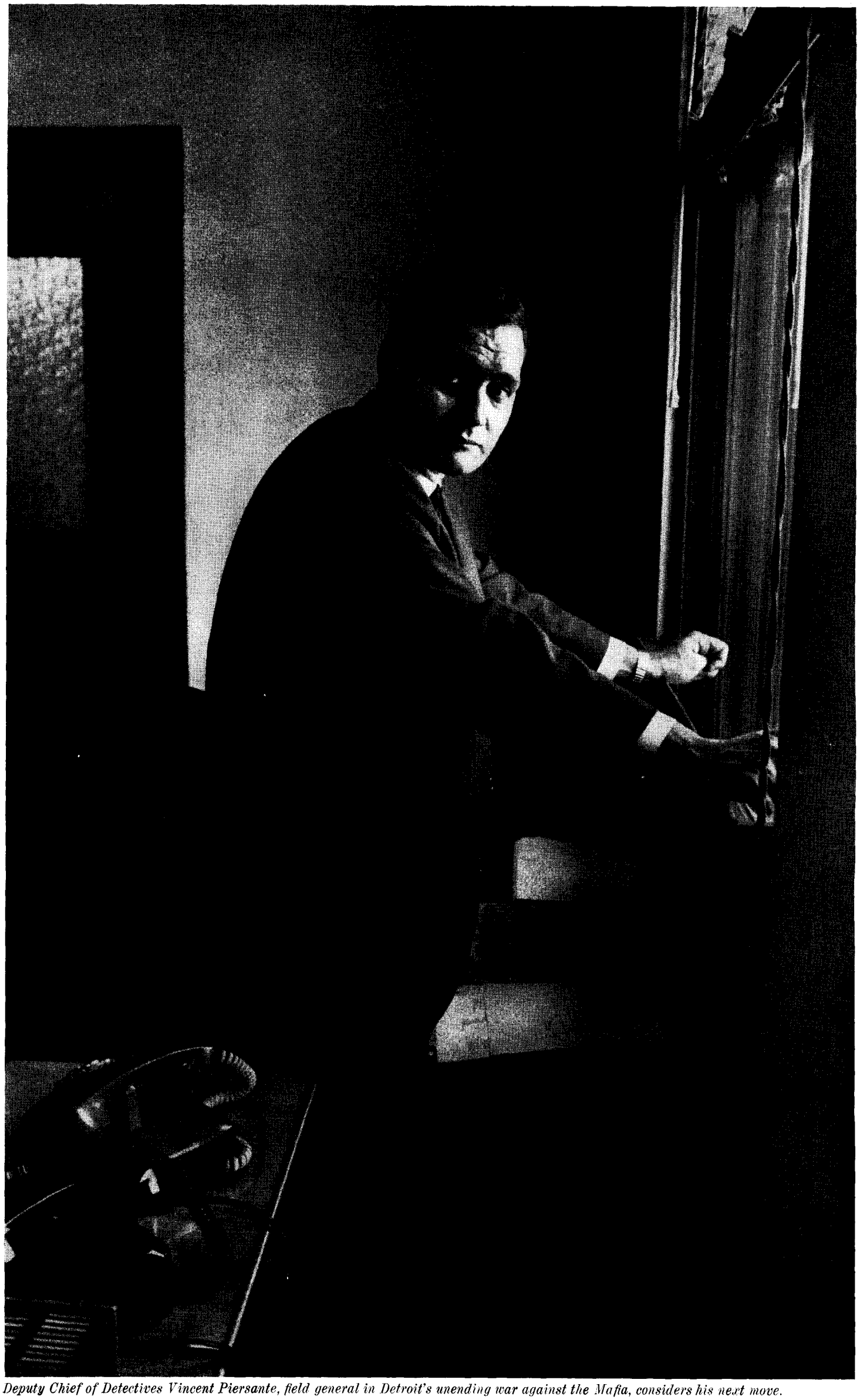
"If these people would stay in legitimate business, fine," says one federal official. "But in most cases this is not true. They use pressure and fear. 'Legitimate business' is just a term. There is no sign that their 'legitimate business' is really becoming legitimate."

Despite its reliance on nonviolent business practices, such as modern bookkeep ing, the Detroit Mafia still reverts to violence to keep its domain in order. Gangland murders occur in Detroit on the average of one a year, and the underworld, knowing that this is its ultimate weapon of fear, makes sure no one misses the point.

One recent ritual killing described by Edwards to the McClellan committee involved Ubald Calabresse, a 35-year-old low-echelon worker in the numbers rackets. Edwards testified that Calabresse had had a bitter argument over his job with one of the Mafia's higher-ups. On February 14, 1962, the 33rd anniversary of the Valentine Day's massacre in Chicago, Calabresse disappeared. Five days later police found his garrotted body tucked neatly into the trunk of his car. A week later, a garrotted pig was hurled against the back door of the bar Calabresse used to frequent. The message to the Mafia, its allies and those caught in its tentacles, said Edwards, was clear enough: "Squealers die."

On January 19, Santo (Cockeye Sam) Perrone, whom Edwards had described before the McClellan committee as one of the heirs apparent to the ruling council of the Mafia in Detroit, turned the ignition key in his Pontiac and triggered a bomb that nearly blew off his right leg. As he was carried off to the hospital, Perrone muttered, "I wonder who done it. I wonder who done it." His bewilderment was understandable. For over 30 years no one had dared to try to kill or maim any of the men Edwards had identified in Senate testimony as Mafia leaders.

Though still operating, the Mafia in Detroit is obviously in deep trouble. The relentless campaign of city, state and federal agents has curbed its activities, sunk its income and weakened its once-terrifying power. "I think," says George Edwards, "that a ten-year war can beat the Mafia. I don't mean we could put them all in jail, necessarily, but we could drive them out of the rackets. We could break their power." THE END



Deputy Chief of Detectives Vincent Piersante, field general in Detroit's unending war against the Mafia, considers his next move.

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EDITORIALS

THE CRUCIAL VOTE IN CALIFORNIA

The Republican primaries this spring have generated a number of upsets and great confusion among the politicians. Nothing is more likely to compound that confusion than the showdown primary in California next week. Only two candidates—Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller—are listed on the ballot, and as Rowland Evans and Robert Novak report (page 15) a large number of California voters do not want either one of them. The average California Republican, Evans and Novak say, is neither a paid worker for Rockefeller nor an adrenaline-inspired Goldwater volunteer. He wants noncandidate Lodge or noncandidate Nixon for President.

Consider the plight of a California voter. If he votes for Goldwater, his vote may be construed as: (a) a vote for Goldwater; (b) a vote for the John Birch Society—which has infiltrated the Goldwater organization; (c) a vote against Nelson Rockefeller—who has been voted against many times before; (d) a vote against Nixon or Lodge—who are not on the ballot. If the California Republican votes for Rockefeller, his vote may be interpreted as: (a) a vote for Rockefeller; (b) a vote against Goldwater; (c) a vote against the Birch Society; (d) a vote for Lodge or Nixon.

With California at hand and the Republican convention fast approaching, it is time for the Republican professionals to take a steely look and determine the true meaning of the primaries this spring. There are several clear but inescapable conclusions: (a) Rockefeller in spite of his surprising run in Oregon obviously cannot win the Republican nomination; (b) Scranton remains unknown and unwanted; (c) Nixon retains his customary stand; a mystery wrapped inside an enigma, with talk of yet another "new Nixon" reviving once again; (d) Republican voters have gone to extraordinary lengths to "protest" against Goldwater; (e) Henry Cabot Lodge has shown remarkable strength among Republican voters, considering his remoteness from the campaign.

It is high time the Republican professionals began to listen to the voters. The impulse to nominate Goldwater in spite of his weakness with the voters is madness. Even Harold Stassen looks good running against Goldwater (in Indiana he polled 104,200 votes to Goldwater's 260,557). The great lesson of the primaries is that Republican voters have rejected the hip-shooting, uninformed Goldwater campaign. If he cannot run well in his own party, how can he possibly hope to attract the necessary independents and Democrats?

California voters may be making a fateful choice next week. If Goldwater wins California's 86 delegates, it may not be possible to stop him in the convention. A Goldwater victory in California may be construed as a victory for the extremist Birch Society. It could deliver the Republican Party into the hands of the extremists and a permanent minority status.

Cabot Lodge is a modern, progressive Republican who commands wide respect among the voters. In the campaign of 1960, some polls showed that he generated more enthusiasm than Nixon. Today the polls confirm his great appeal among the voters.

Even so, a powerful faction of the Republican Party seems determined to steam-roller Goldwater into the nomination. In California, in spite of the confusion that confronts the Republican voter, there is a way to stop this steam roller. It is to vote against Goldwater. Such a vote will not necessarily be a vote *for* Rockefeller. It will be a vote against extremism and the Birch Society, a vote for the party and for the country.

CARDINAL SPELLMAN'S CONTRIBUTION TO RELIGIOUS AMITY

One of the more hopeful signs of our time is the effort by religious leaders to achieve a better understanding among the various faiths. Religion should play a more decisive role in human affairs. It can do so only if it does not spend its moral force and its influence in prejudices and doctrinal disputes.

At a dinner given by the American Jewish Committee in New York recently, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Catholic archbishop of New York, made this point in eloquent terms. He took as his text the motto of the newly opened World's Fair: Peace Through Understanding. "Understanding," he said, "is the way to peace. Men are weary of the hostilities of the past. They are tired of the feuding of their forebears. May they all—Jews, Christians and all men of goodwill—begin at last to say: Together let us live in peace. Let us try to understand one another better. . . ."

Cardinal Spellman allayed two misconceptions that have long bedeviled religion. One is the notion that prejudice somehow is compatible with belief and can be justified in Scripture. "Prejudice is mysterious and its roots are deeply buried," the cardinal said. "No rational being can fully understand it. . . . But one thing I do know: Prejudice can never be justified by the teachings of religion. . . . The founder of my faith gave one supreme commandment to all who would follow Him: 'By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have *love* for one another.'"

The other point touched on by the cardinal is one that has frequently impaired understanding between Christians and Jews. Cardinal Spellman noted that in a recent survey of the reason behind prejudice against Jews, "a surprising number of people replied that in their opinion it was a punishment for their part in the crucifixion of Christ." "This is not Christianity," he said. "It is one of those distorted and terribly harmful notions which somehow gain currency, and, like a cancer, spread among certain people who wish to justify their own bigotry. . . . Responsibility for the crucifixion of Jesus as an event of history belongs only to those individuals who were present at the time and who cooperated in His death. It is simply absurd to maintain that there is some kind of continuing guilt. . . ."

Cardinal Spellman has long devoted himself to strengthening the bonds between Catholics and Jews and Protestants. Not long ago he celebrated his 75th birthday and 25th anniversary as archbishop of New York. We congratulate him and we salute him for his continuing contribution to greater understanding among the various faiths.

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